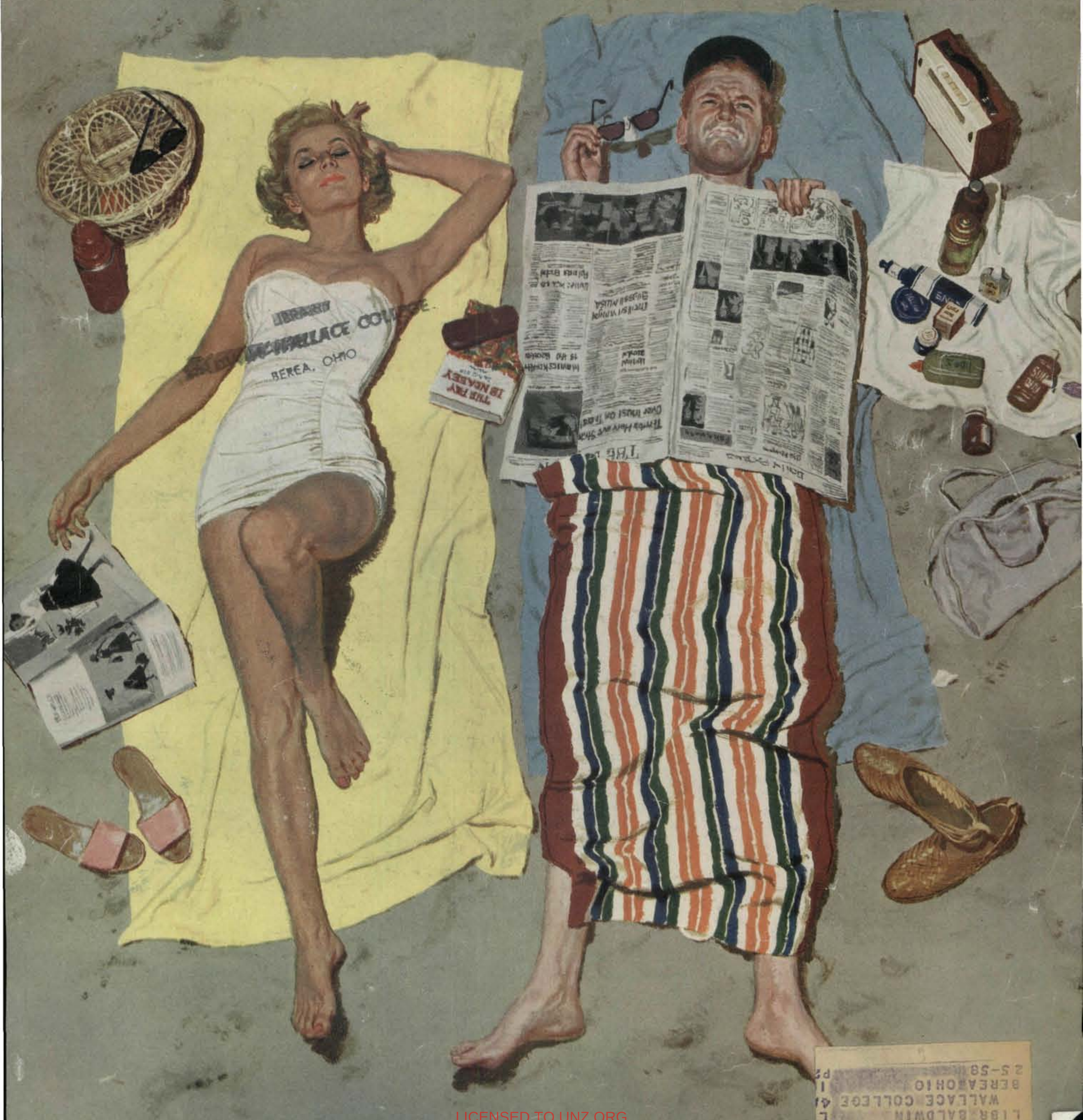
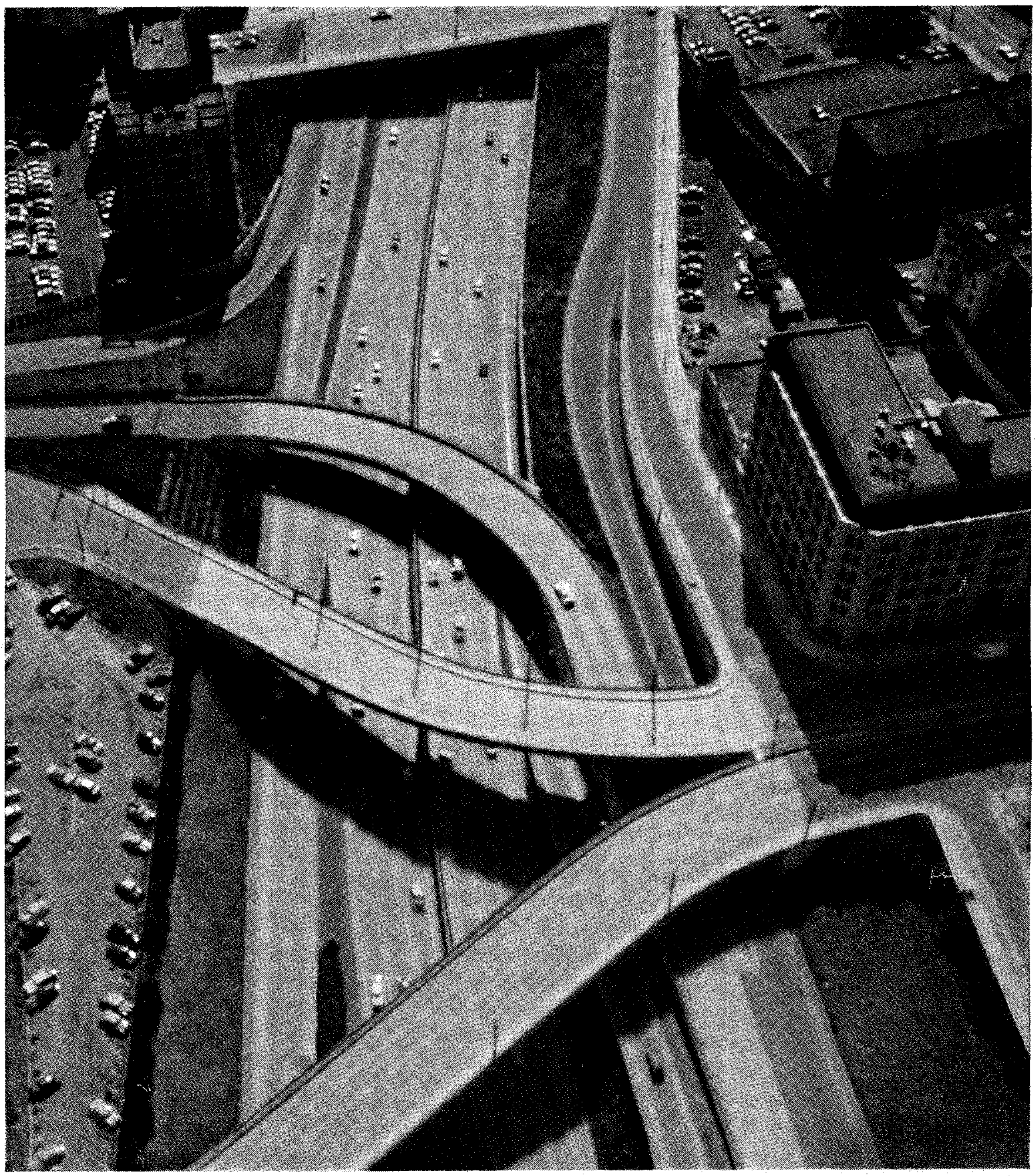
The Saturday Evening
POST
August 16, 1958 – *15¢*

TV'S MIDNIGHT MADNESS

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE
By FRED WHIPPLE

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO
AUG 2 5 '58





For highways built to the needs of 1975—new-type concrete!

"You just seem to float along on this new-type, sound-conditioned concrete!"

Says **SAM SNEAD**, famous golfer and all-time top tournament winner

"I do plenty of driving around the tournament circuit each year and I know. This continuous-laid concrete is really smooth and quiet. They're using it today for highways of the new Interstate System. There are no thumps or jounces. Just wait till you drive it! Your travel's going to be more fun."

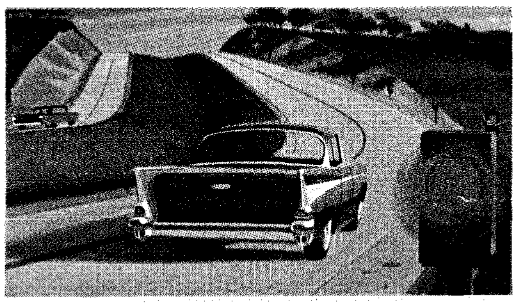
What a wonderful difference when you cruise new-type concrete. It's so smooth and quiet! Never a thump. Laid continuously, this pavement has no joints . . . only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces. You can't *hear* or *feel* they're there.

And on new-type concrete you roll over the flattest surface there is. No waves and bumps. The good solid character of concrete and the specially designed subbase used today keep it that way for life.

A special process called "air entrainment" also aids driving comfort. It puts billions of tiny air bubbles into the concrete—prevents surface roughening from freezing and de-icers.

Such built-in durability gives concrete a life expectancy of 50 years and more. To this, add moderate first-cost. And there's low maintenance expense—up to 60% lower than for asphalt.

You want safety, too! Concrete's grainy surface provides dependable skid resistance—soaking wet or bone dry. Its light color lets you see far better at night. In every way new-type concrete is the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System to link 209 cities throughout 48 states.



Electronic control system promises new safety. In tests, detectors in a concrete highway activate roadside lights to warn a driver when he is too close to a car ahead or is out of his lane.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

NEW-TYPE
Concrete

When time means money...

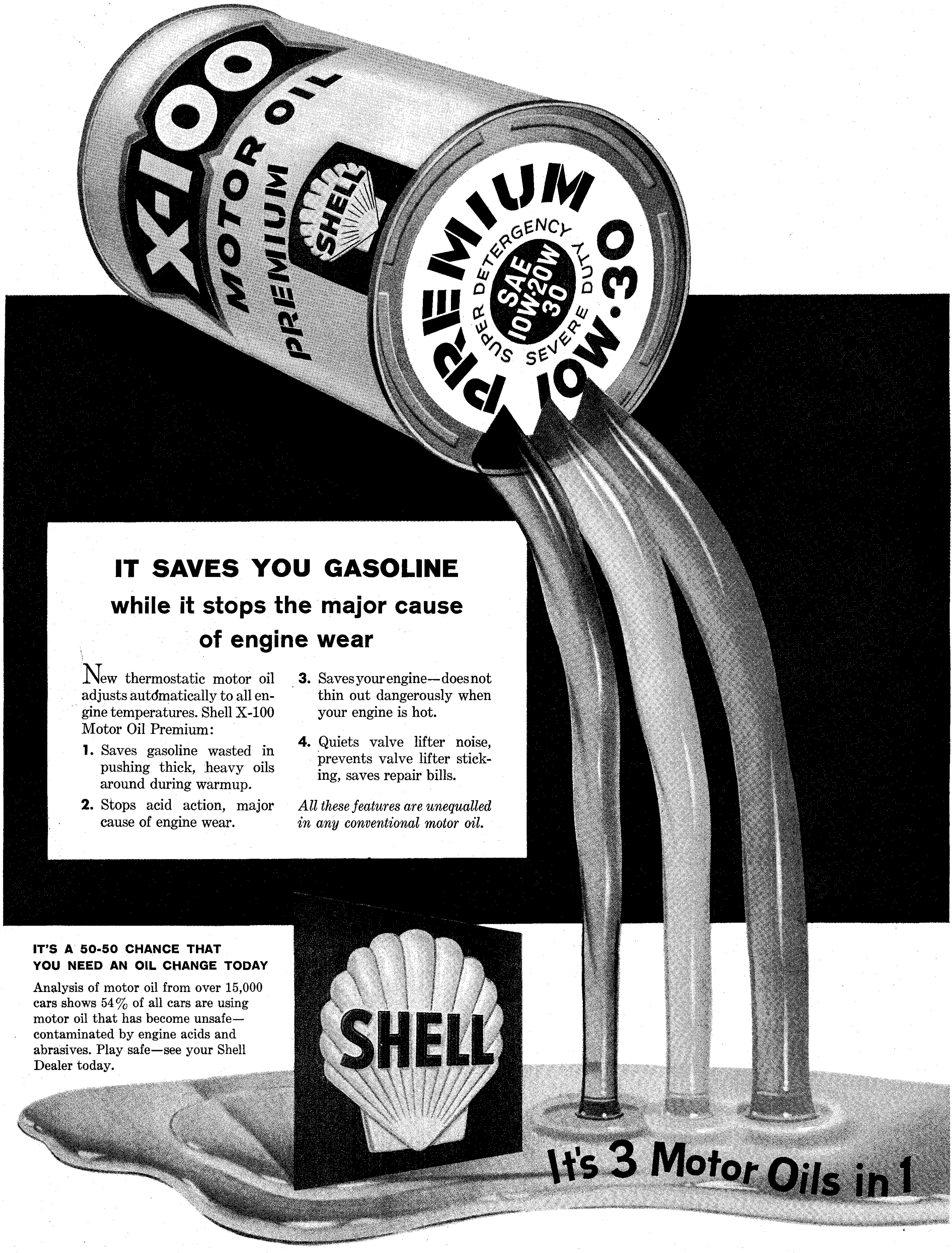
FLY ON A ROUND-TRIP TICKET
GET SPECIAL AVIS RENT-a-CAR RATES!

Plus extra savings at every stop on the way!

1. Always buy round-trip flight tickets.
2. Make car rental reservations through any Avis Station, your travel agent, or the airline serving you.
3. Get a 5% Avis Discount Coupon for every stopover on your trip.
4. Drive new Fords or other fine cars.
5. Ask about Avis' new world-wide "Rent It Here—Leave It There" service.

WHENEVER YOU FLY—RESERVE WITH Avis® RENT-a-CAR

Copyright 1958, Avis, Inc.


X-100
MOTOR OIL
PREMIUM
SHELL
PREMIUM
SUPER DETERGENCY
SAE 10W·20W 30
SEVERE DUTY
10W·30
SHELL
It's 3 Motor Oils in 1

IT SAVES YOU GASOLINE

while it stops the major cause of engine wear

New thermostatic motor oil adjusts automatically to all engine temperatures. Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium:

1. Saves gasoline wasted in pushing thick, heavy oils around during warmup.

2. Stops acid action, major cause of engine wear.

3. Saves your engine—does not thin out dangerously when your engine is hot.

4. Quiets valve lifter noise, prevents valve lifter sticking, saves repair bills.

All these features are unequalled in any conventional motor oil.

IT'S A 50-50 CHANCE THAT YOU NEED AN OIL CHANGE TODAY

Analysis of motor oil from over 15,000 cars shows 54% of all cars are using motor oil that has become unsafe—contaminated by engine acids and abrasives. Play safe—see your Shell Dealer today.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY   CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

August 16, 1958   *Vol. 231, No. 7*

4 Short Stories

The Terrible Secret . . . *Olaf Ruhen* 24
The Doctor Didn't Understand . . . *William Saroyan* 26
The Flying Wife . . . *Robert Craig* 31
Botts and the Day the Dam Broke . . . *William Hazlett Upson* 34

8 Articles

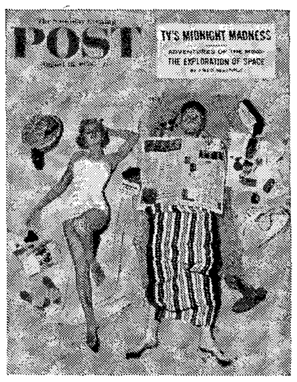
TV's Midnight Madness . . . *Roul Tunley* 19
The Face of America: The Norwegian-Americans . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 22
School for Young Waders . . . *Evan Hill* 25
The Two Faces of Mikhail Menshikov . . . *Stewart Alsop* 28
Señor Shortstop of the White Sox . . . *Ed Prell* 30
Adventures of the Mind 9: The Coming Exploration in Space *Fred L. Whipple* 32
The Ladies Go Camping . . . *George S. Wells* 36
The Surgeon Who Hated the Knife . . . *John Kobler* 40

2 Serials

A Day in Monte Carlo (Third of six parts) . . . *Martha Albrand* 38
I Married Murder (Sixth of eight parts) . . . *Edwin Lanham* 47

Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 42
Verse . . . 56, 64, 89, 93
Hazel . . . 94
Keeping Posted . . . 96



THE COVER

Mr. and Mrs. Tanner are using the same sun, but different skins. Some folks have hides that tan briskly with little if any pain; the outer covering of other people burns briskly and peels off like tired wallpaper, amidst physical and mental distress. Mr. T.'s face is apt to wind up with what is sometimes called a clown tan; he will cook unevenly, in variegated color patches of scarlet, peach, dapple-gray, and in the creases a dainty white. His wife will turn out prettier. Artist Kurt Ard feels that Mr. T. is proving his love for his wife by making this burnt offering at her side, and Ard hopes that tomorrow she will reciprocate by relaxing in the shade, preferably under a cool, cool tree. However, if Tanner doesn't pull in his feet, he won't be able to walk to the tree.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 23–58 or December 6, 1958; 47–59 or May 23, 1959.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

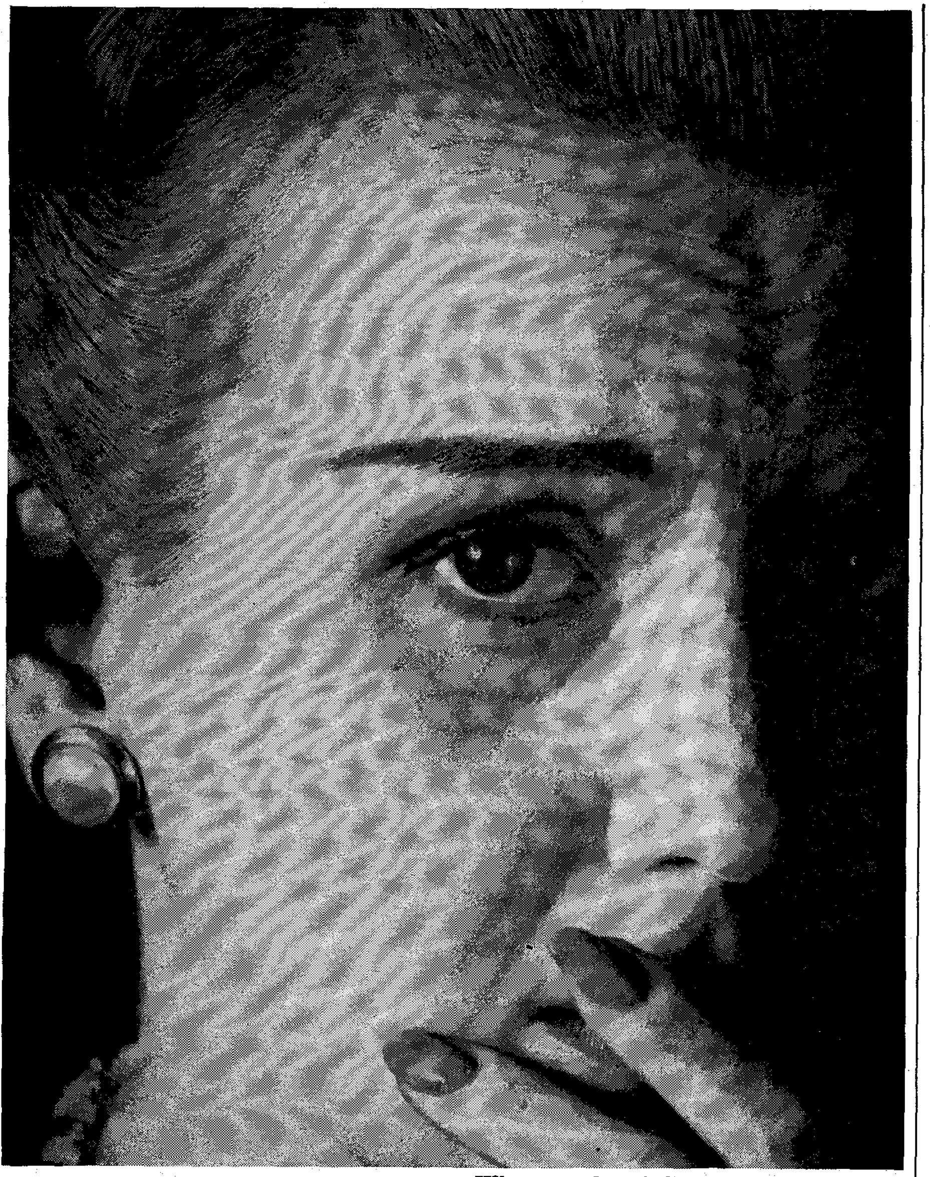
Upset Stomach got you
OUT OF FOCUS?

Wherever you are—take Minty Phillips' Tablets—
FEEL FINE AGAIN FAST!

No glass, no water to bother with! Just chew a few Phillips' Tablets—like candy mints—and you'll get on-the-spot relief from upset stomach, heartburn, gas, or other symptoms of acid indigestion. Phillips' Tablets contain one of the *fastest, most effective* "stomach sweeteners" ever known! They taste good, too—so carry them with you wherever you go!

MINT FLAVORED
GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
30 TABLETS 30
FAST RELIEF FROM
UPSET STOMACH · INDIGESTION · HEARTBURN
DUE TO GASTRIC HYPERACIDITY

PHILLIPS' TABLETS



YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

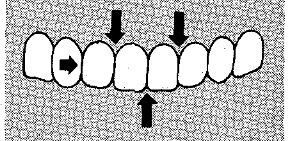
With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use... Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Your false teeth start looking naturally white again...and no more Denture Breath!

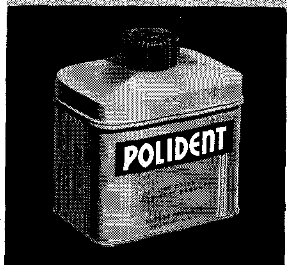
With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

POLIDENT®

Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.



Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!



Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

POLI-GRIP
DENTURE ADHESIVE CREAM

Letters

Few are Neutral About Mr. Nixon

Dear Sirs:

The Post has done a remarkably fine thing to publish NIXON ON NIXON and THE MYSTERY OF RICHARD NIXON [July 12]. Stewart Alsop has accomplished a brilliant masterpiece in elucidative analysis.

PATRICK A. CROKRIN
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop writes brilliantly on political subjects. But . . . he used Mr. Nixon's "Quaker background" to whitewash his unethical political behavior. No practicing Quaker I have known ever used defamation against his adversaries. It is difficult to reconcile Mr. Nixon's slanders in his contests against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas with the wholesome principles of the Society of Friends.

GUY W. FINNEY
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Is he a Quaker or "an unusually brilliant poker player"? I'm not against either one, but do they go together?

JACK CARPER
Orange, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Poker is hardly a game his Quaker forebears would tolerate. I now know what I dislike about the VP's face—it is a "poker face."

MRS. CARROLL BROWN
Portland, Maine

Dear Sirs:

As a fellow Quaker, I am hoping and praying that the good Lord will let me live long enough to cast one more vote for a Republican President, Richard M. Nixon.

COL. E. VERNON KNIGHT
Mobile, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

You have my vote for Nixon as the Most Original Barnacle but not as the President of the United States.

MARGARET DAY
Newark, Del.

Dear Sirs:

I am still quite proud and happy that as a plain, ordinary American citizen, even I have something in common with Richard Nixon—i.e., neither one of us will ever be the President of the United States.

W. RUSSELL ODELL
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

You have given America a glimpse of a very great American, and a man whose courage will become a symbol of democracy wherever it might be questioned in the world.

RICHARD MARKLE
Pendleton, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

The original Nixon boom was invented in the 20's by Dr. E. L. Nixon, uncle of the Vice President. It was a new and unique arrangement of nozzles and spray boom on a power sprayer used in spraying potatoes for insects and blight.

As a potato farmer, I think very much more of the first Nixon boom than I do of the present one.

DARIUS D. BUELL
Elmira, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If President Eisenhower had done no other service to the U. S. than to give us Richard Nixon as Vice President, he would have done very well indeed.

FRED HANSON
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The Mystery of Nixon! What a . . . joke that is.

I think he is the most transparent person that ever accidentally got in the public view.

J. E. MALONE
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

The only mystery left in my mind . . . is why many people feel violently anti-Nixon.

MRS. A. E. GORDON
Livingston, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop should have given at least a full page to the Alger Hiss incident, because it is that incident in the life of Mr. Nixon that endeared him to the American people.

DR. R. M. O'ROURKE
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

As more and more people carefully study the Hiss affair, the doubts concerning Hiss' guilt multiply. There is a good possibility that the affair which helped to push Nixon to prominence will be the one to undo him.

JUANITA C. MCKALIP
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

"The Mystery of Richard Nixon" was the *meanest* article I have ever read.

Shame, shame, shame on you.

MRS. ANNA E. GILBERT
Dorr, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If the Alsop articles do not constitute an endorsement of a political candidate, I don't know how else they could be described.

SHIRLEY MARTIN
Melbourne, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

My husband, children and I were visiting the Capitol building recently and were stopped at the exit by the guards because the Vice President was about to enter. . . . After greeting a large crowd outside, Mr. Nixon came in, walked directly to where we were, shook hands and chatted. . . .

My daughter wasn't quite sure what a Vice President was, but she lost her 6-year-old heart to him because he told her (with the wisdom of a father of daughters) that she was pretty.

MRS. W. S. MAZOR
Hyattsville, Md.

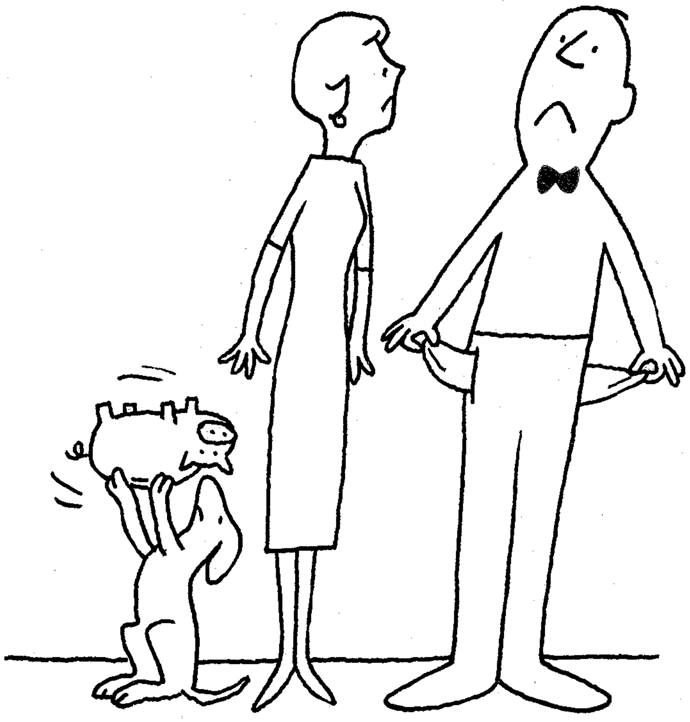
David, Douglas, Duncan

Dear Sirs:

Your special June 7 color feature on Ireland [CONNEMARA] by Mr. David Douglas Duncan brought about the most amazing coincidence our family has ever known. For at 7:25 A.M. on June 7, 1958, I gave birth to our third son, Duncan. Our other sons? David, aged 9½, and Douglas, aged 4.

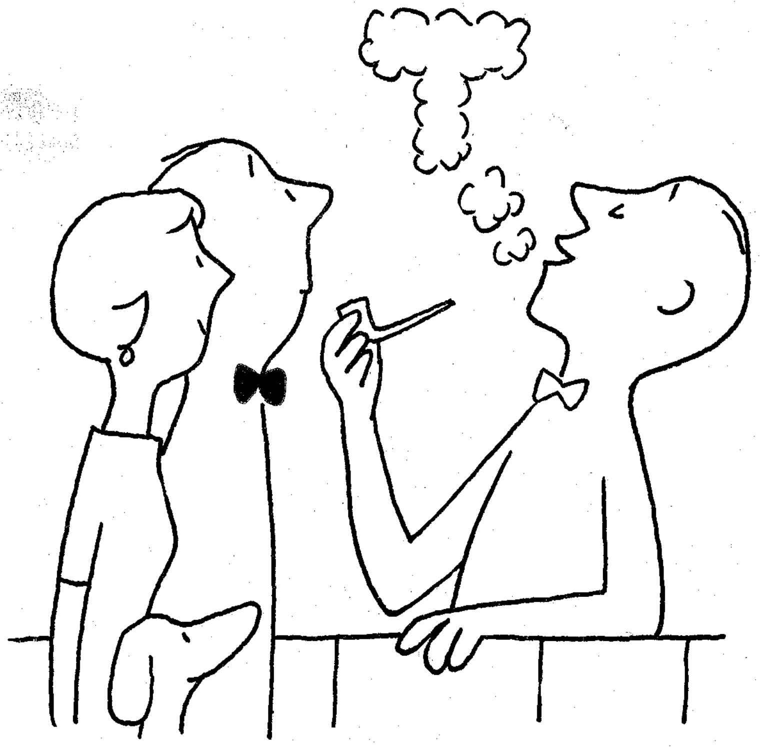
MRS. JAMES B. ATKINSON
Stockton, Calif.

(Continued on Page 6)



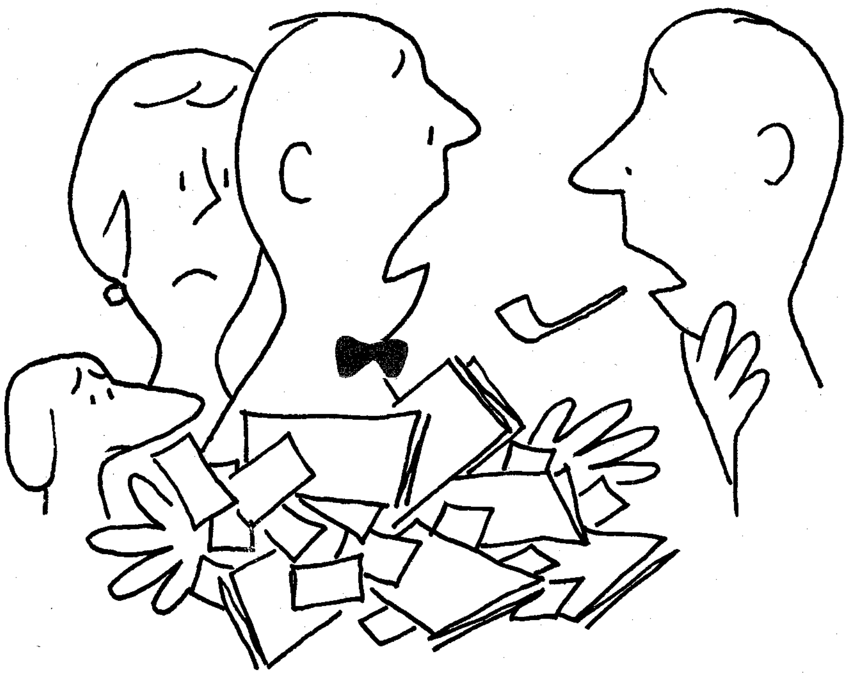
1.

With payday still a week away Stan Jones was forced to borrow—
"Insurance premiums did me in—a whopper's due tomorrow.
I wonder how Bob Work can live much higher on the hog,
Yet pay those unexpected bills like falling off a log."



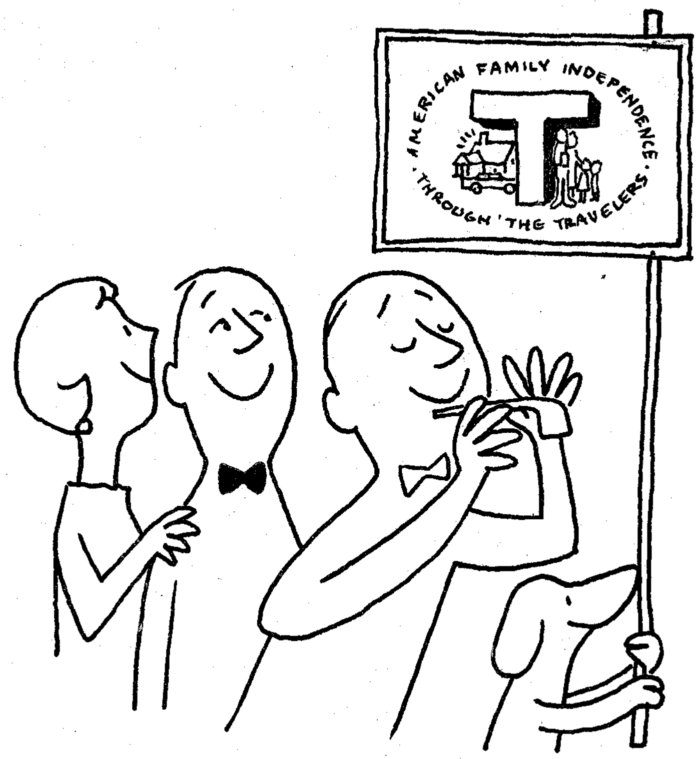
2.

Confided Bob, "Those brutal chunks once caught *me* unawares.
But now with Travelers Budget Plan, I've *no* insurance cares.
The bills for life, health, home and car don't spell my ruination;
I pay 'em monthly in one check—this plan's been my salvation.



3.

"My Travelers man has girded me with one unbroken wall—
No fatal gaps—no overlaps," boomed Bob, "*One* man to call."
"One man!" howled Stan, "Why mine are legion! If I have a claim
I need a card index machine to find the right man's name."



4.

"A blissful plan," Bob summed it up, "All worry's off my neck—
American Family Independence—one low monthly check."
Why let those sudden premiums knock *your* budget out of whack?
Red ink is obsolete—let Travelers keep you in the black.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through **THE TRAVELERS**

Insurance Companies

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

Better writers have a rule... take a Sheaffer back to school!

No dip, no dunk, no mess with Sheaffer's Skripsert Fountain Pen... from $2.95

(With matching pencil, from $4.95 for the set)

Never goes near an ink bottle! Fills with drop-in cartridges of Skrip writing fluid... even during class or exam!

Flip-top pack of 5 Skrip cartridges... only 49¢ (your choice of 8 great colors)

Sheaffer's Skrip* takes the skip out of ballpoint writing!

Sheaffer's Skripriter Ballpoint... only $2.95

Sterling Silver Rite-a-Way tip writes 6 sm-o-o-oth miles!

All-metal case in 6 cool colors!

Skripriter cartridge in 5 popular Skrip* colors... 89¢

*Ballpoint Fluid

First stop before you go back to school

SHEAFFER'S®

Coming on CBS-TV, October 16th: "Little Women" —a sparkling, spectacular, all-star musical— brought to you by Sheaffer!

© 1958, W. A. S. P. CO.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

OUR CLAIRVOYANT ARTISTS

Dear Sirs:

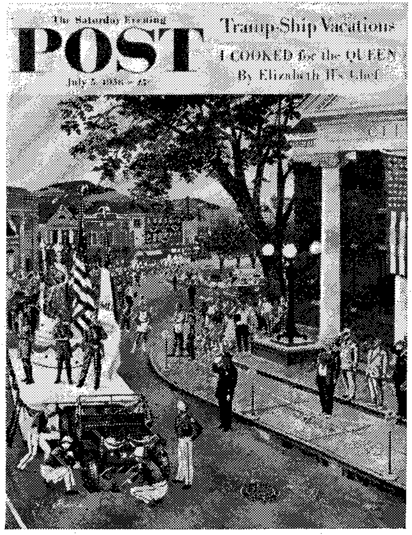
Artist Ben Prins' July 5 cover [below, left] certainly was timely and true. The enclosed photograph [below, right] shows our most esteemed and nonagenarian Senator Theodore Francis Green undaunted in a car breakdown during our colorful Bristol Fourth of July Parade.

MRS. JAMES F. SCULLY
Edgewood, R.I.

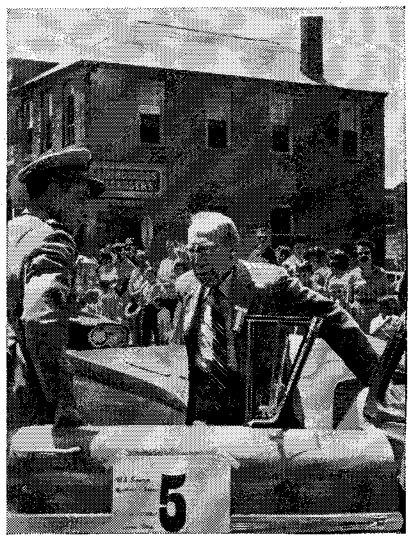
Dear Sirs:

Having laughed at your amusing July 5 cover, I was even more amused to find the enclosed photo [lowermost] in our morning newspaper [Dayton Journal Herald].

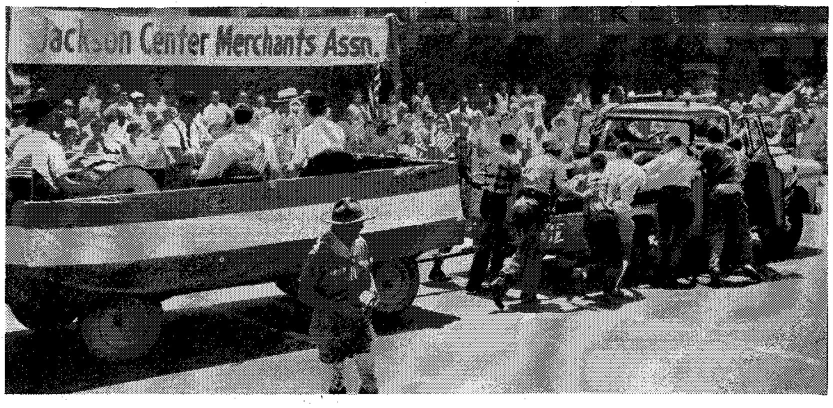
MRS. HERBERT C. GREGGERSON
Miamisburg, Ohio



Breakdown in "Hillville City" . . .



. . . in Rhode Island . . .



Jackson Center Merchants Assn.

. . . and in Ohio.

A Job for Botts

Dear Sirs:

The U.S. is bogged down at the Brussels fair. To pull us out, please send over (at public subscription) one Alexander Botts and one of his Earthworm tractors that can out-pull, out-push, out-heave and out-dig any of this heavy stuff over here. Thus . . . he may recoup a part of our national reputation.

SIMEON E. SHEFFEY
(of San Francisco)
Brussels, Belgium

● *Botts is busy on the home front. See page 34.* —*ED.*

Not So Lovable

Dear Sirs:

After having read ONE LAST DREAM by John Reese [May 3] it helps me to understand why America is getting soft and pushed around in the world, when such drivel can be featured in an old and formerly good magazine.

"Lovable old Doc" was fifty-four and in very good condition but had not kissed a woman in twenty-nine years, which would make him twenty-five when he received his last *beijo*. Are you kidding?

J. B. DENVIR
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–The Providence Evening Bulletin; Martha Edmiston for the Dayton Journal Herald. 19–Frank Ross. • 20–George Burns; Frank Ross; Gene Lester. • 21–Two by Frank Ross; Fred Grice (WMBD-TV). • 22, 23–Ivan Dmitri. • 24–Bruce Bomberger. • 25–Gus Pasquarella. • 26, 27–R. G. Harris. • 28, 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30–Two from Wide World; Larry Fried. • 31–Fritz Willis. • 32–Arnold Newman. • 34, 35–Walter Skor. • 36–Two by Gene Lester; three by Bill Shrout. • 37–Bill Shrout; Gene Lester; Bill Shrout; two by Gene Lester. • 38, 39–Ken Riley. • 40, 41–Frank Ross. • 47–Edwin Georgi. • 60–Gene Lester. • 82, 83, 84–California Institute of Technology. • 91–Frank Ross; Pennsylvania Hospital. • 96–Gene Lester; Norm Knabusch; Philip J. Planert; Gene Kammerman.

Announcing OLD GOLD'S

NEW SPIN FILTER

CIRCULATES THE SMOKE...FOR A COOL, MILD, CLEAN TASTE!

NEW SPIN FILTER

It's a known fact... the further smoke circulates—the cooler and milder it becomes.

Old Gold's Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to give increased filter exposure. You get less tars and nicotine than before—yet the true tobacco taste comes through, cool and mild!

...gives you THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

TWENTY
OLD GOLD
FILTER
OG
CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD FILTERS

A Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIGGEST "BREAK-THROUGH" IN 25

SOUTHBOUND
JOHN LODGE
KEEP LEFT
NORTHBOUNI
JOHN LODGI
KEEP RIGHT
MERGING
TRAFFIC
SPEED
40 55
45

NEW FIRESTONE

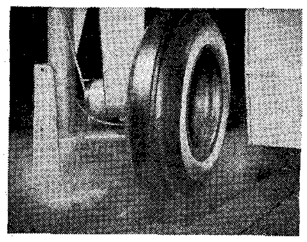
LONGEST WEARING RUBBER EVEF

Here is news that means big savings to you as a car owner . . . in time, in money and in safety!

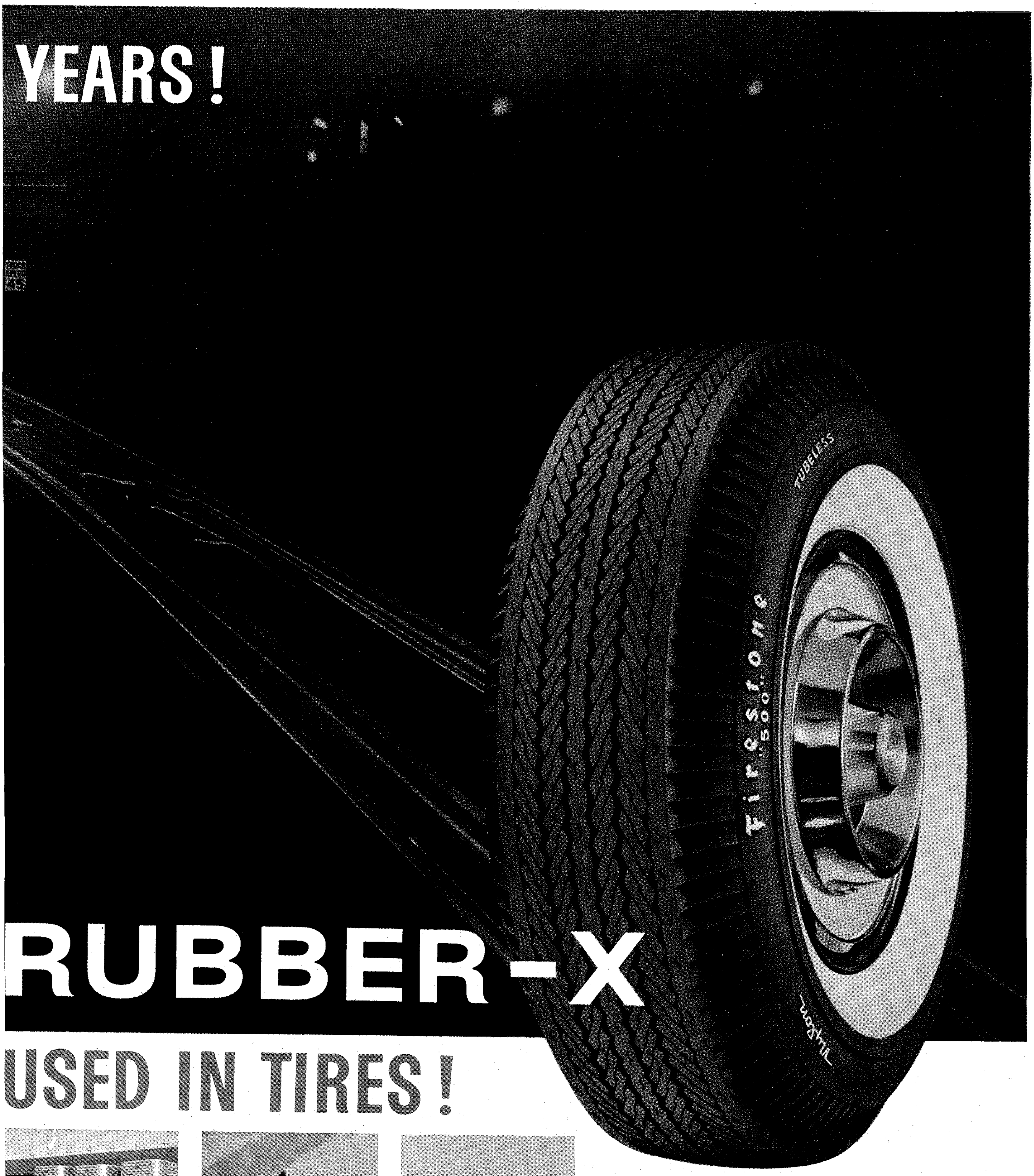
Firestone scientists and engineers have achieved a technical break-through that opens up a whole new world of tire economy, safety and reliability. From the Firestone Research Laboratories has come the first sweeping new concept of rubber compounding in a quarter of a century . . . Firestone Rubber-X.

Gruelling tests . . . in the laboratories, on the speedway and on the highway . . . give positive proof that Firestone Tires, made with Firestone Rubber-X, give MOST MILES PER DOLLAR. And *all* Firestone Tires are now made with Firestone Rubber-X.

Remember, *only* Firestone Tires are made with Firestone Rubber-X. So be sure to specify Firestone Tires when you order your new car. Or buy them for your present car . . . on convenient payment terms, if you wish . . . at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



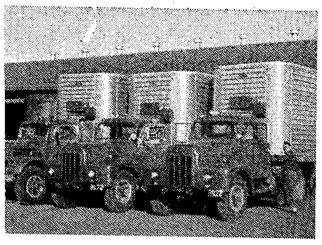
LABORATORY TESTS prove n
Firestone Rubber-X supe
ority in resisting damage due
heat, *cracking, aging, abrasi*



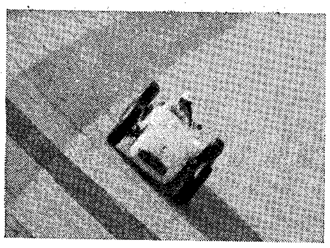
YEARS!

RUBBER-X

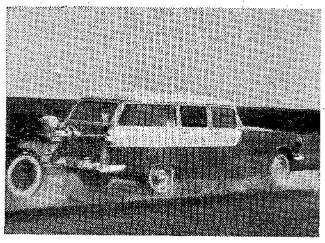
USED IN TIRES!



LEET TESTS prove record wear-
ng qualities. Commercial trials
how longest mileage and lowest
ire cost-per-mile in tire history.



SPEEDWAY TESTS prove new safety. Firestone Rubber-X outlasted and outran all tires in competition on famous speedways.



PROVING GROUND tests confirm that Firestone Rubber-X, in combination with famous S/F Nylon, is unsurpassed for tires.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1958, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Editorials

The U.S.S.R. Finds Happy Hunting in the Middle East

Now that American and British armed forces are involved in the Middle East, it is clear that extraordinary skill will be required (1) to avoid war and (2) to make the real objectives of our intervention clear, especially to the peoples of the countries concerned. Under the terms of the congressional resolution which is the legal expression of the Eisenhower Doctrine, the President is authorized to come to the rescue of any nation "requesting assistance against armed aggression from any country controlled by international Communism." We are not fighting Arab nationalism. Our purpose is simply to prevent the Middle East from becoming another Red satellite.

When the roof falls in, people inevitably speculate on how the disaster could have been avoided. We could have been tougher on Nasser and, going back a few years, we could have supported the forces of order in colonial areas instead of encouraging the revolutionaries who now spit in our faces. But basically what we are seeing is a revival of Arab nationalism, sparked by hatred of Israel and egged on by the Soviet Union, which alone can profit from confusion and the collapse of western influence in that area. Curiously enough, the Arab leadership has forgotten that it was the United States which, out of loyalty to the U.N. and dislike of "colonialism," prevented the crushing of Nasser two years ago. What the Arabs never forget is that the United States under President Truman recognized Israel as an independent nation. Soviet propaganda represents us as backing further Israeli expansion in the Middle East.

Despite the surprise that these emotions should have threatened or upset governments in friendly Lebanon and Iraq, there was little reason for astonishment. All Arab peoples want the restoration of Arab unity such as existed for hundreds of years under the caliphate. Only they want unity under new management. It is extremely doubtful that the Arab peoples have any desire to "go Communist." Nevertheless, the U.S.S.R. finds normal Arab grievances against the West grist for its mill. Lenin's threat to conquer Europe through the peasantry of Asia is now on the way to being carried out. The greatest imperialist power in world history is having enormous success in persuading the colonial peoples that it is their friend, while the West, which has supplied the financial means for industrial development and unprecedented local prosperity, not to mention a century-old support of colleges, schools and other cultural activities, is jeered by frenzied mobs.

Regardless of the emotions or aspirations of the Arabs, the Latin Americans or the Indonesians, their immediate concern to us is that they are being skillfully maneuvered in an up-to-now successful effort to outflank us throughout the world. Many Americans would feel more comfortable if it had been stated, more clearly even than the President stated it, that our primary purpose is to protect our interests and our security. The possession by other countries of a sort of blank check with a call on American soldiers seems a potentially dangerous dilution of control over our own decisions. And the apparently futile effort to persuade the U.N. to underwrite our action gives new support to the recent contention of Capt. W. D. Puleston on this page that American foreign policy is difficult to carry out if it must be dovetailed into our commitments to the United Nations. The promised investigation of our foreign policy by the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee might profitably concern itself with that aspect of the confusion.

For Shame! Casting Stones at the Amateur Mechanic!

A commodity which has long been considered essential is "light summer reading." Curiously enough, many who accept light summer reading are inexorably hostile to light summer writing. Write a trivial editorial in the summer, and you spend the autumn appeasing readers who write letters beginning, "Making every allowance for the summer silly season, I nevertheless fail to understand," etc.

Were the light summer readers more tolerant of light summer writers, we might toss off some observations as to why a black two-year-old filly originally named Caesar's Wife should have had her name changed to Roman Circus. After all, the horse was by Roman, out of Facts of Life, who in turn was by Discovery. Caesar's Wife could hardly be further "above suspicion."

However, in view of the probable public attitude ("Why, with Iraq in flames and Sherman Adams in the balance, do you write about how somebody named a horse?"), let's shift to another mystery—this one involving a London, Ontario, psychiatrist. This scientist, addressing a Boston medical society, undertook to classify types of people who might be tabbed in advance as likely to be involved in accidents. We take no exception to such labels as "Has to lead the group or he quits" or "Has a roving eye." But why "Likes to fix the car himself"?

The lay psychiatrist would assume that a man who had taken a car apart on the front lawn and put it together again would tend to be more careful than other people when operating it on the road. And yet Dr. William T. Tillman classifies this do-it-yourself mechanic as a dangerous "accident prone"! There may be men who like to fix their cars so much that they smash them up just for the thrill of putting them together, but that doesn't sound like a typical case.

Indeed we have a friend and colleague who can hardly look at a new car without experiencing an overwhelming urge to take it to pieces, and spends his lunch hour scouring the spare-parts stores for small items involving one ten thousandth of an inch tolerance. But this amateur mechanic can hardly be persuaded to drive at more than thirty-five miles an hour. Fast driving makes it difficult for him to hear the gentle agitation of the moving parts, rhythmically going about their business, a sound as sweet to him as the music of the spheres to a poet. And he has never had an accident yet!

Our Night Colleges are Entitled to Better Support

By FELIX WITTMER

One outstanding phenomenon in American higher education is the mushroom growth of our evening colleges. At the beginning of World War II, some 30,000 students pursued their academic careers after dark. Today at least 300,000 people go to college in the evening. In New York City's publicly supported colleges—Brooklyn, City, Hunter and Queens—the night students outnumber the day students. Columbia, Temple, University of Chicago, California and Johns Hopkins all give more and more attention to the students who must get their academic degrees in night sessions.

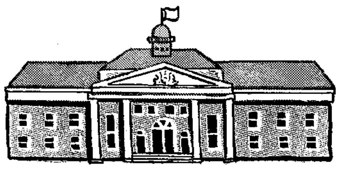
Having taught in academic institutions for thirty years, I am convinced that the after-dark students are more fun to teach. Some of them have been out of school for twenty years and have discovered in their daily work the need to fill certain gaps in their education. Their eagerness to study "above and beyond the call of duty" inspires me and some of my faculty colleagues to greater efforts. Some of these eager learners have become a little "rusty." But because of their dedication, most of them improve with startling speed.

Unfortunately, our evening colleges, as a rule, are devoid of funds. Compelled to shift for themselves, they depend on tuition. Consequently, they tend to accept anyone who applies. The result is that, in addition to the dedicated students I have mentioned, the evening college also recruits many who, uninterested in learning, expect to grab a college degree at bargain-counter prices. The ambitions of the serious students are likely to be thwarted by necessary attention to the drones.

Until the evening college is given financial and academic parity with the day school, we shall continue our unfair treatment of some of our most promising students.

Editors' Note: Doctor Wittmer is a member of the History Department at Queens College, New York.

A good school year often starts in the doctor's office



Your child will soon be off to school—with thirty-nine and one-half million other children—the largest enrollment in our country's history.

Naturally, you hope your child will stay well and do well throughout the school year. To help him do so, why not take him to your doctor now—*before school opens*—for a thorough health examination?

This is important for all children, but doubly so for the "beginner." As he works and plays with new friends, he may be exposed for the first time to the communicable diseases. The child should be protected against whooping cough, polio, diphtheria, smallpox and tetanus.

If he has already had "shots" for these diseases, it may be time for "booster doses." These increase protection or hold it at such a level that the child is more able to resist the disease to which he is exposed.

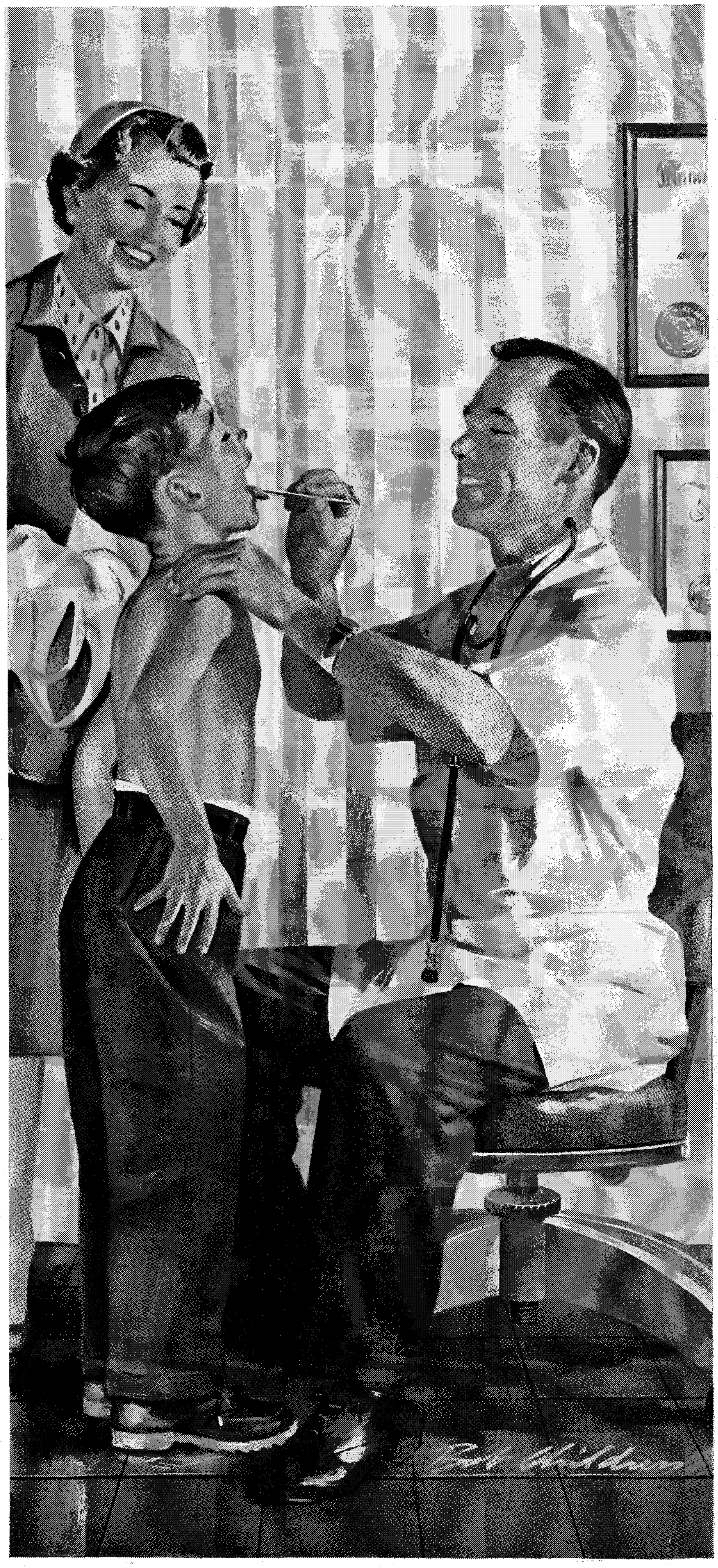
A pre-school check-up may reveal unsuspected defects of the eyes or ears. A child who has impaired hearing or vision cannot do his best work at school. Besides getting low marks, he may become discouraged or at best have difficulty in making adjustments.

Your doctor can also advise you about improving your child's health habits to increase resistance to colds and other respiratory infections that keep so many children away from their classrooms.

What about older children—teenagers especially? They, too, should have health examinations. The doctor's advice on physical development and emotional problems can ease many worries that beset adolescents.

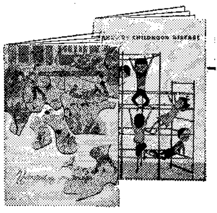
When parents, doctors, and teachers work together, the school years can be made more healthful, productive, and enjoyable for our children.

Metropolitan offers you two free booklets on the health of both younger and older school-age groups. The titles are listed below. Check the booklet or booklets you want.



COPYRIGHT 1958—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



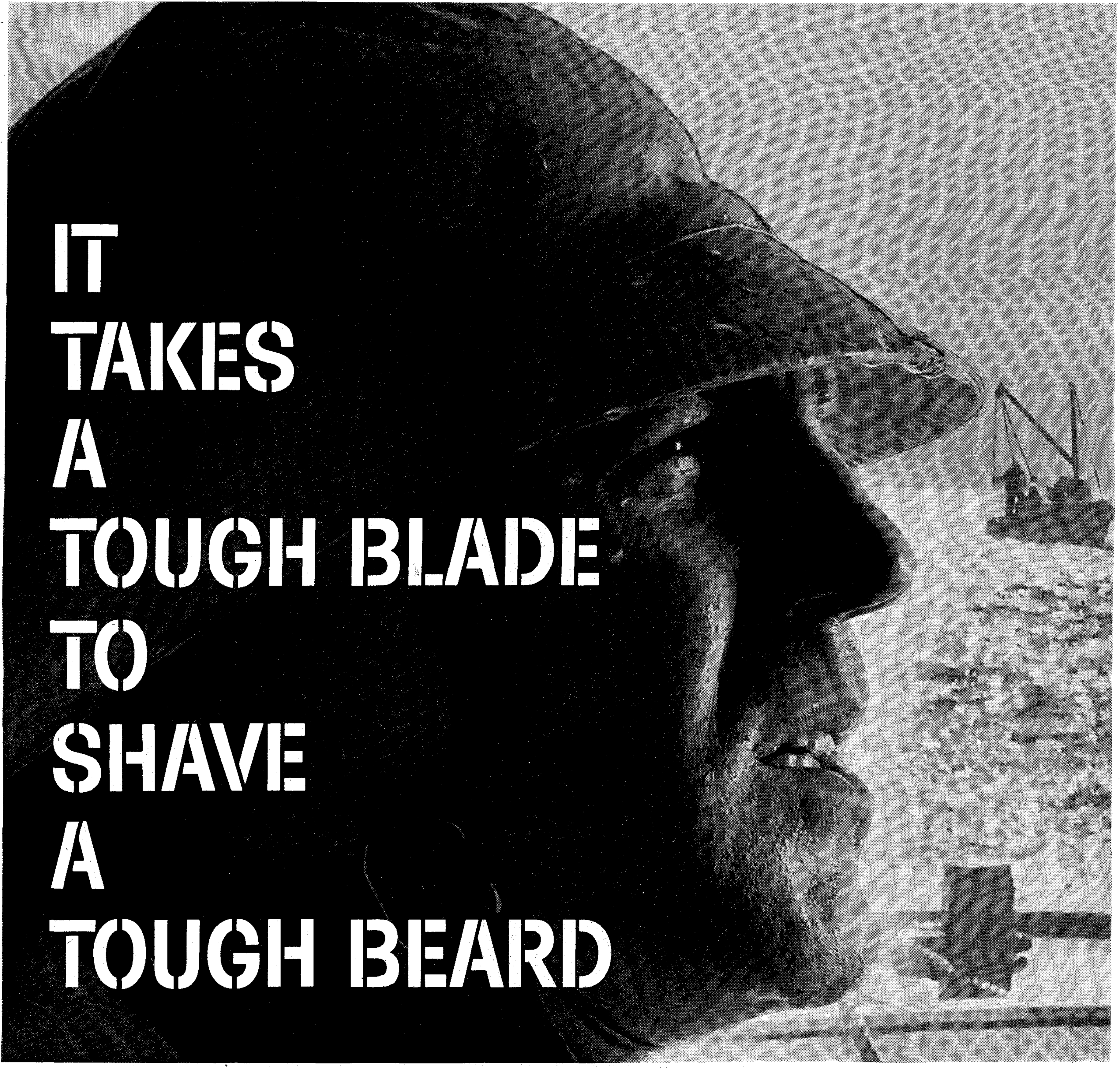
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklets:
- ☐ "*ABC's of Childhood Diseases,*" 9-58-E.
- ☐ "*Understanding Your Teen-Ager,*" 9-58-E.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

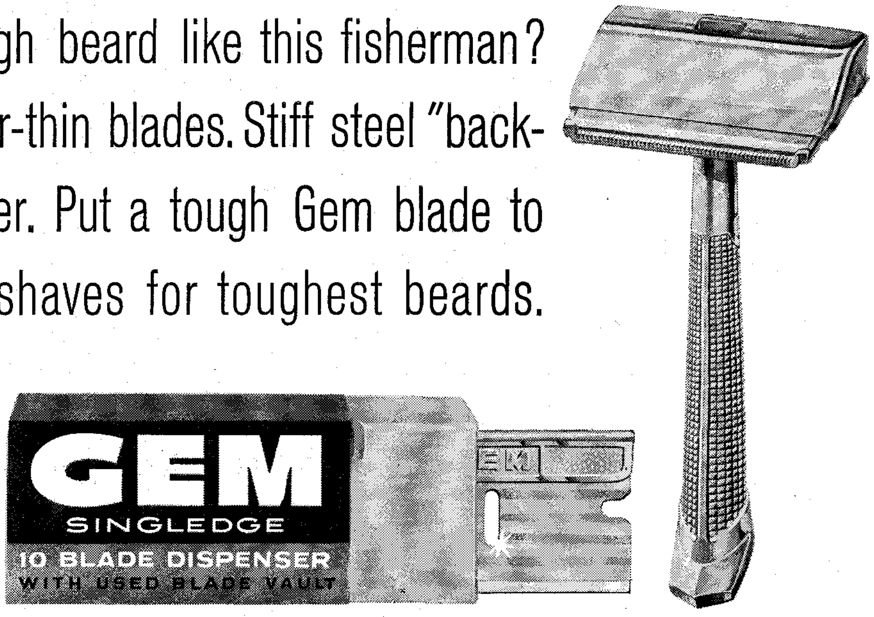
City__________________**State**__________

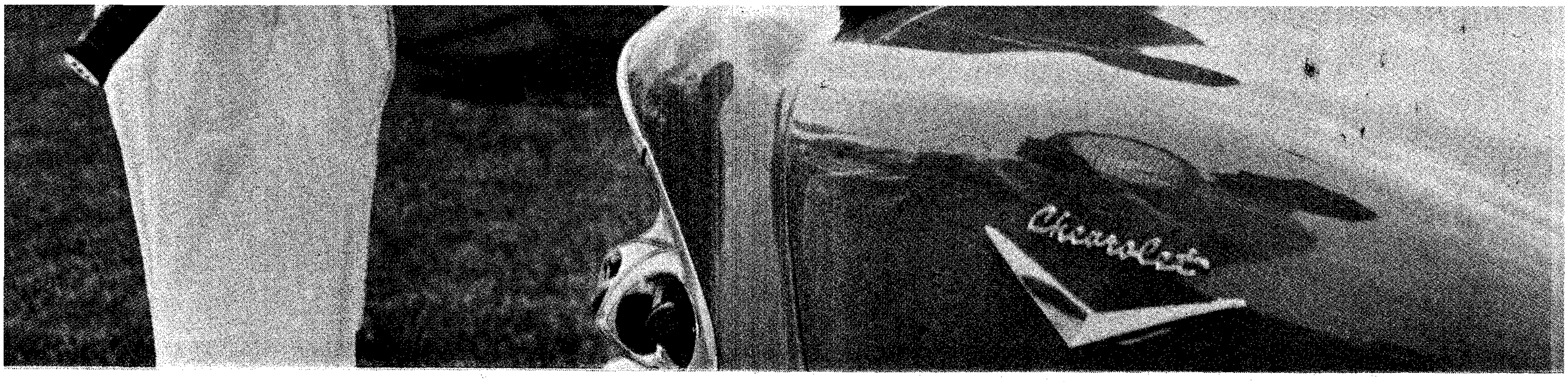

IT
TAKES
A
TOUGH BLADE
TO
SHAVE
A
TOUGH BEARD

Gem is the toughest blade of all! Have a tough beard like this fisherman? Use Gem. 4 times more steel in Gem than in paper-thin blades. Stiff steel "backbone" for extra strength. Cutting edge 18% sharper. Put a tough Gem blade to work in a Gem razor. Result: closer, smoother shaves for toughest beards.

Gem Razor with Blades in Travel Case $1.00.
10 Blade Dispenser 59¢ • 18 Blade Dispenser 98¢
AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH GEM

PRECISION A·S·R PRODUCTS


GEM
SINGLEDGE
10 BLADE DISPENSER
WITH USED BLADE VAULT
GEM



When arranging tennis tournaments, Jack Kramer uses Hertz "Rent it here . . . Leave it there" service.

BECAUSE YOU CAN LEAVE A HERTZ CAR ANYWHERE!*

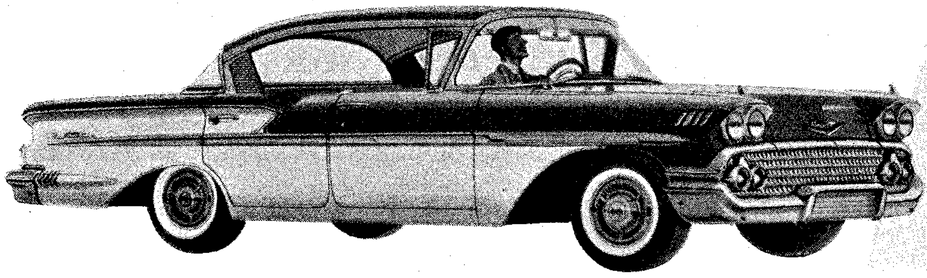
Before Jack Kramer posed for this picture, we asked him why he prefers to rent Hertz cars. Here's what the famous tennis star and promoter of professional tennis tours and tournaments said: "Hertz is a real pro. Why, I can rent a car in one Hertz city and leave it at any other Hertz location across the country!"

A steady customer of ours, Mr. Kramer uses Hertz "Rent it here . . . Leave it there" service when scheduling his tennis tournaments. He saves time traveling by plane or train and steps into a Hertz car at his destination. Then, he drives to a nearby city, completes his business there, drops the car off at the Hertz office and continues on his way by plane or train. And because Hertz has more offices by far, The Hertz Idea will work out as conveniently for you as it does for Jack Kramer.

What's more, Hertz rents the kind of cars you like to drive. The low national average rate is just $7.85 a day plus 9 cents a mile, including all gasoline, oil and proper insurance.

*And there's a service charge of only $10.00 (less between some cities) to leave a Chevrolet sedan or similar make car at any Hertz city in the United States.

For business or pleasure, try The Hertz Idea. Call your local Hertz office or see your travel agent to reserve a car in the U.S., Canada or wherever in the world you're going. We're listed under "Hertz" in alphabetical phone books everywhere. Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

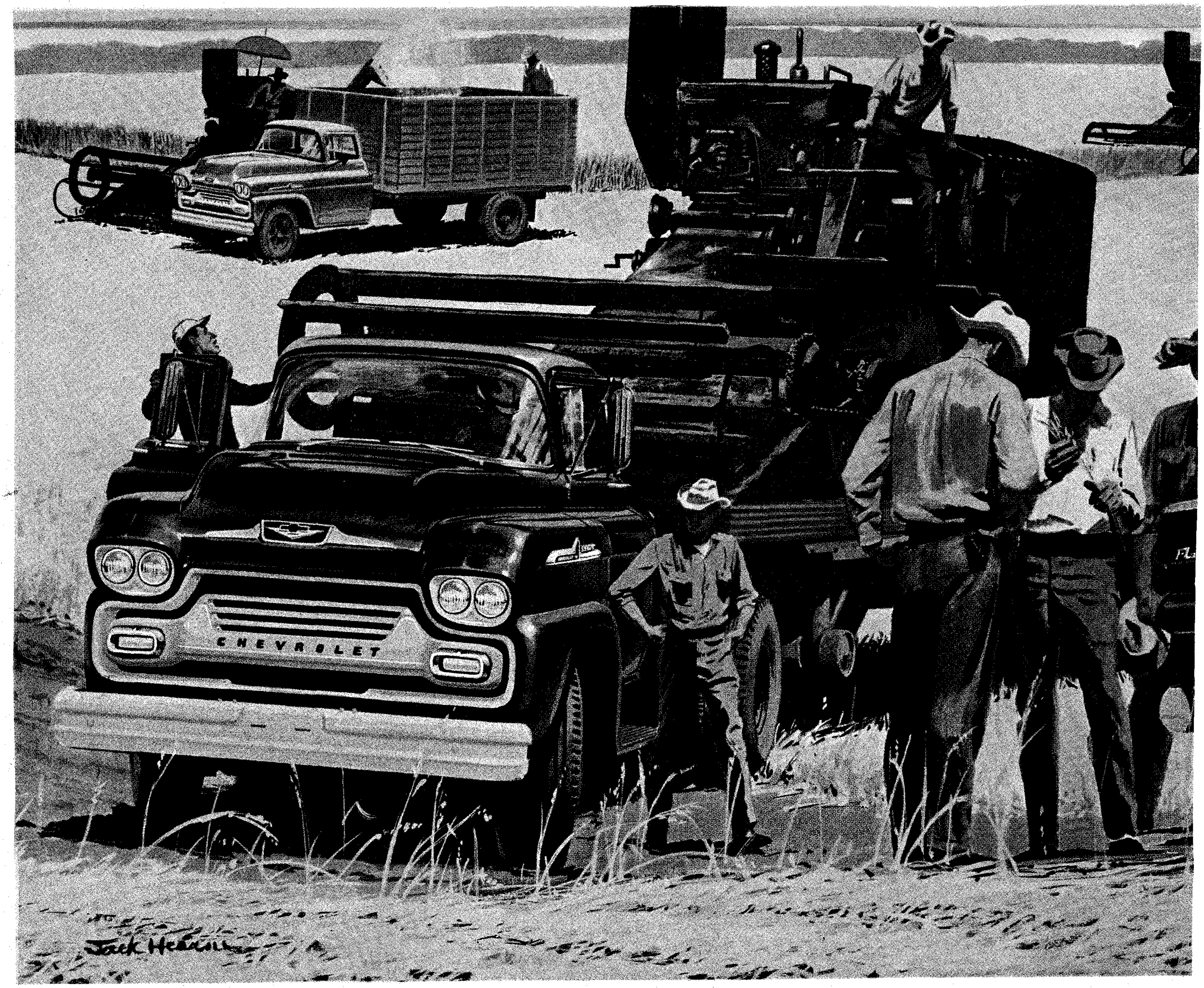


More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

HERTZ BRINGS YOU BUSINESS AND WORLD NEWS MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY WITH WALTER CRONKITE, ROBERT TROUT AND BILL DOWNS ON CBS RADIO

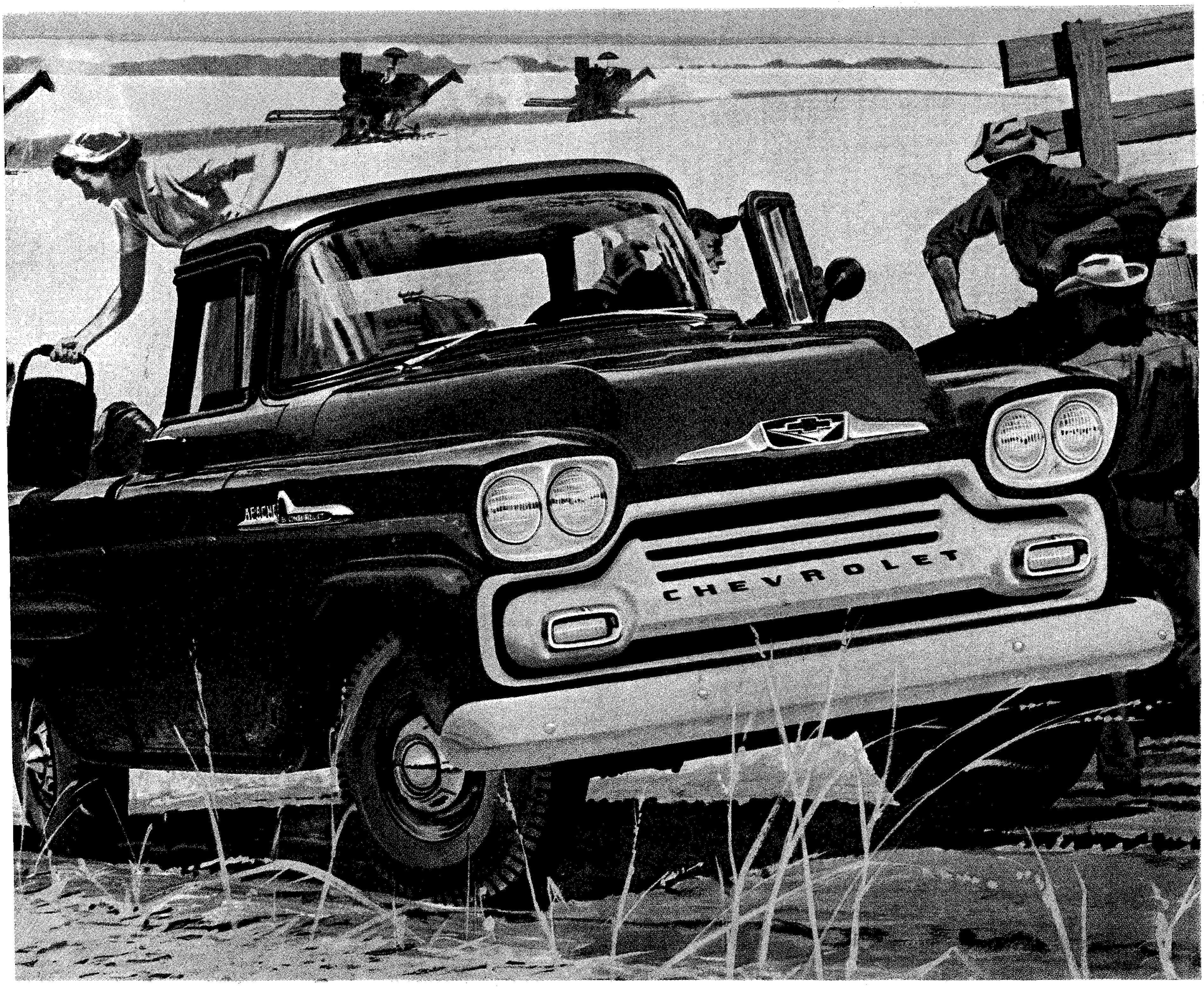


Model 5303 L.C.F. features V8 power as standard equipment.

Watch 'em hustle when the work's hot and heavy!

Watch 'em keep at it day after day, as long as there's a load to be hauled. And watch the way they hold down overhead with power and capacity tailored to your job. You can count on it. That kind of stamina and ability to save comes

CHEVROLET



New Fleetside, one of twelve Task-Force pickup models.

natural to Chevrolet trucks. You get it in Chevy's light-duty Stepside model, the lowest priced popular pickup money can buy. You get it in the high-styled Fleetside pickup, in high-capacity Step-Van delivery models, in *every* Chevrolet, right up through a whole line of heavy-load haulers! As sure as Task-Force trucks are the year's biggest sellers, the right truck for any job is at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

TASK·FORCE TRUCKS CHEVROLET

New freedom for your back!

New BACK CARE mattress by SIMMONS

First and only mattress with a Built-in Bedboard

Now, for the millions of people who suffer with back problems . . . a new mattress which outmodes all of the so-called "posture" mattresses.

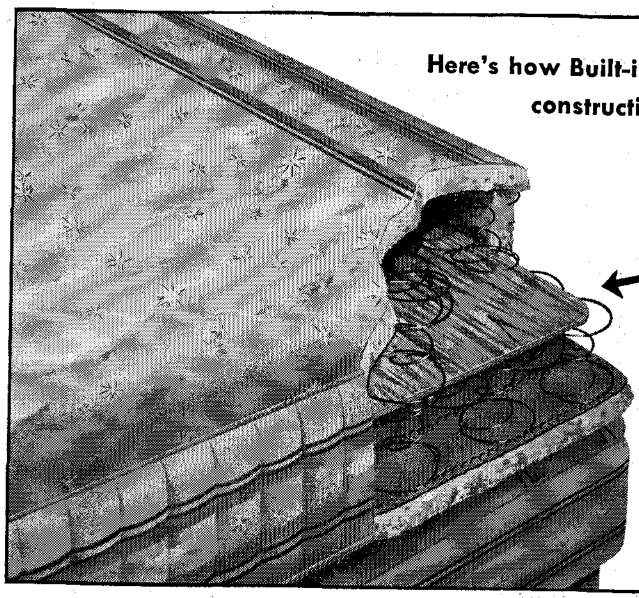
In the first totally new mattress design in 18 years, Simmons places a scientifically engineered bedboard in the center of the mattress—up close to your back where you need it.

Gives you double innerspring support both over and under the bedboard.

Requested . . . supervised . . . approved by doctors. The Back Care® was designed as a result of medical demand.

Orthopedists were consulted on its construction . . . and a panel of orthopedists tried it for themselves and their patients . . . gave it complete approval.

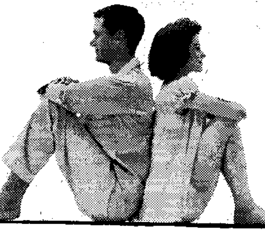
Despite costly construction, Back Care costs only $79.50, fully guaranteed. Once used to Back Care, you'll never be comfortable on any other mattress.



Here's how Built-in Bedboard plus double-coil construction help your back:

1. **Resilient coil support** adjusts to your body contours . . . smooth, button-free surface.
2. **Built-in Bedboard** of plywood keeps your spine level and straight. Scientific corrective action up close to your back where you need it.
3. **Extra floating spring support.** Bedboard floats on extra layer of springs . . . equalizes weight over all coils. Prevents sag.

BACK



CARE

WITH BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

by SIMMONS

PATENT PENDING

Makers of the famous Beautyrest® mattress and Hide-A-Bed® Sofa

©1958 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

What's behind television's astonishing boom in ghouls, monsters and other horrible creatures? Here are the practitioners—and some psychological interpretations—of

TV'S MIDNIGHT MADNESS

By ROUL TUNLEY

As if we didn't have enough trouble these days with Russia, rock 'n' roll and rhyming commercials, a new scourge has hit the land. A large, untidy package of ghouls, werewolves, vampires, Frankensteins and other assorted monsters has been flung into our living rooms via that electronic marvel, the television set. Cries of "It's alive I tell you, ALIVE!", "Raise the voltage, doctor," and "Tell the townspeople to bring torches and meet in the wood," have come screeching across the air waves with such frequency lately as to make the hanky-panky of the Commies almost a welcome diversion.

In fact, the whole thing has become far too big for a twenty-one-inch screen. What started as a revival of a few old horror movies on TV has now spilled over into other aspects of our national life. There are quite a few straws in the dank wind. For example:

A phonograph record called Dinner With Drac has hit the best-seller lists. Give Her the Ax, Max did almost as well.

A fresh printing of the novel, Frankenstein, sold out 200,000 copies in two months. A similar thing happened to Dracula.

A rash of "sick jokes" has infected the nation, probably kicked off by: "Well, apart from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?"

Most successful master of the macabre

THIS PROGRAM
CAME TO YOU
LIVE FROM CHICAGO

Marvin, of Chicago's Shock Theater, often uses his wife, Joy, as a prop for his bizarre station breaks. But so far his one million viewers haven't seen her face.

Baltimore's Doctor Lucifer (below) is a mad scientist with a sadistic sense of humor. When he created a stew of baked bats, hundreds asked for the recipe.

Even a book of cartoons by Jules Feiffer, called simply Sick, Sick, Sick, has prospered.

In addition, the motion-picture industry, its nostrils ever aquiver for the public's moods, has cooked up a brand-new batch of horror movies. One of them is a full-color remake of that hardy vampire, Dracula. Happily—thanks to technological progress over the past few years—screams can now be stereophonic and blood can drip across wide screens. Another, The Revenge of Frankenstein, has been released recently.

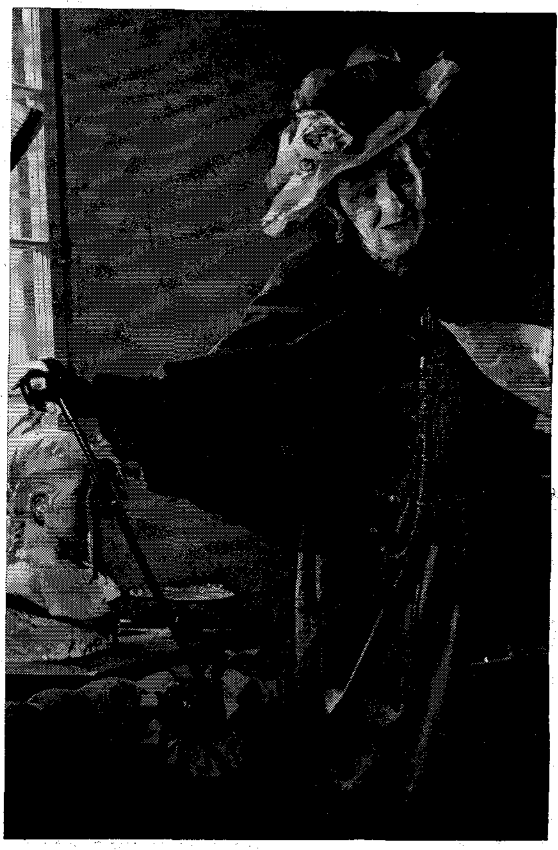
Even Boris Karloff, who went straight for a decade in a series of benign roles, has relapsed into fiendishness in the forthcoming film, Haunted Strangler.

In short, America has become monster-conscious. Or, as they say in the trade, "horror's hot!"

The curious thing about the current bogey boom is that it knows no age barriers. The teen-agers, restive since Elvis' disappearance into the Army, have found TV's ghouls real cool. But the older set seems to like the temperature too. Not long ago, one of Philadelphia's Main Line dowagers called up a friend to turn down her Saturday-night invitation for a bridge party. She couldn't come, she explained, because it would interfere with watching Shock Theater. "But, my dear," replied the hostess, "of course you can come. Naturally, we plan to stop playing when the program starts."

Even the small fry dig those monsters. Television stations originally scheduled many of the films to play week nights when the youngsters supposedly would be in bed. However, they were forced to change programs to weekends at the specific urging of teachers. The latter declared that pupils were groggy during morning classes as a result of staying up late to see the films and that it was better to run them on nights when there was no school the next morning. "Besides," one teacher admitted, "I like to watch the films too."

In Fort Worth, Texas, teen-agers have replaced the usual slumber parties with "nightmare parties" during which they douse the lights and watch the films in an atmosphere complete with bowls of "wolfsbane" and "tanna leaves" (antidotes for werewolves and vampires) as well as "bat thorn" (food for mummies). In New York City costumed "shocktail parties" are the rage.



Above is Ottola Nesmith, recently a Los Angeles entrepreneur of horror.

Most crazes—even constantly recurring ones like horror—are kicked off by some epic event. In the case of the current madness, that event, according to show-business circles, was the revival of the old movie, King Kong, two seasons ago. That we were in for another wave of macabre nonsense was immediately apparent to the astute when the showing of the picture on television attracted one of the largest audiences of all time. In the New York City area, for example, a Pulse rating survey estimated that eighty per cent of homes with television tuned in on the film during its week-long showing. What is even more astonishing, one third of the viewers were reported to have seen the picture more than once.

That unusual record caused more than a slight jolt to an outfit called Screen Gems, Inc., because at about that time, they had been considering acquiring Universal Pictures' library of 600 old films. As everybody knew, Universal had been the greatest monster fac-

Below: In Peoria, Ill., placard-carrying "monsters" roam city streets to stimulate horror fans' appetites.

EATURE
FRANKENSTEI
SAT., 10:30pm
CHANNEL 31

John Zacherle (Roland) was unknown last fall. Now he is a celebrity. Above, he makes a personal appearance before his fans. For the monster unmasked, see below.

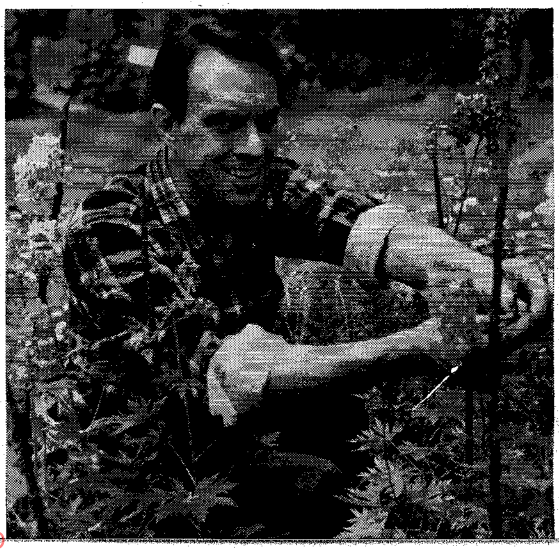
tory of all time. It had fashioned scores of Frankensteins, Draculas, spider women and wolf men out of putty, crepe hair, and mountains of make-up on scary actors. Hastily consummating the deal, selecting 52 of the pictures and tying them into a cobwebby bundle, Screen Gems sold them to television stations around the country under the title of Shock. Another company, Associated Artists Productions, Inc., also sniffed the trend, and readied a batch of old Warner films. They called their happy package simply Horror.

The first reaction to the announcement of the forthcoming horror films was one of apathy. "You mean television films aren't horrible enough already?" asked the producer of one of television's more successful live shows. But it wasn't long before this producer regretted his quip. Placed opposite his show, the ratings of his rival began to zoom. In some cities, the weirdie films earned ratings for their stations 10 or 12 times what they had been. In Sacramento, for example, one hoary horror captured 79 per cent of the total viewers in a three-station city, according to Trendex. In San Francisco, KRON-TV's rating shot up 800 per cent. Philadelphia's spook show soon developed the biggest draw of any local program at that hour, and an American Research Bureau survey showed it even outranking such network favorites as Ed Sullivan and Studio One.

It is only fair to report, however, that most of these records were not established by the films alone. In most cases, a brand-new and highly potent ingredient was added to spark the boom—the local, home-grown "monster of ceremonies."

Realizing that most of the movies were so old-fashioned it was doubtful if more than a few of them could scare or even hold their audiences, individual stations decided to create their own creeps to introduce the films and even do some of the commercials. Before long, what started as a promotion gimmick soon ran away with itself. Touching some deep chord of public

(Continued on Page 85)



Zacherle, who is 39 and a bachelor, is also a prize-winning flower grower.

The
Face
of
AMERICA

The Norwegian-Americans

Put the cool green of a mountainside and the soft sheen of a fjord behind them, and these girls might be dancing in the Norway of their fathers instead of on flat farmland near Austin, Minnesota. Whether in Oslo or in Austin, however, the anniversary is the same: Syttende Mai (approximate pronunciation: soot-in-a my), the 17th of May, the day in 1814 when Norway proclaimed its constitution. A major feature of Syttende Mai in Oslo is the parade of school children past the royal family at the palace. Minnesotans had their chance to greet one member of Norway's royal family when Princess Astrid helped celebrate the state's centennial about a week before this picture was taken. Had she lingered, she might have heard how Norwegians broke the prairie sod near Austin almost a decade before Minnesota became a state. She would have seen Norwegian handicrafts, heard Grieg songs, and smelled the tempting aromas of Norwegian baking which were part of Austin's celebration. And she might have tapped a royal toe to the skipping notes of the fiddle as it set the gay pace for *Springdans*. ◆ Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

As they rowed across to the boat shed, they heard the screaming again.

The Terrible Secret

By OLAF RUHEN

Up there on the hill some creature shrieked in agony. What horror did the lonely house hide?

Mick Simmons—they called him Mick the Bull—went into the office of the Fishermen's Association to collect his month's check. There were three or four others lounging about; not many, for it was a fishing day; but the early morning weather had threatened to produce one of the violent squalls then seasonal on that sector of the New Zealand coast, and these men had played it safe.

Mick's check was small, and he grunted discontentedly.

"You ought to take a few lessons from Dancer Martin," the clerk said, and Mick looked at him.

"That little squirt?" he asked. "How did he go, anyway?"

"Same as usual," the clerk said. "About twice as well as any of the rest of you."

"Beats me," said Taffy Jones. "He hasn't been here more than a wink of the eye—two, three months, is it? And he's on to all the fish."

"Some of you are still looking where your old man used to take you," the clerk said. "Maybe the Dancer catches them just because he's new here. He finds them for himself."

"Yes; well, he's welcome to them," said Mick the Bull. "He hasn't spent a penny since he came. Won't have a drink with a man, even. Won't even live here; he had the offer of a good house, but he had to hide himself up there on Oak Valley where there aren't any neighbors. Frightened he might have to offer a man a drink of water, I guess."

"Queer things going on up there too," Red Collins offered. "My kids came home from Oak Valley the other night with some great tale, things they heard, screams and groans. White as a sheet, the little one was."

"It's his own business what goes on at his home. But that little runt is going the right way to find trouble," said Mick.

"Who'll make it for him?" asked the clerk.

"I will, myself," said Mick. "This town was solid before he came. He's got an empty berth on his boat too, and there's a dozen good lads wanting work. And he's not all that good. He'll find out."

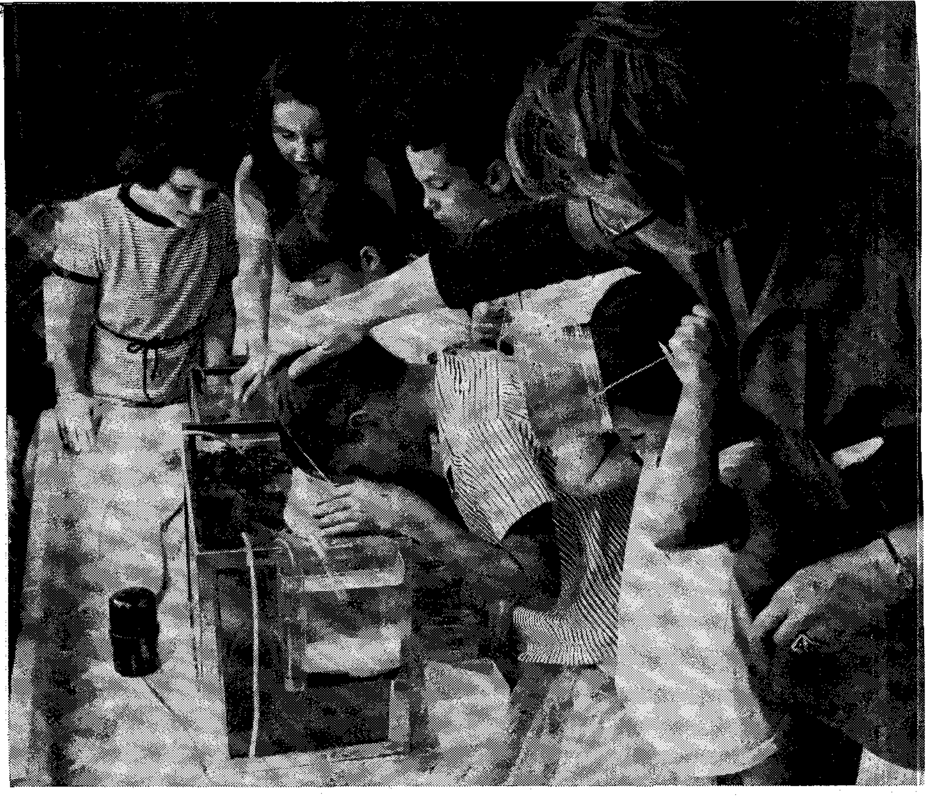
"Just the same, you might take a lesson from him," advised the clerk. "His gas consumption is way up; he must push that launch of his all over the ocean. He's about the only man here with the Admiralty

(Continued on Page 86)

The students must forgo ordinary summer fun to concentrate on science—but there's always a waiting list at this remarkable

School for Young Waders

By EVAN HILL



Seashore Life class: Teacher Sally Smith (right) uses a plastic-bottomed tin can to show her students what goes on beneath the surface of the water.

One foggy morning last July a young high-school science teacher named Sally Smith herded a frolicking litter of seven-year-olds into the surf below Nobska Lighthouse in the Cape Cod village of Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Wet to their knees and sometimes to their waists, the youngsters stooped down to squint into the ocean through sheets of transparent plastic fastened to bottomless coffee cans.

Then, at Miss Smith's gentle command, they scampered up the beach to the tide wash, and began to dig with their hands. Little Alisa Gabriel squealed, "Ooh, a big one!" and popped something into her wooden specimen bucket.

At her elbow a blond boy asked, "What'd you find? A sandbug?"

"A Hippa," Alisa replied with dignity, using the correct scientific name.

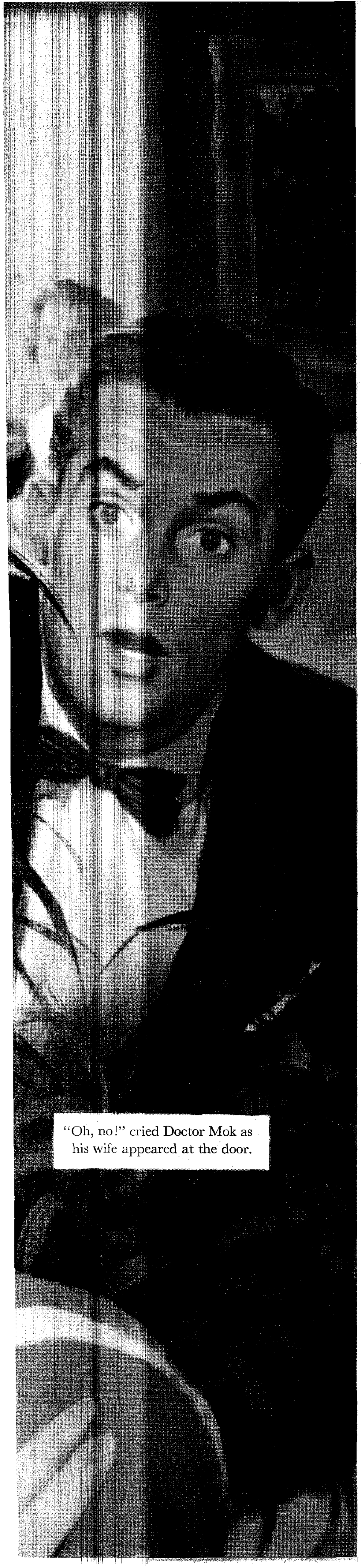
Behind her a curly-haired boy sat on the beach, yanked off a sodden sneaker to scrape out the wet sand. "Sure, a Hippa," he said. "You oughta know that. And a periwinkle is really a Litorina, and a starfish is really an Asterias. You gotta know the scientific names before you can classify 'em. Miss Smith says so." And he sped down the beach to scrape some Balanus (barnacles) from the rocks near Nobska Point.

A mile away at a narrow strip of sand known locally as Dirty Beach, twenty other youngsters waded into the Atlantic, searching for horseshoe crabs or Irish moss or washed-up sponge. They were supervised by a deeply tanned young woman in Bermuda shorts, Erika A. L. Rawitscher, a Ph.D. who teaches each winter at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

At Sippewisset Beach on nearby Buzzard's Bay a Smith College botany instructor, Dr. Robinson S. Abbott, helped two nine-year-old boys struggling with a small-fish seine in a brackish tidal stream. On the shore eighteen other children watched, waiting to pop the fingerlings into jars of sea water.

An hour later all these youngsters were gathered in a four-room wooden schoolhouse in Woods Hole. While they had been at the beaches, a group of twenty teen-agers had been learning microscope technique from Maurice Bleifeld, the

(Continued on Page 70)



"Oh, no!" cried Doctor Mok as his wife appeared at the door.

The Doctor Didn't Understand

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

He was a successful psychiatrist, but his own bride turned out to be his most baffling case.

The way it is with me, I don't join—anything. Doctor Mok says I'm antisocial. He says I have deep-seated anxieties. He says I'm slightly paranoid. I say he's slightly stupid.

Naturally, he's a psychiatrist, but a lot of good that does him.

He married my sister. He was glad to do it too. He said, "I want Delphinia to be my wife." Delphinia didn't care. He was good looking, he was thirty-three, he had seen Freud in London, he had money in the bank, and his mother lived in Denmark.

"Why aren't you a Boy Scout?" he said one night.

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, of course, Sam. There's nobody else here. There's a whole troop of Boy Scouts out there in the street, and here you are in the house."

"This is where I live."

"Of course it's where you live, but being in the Boy Scouts is living too."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Of course, Sam. Why do you say, 'Oh, yeah'?"

"Who? Me?"

"And why do you say, 'Who? Me?' so often?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"That depends on what I say, of course, but it seems that no matter what I say, you say, 'Who? Me?' Are you afraid of somebody or something, Sam?"

"Sure I am."

"Who is it?"

"'Who isn't it?' would be more like it."

"Well, now, let's start at the beginning. Are you afraid of me?"

"I feel sorry for you."

"Why?"

"You want to marry Delphinia."

"Why should that make you feel sorry for me?"

"I've just lived with her all my life, that's all. You're a total stranger. If you knew what I know, you'd get out of here right now, go home, brush your teeth, say your prayers, go to bed, and forget you ever saw Delphinia."

"A younger brother frequently —— Well, let's go back to this fear you feel. Are you afraid of your father?"

"Pop?"

"Well, yes, if you call Mr. Dorsey 'pop.'"

"I don't call him 'Mr. Dorsey.'"

"Are you afraid of your father, Sam? Please speak up. This is between you and me."

"Why should I be afraid of pop?"

"Are you sure you're not?"

"Sure I'm sure. Pop would do anything in the world for me. He already has. I'd do anything in the world for him, too, although so far I haven't. Pop doesn't need to have many things in the world done for him."

"Are you afraid of Mrs. Dorsey?"

"Mamma?"

"If you call your mother 'mamma,' how does it happen you don't call your father 'papa'?"

"I do. 'Pop' is short for 'papa.' What do you call your father?"

"Well, until I was out of college I called him 'Doctor Mok.' After that I called him 'Henrik.'"

"Oh, boy."

"How do you mean?"

"Weren't you friends?"

"We enjoyed an excellent father-and-son relationship."

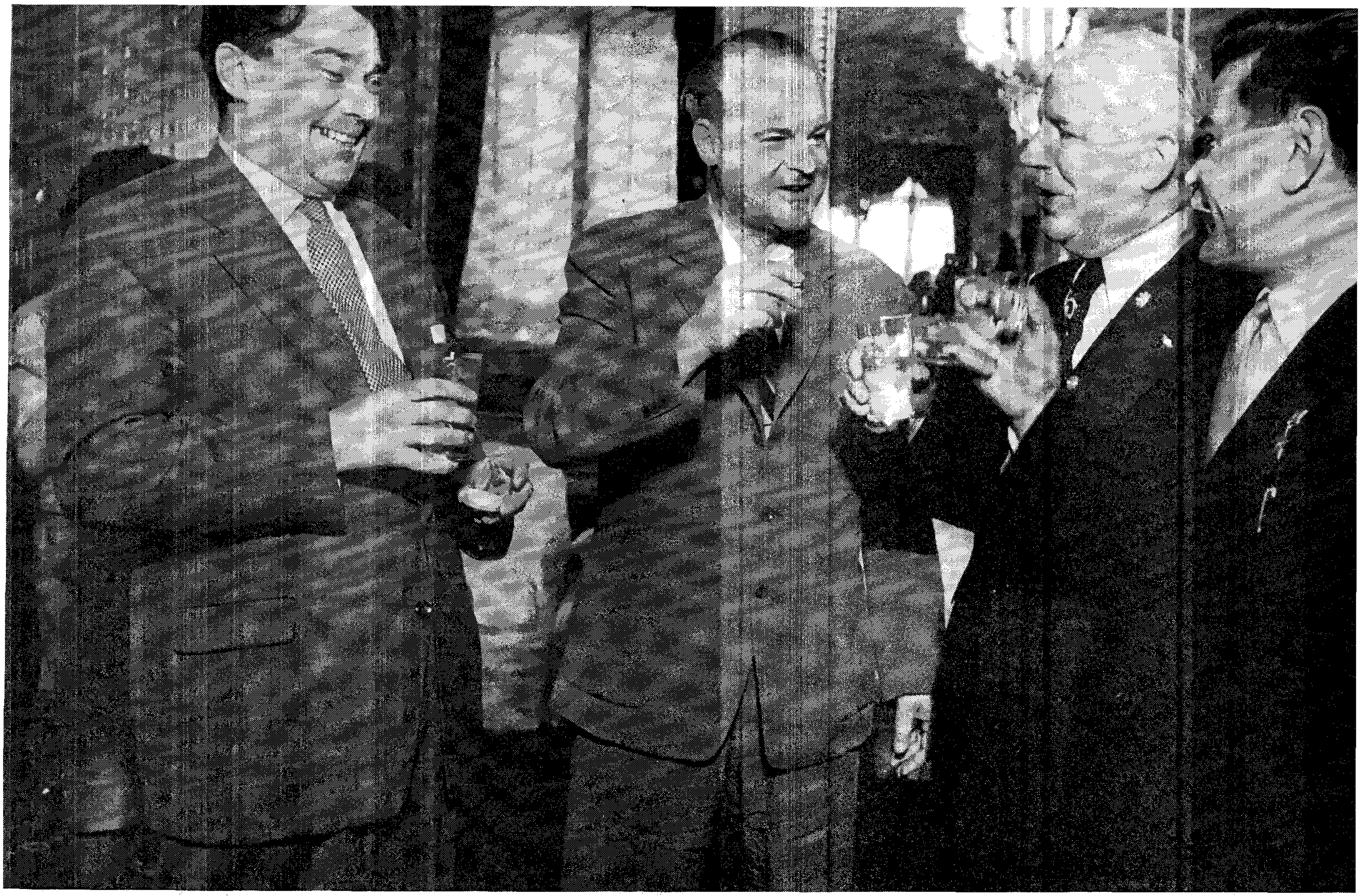
"You didn't call it that, did you?"

"No, but we knew that's what it was."

"That isn't what it is with me and pop—pop and me—my father and I. We don't know anything about any

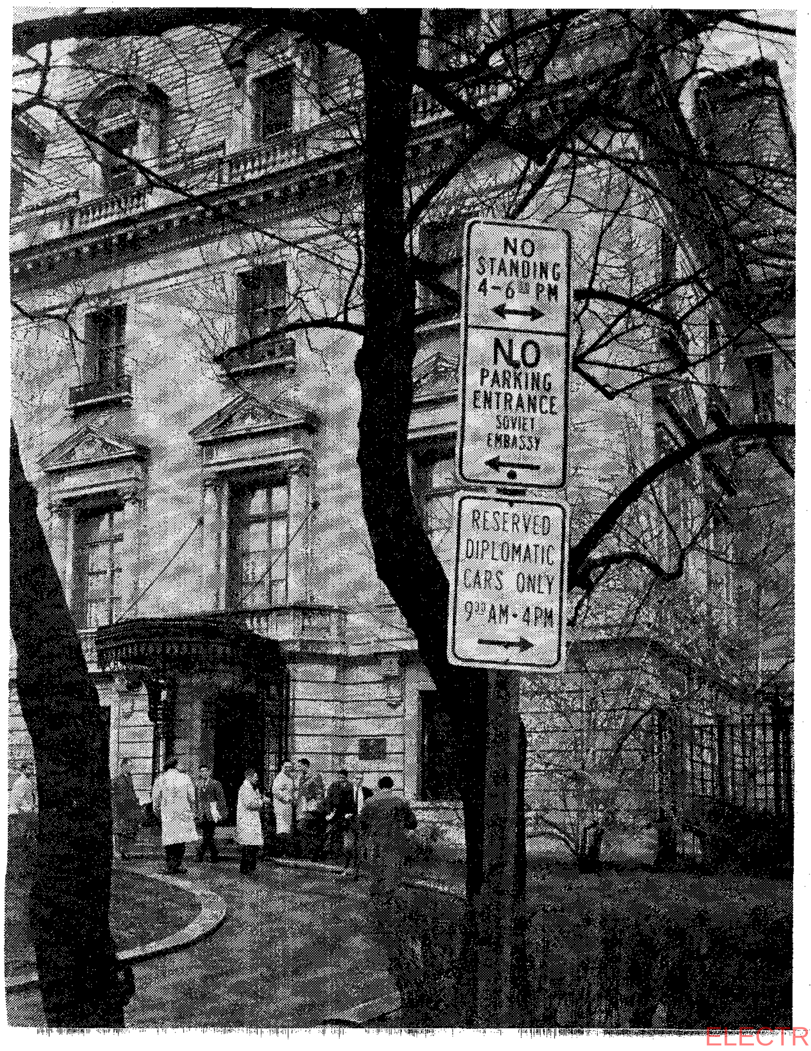
(Continued on Page 56)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris



"Operation Amiability": Menshikov (second from left) gave this reception last April in honor of U.S. and Soviet veterans who had met on the Elbe River in World War II. His guests are Russian writer, B. N. Polevoi (left); W. E. Leonard, U.S. Veterans' Affairs official; and Alexei Maresyev.

Below: American schoolboys tour the Soviet Embassy. In pre-Menshikov days, only rare official occasions opened these doors.


NO STANDING 4-6³⁰ PM
NO PARKING ENTRANCE SOVIET EMBASSY
RESERVED DIPLOMATIC CARS ONLY 9³⁰ AM - 4 PM

The Two Faces of Mikhail Menshikov

First he was The Smiling Russian, a rare bird indeed. But something went wrong, and the ambassador's smiles gave way to worried frowns. A Post Editor's interview, with exclusive pictures.

By STEWART ALSOP

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

The pictures which appear on these pages could not conceivably have been taken a year ago. It is highly unlikely that they could be taken today. They thus serve as a memorial of sorts to a mission which has failed. The mission was that of Mikhail Menshikov, the easy-smiling, blue-eyed Soviet ambassador to the United States. The purpose of the mission was to test the extent to which personal charm and seeming sweet reasonableness might have a significant effect on the policies of the American Government.

The last time I saw Menshikov, I got the distinct impression that he was quite aware that his mission had failed. It was a sweltering hot day in mid-July, just as the storm in the Middle East was gathering fury. Menshikov had returned a few days before from Moscow, where he had been recalled for consultation after the judicial murder of Hungary's Imre Nagy had signaled still another shift in the zigzagging Kremlin line. I had seen him twice before, at two long, rather bibulous, luncheons in his private apartment in the Soviet Embassy, and on those occasions Menshikov had been full of bounce and confidence. Although he never for an instant departed from the party line, he talked with a certain spontaneity and seeming freedom.

Now all the bounce had gone out of him. He seemed sad and tired, and there was no more spontaneity in what he said than in a cracked phonograph record.

The Middle East crisis? "It is our policy that each state must settle its own internal problems, with no interference from the outside." Then the Kremlin and Colonel Nasser had never interfered in the internal affairs of Middle Eastern states? Certainly not. How about the Nagy execution and the seizure of the Americans in East Germany? "These matters have nothing to do with Soviet policy. They concern only the sovereign governments of Hungary and East Germany." Had the Soviet line on summit negotiations changed, as widely believed in Washington? "No, no—no change. There has been no basic change. But always there are roadblocks thrown in the way, and it seems impossible for now to reach agreement. The people are fooled—there is talk about negotiation to reach agreement, and there is only preparation for war."

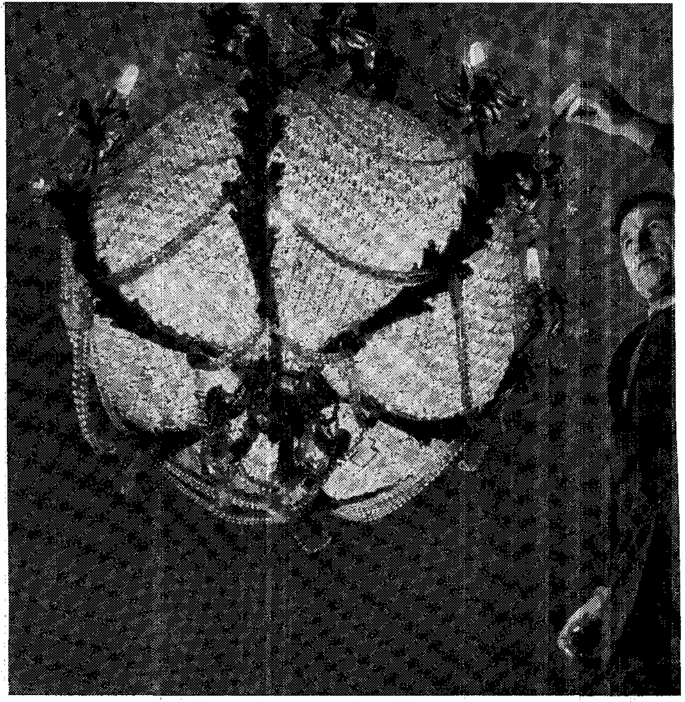
Political conversation seemed unrewarding, so the talk shifted to personal matters. Did he have any plans for future travel in this country—speeches or television appearances?

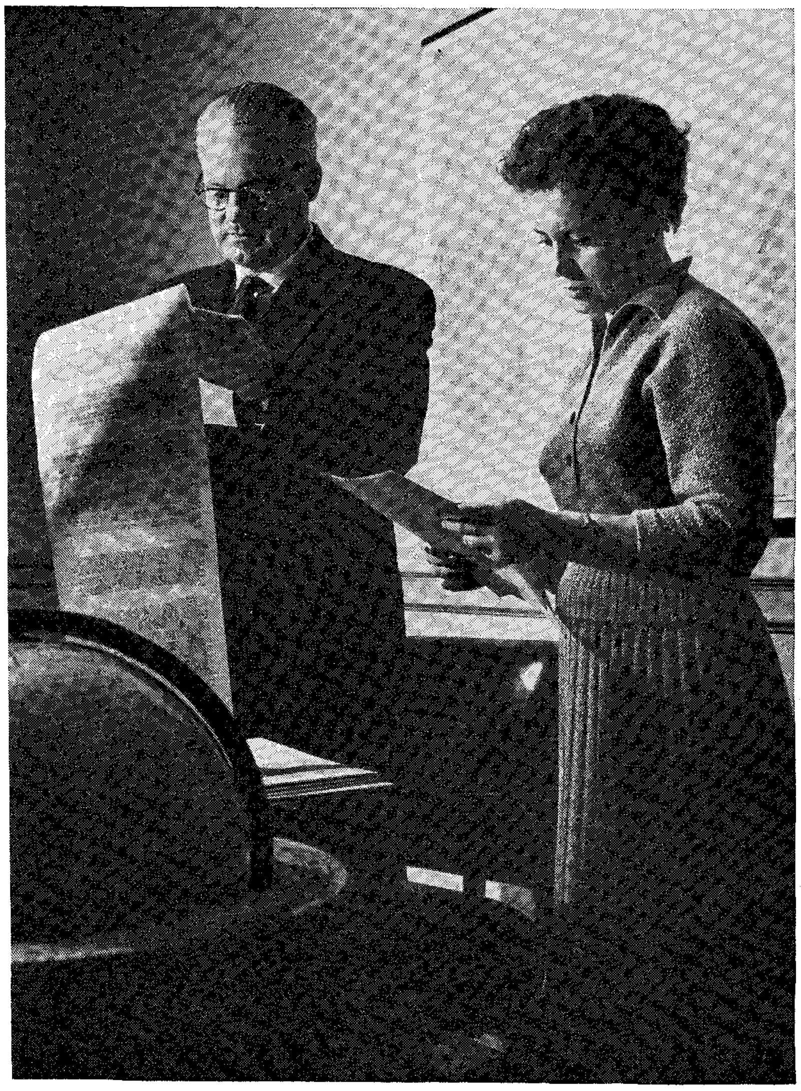
"I hope to go to Niagara Falls with my family, but it is so difficult with all the restrictions. Television? I believe I am to appear on a local television in Buffalo. I was asked some time ago. But always there are newspapermen asking questions. I think I will sometime have to refuse to answer some questions." This with a small smile. As I rose to leave, I remarked that he looked tired, and he replied that he had eaten too much lunch, and besides, there was the Washington weather. "I am not used to it, and I do not like it."

The Washington weather is certainly pretty brutal in summer, but I do not think that was the whole reason why Menshikov seemed that day so much like a pricked balloon. Perhaps he had had his brain washed in Moscow, certainly not a pleasant experience. Perhaps he was genuinely worried about where the Middle East crisis might lead, as he had every right to be. But I think he was also sad and tired for more personal reasons, as a salesman is sad and tired when he realizes that his product is totally unsalable; as a diplomat is sad and tired when he knows that his mission has failed.

For Menshikov's mission has failed, of course. It was Soviet policy and the events that flowed from that policy that caused it to fail. The failure began with Nagy's execution. It deepened with the political kidnaping of the American airmen in

(Continued on Page 93)


Embassy employee Nikolay Kozlov—and everyone else in the establishment—obediently assumed appropriate poses for the American photographer.


The ambassador in his private study with his secretary, Nina Trofimova.

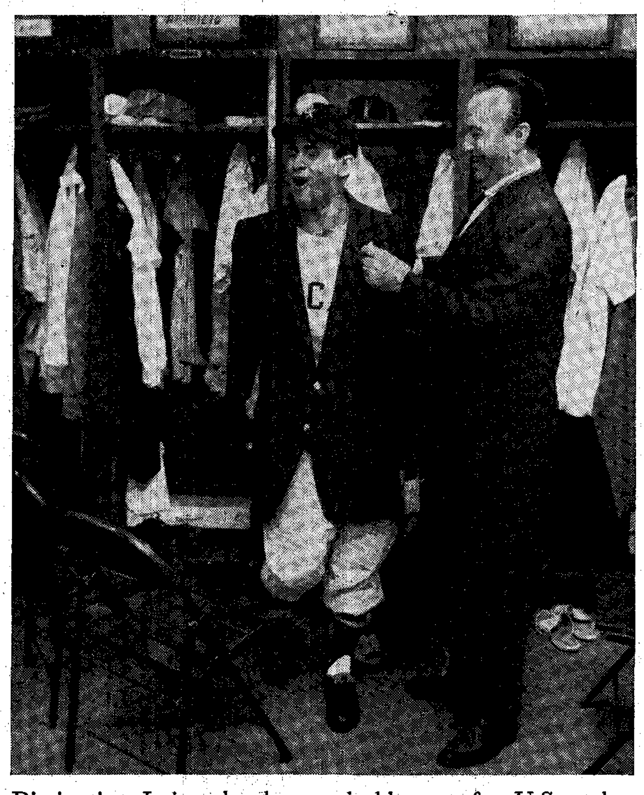
Popular Madame Menshikov (right), shown with Mme. Nykopp, wife of Finland's ambassador.

The American League's ace base stealer in action. Luis is shown above, safe at third, after eluding the tag by Hector Lopez of the A's.

Señor Shortstop of the White Sox

Once again a fiery Latin—Luis Aparicio by name—performs infield legerdemain for the Chicago Americans. "The best shortstop ever," some call him.

Aparicio met his wife, Sonia, on his first trip to New York in his rookie season.



Diminutive Luis, who has a sizable yen for U.S. styles, models a jacket big enough for one of his six-foot teammates.

By ED PRELL

The Chicago White Sox may not be much at winning pennants—their last one was in 1919—but no club can beat their long run of great shortstops. Luke Appling started the tradition in 1931, and carried on through 1949. Then Chico Carrasquel, of Venezuela, took over for six spectacular years. White Sox fans hadn't seen anything yet, however. Carrasquel's act was only a prelude to the arrival of the real master. This is little Luis Ernesto Aparicio, Jr., also from Venezuela, who is now in his third season as the American League's wonder glove man.

Some people thought the White Sox had gone out of their minds when they traded off Carrasquel to Cleveland after the 1955 season to make room for his younger countryman. The veteran Chico had played in four of the five previous All-Star Games, while the twenty-one-year-old Aparicio's experience consisted of a mere two seasons in the minor leagues. The Carrasquel trade was the first made by the now-warring White Sox vice presidents, Chuck Comiskey and Johnny Rigney, after general manager Frank Lane left Chicago for the St. Louis Cardinals. The second-guessers were ready to pounce if the deal had backfired, but they never got the chance.

Aparicio—pronounced Ap-par-EACH-ee-oh—quickly established himself as an exciting new shortstop—a defensive genius with extraordinary range.

(Continued on Page 67)

THE FLYING WIFE

She was fed up with being called a housewife, so she decided to try something utterly different.

By ROBERT CRAIG

In front of the hangar she saw a mechanic staring at her. "Hey, Spike!" she heard him say. "Lock on to the brunette! Bearing zero-four-five!"

Another youngster with yellow hair rolled out from under a plane, gave her one look and whistled. It was a rising whipping sound of admiration, and it gave her the reassurance she needed so badly. It made her feel younger and just a touch adventurous.

She walked under the sign that announced GULLISON'S FLYING SCHOOL, through the door and into the office. A chunky man crouched behind a messy desk smoking a black pipe.

"Hube Gullison," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I—I," she began, "I may take flying lessons. Do—do you think I could learn?"

"Sit down."

She sat down in the chair beside his desk and held on to her red pocketbook as if it would give her balance.

"Of course you can learn," he told her.

"Don't be so sure, Mr. Gullison. If you only knew how ——"

"Can you ride a bicycle?"

"I used to."

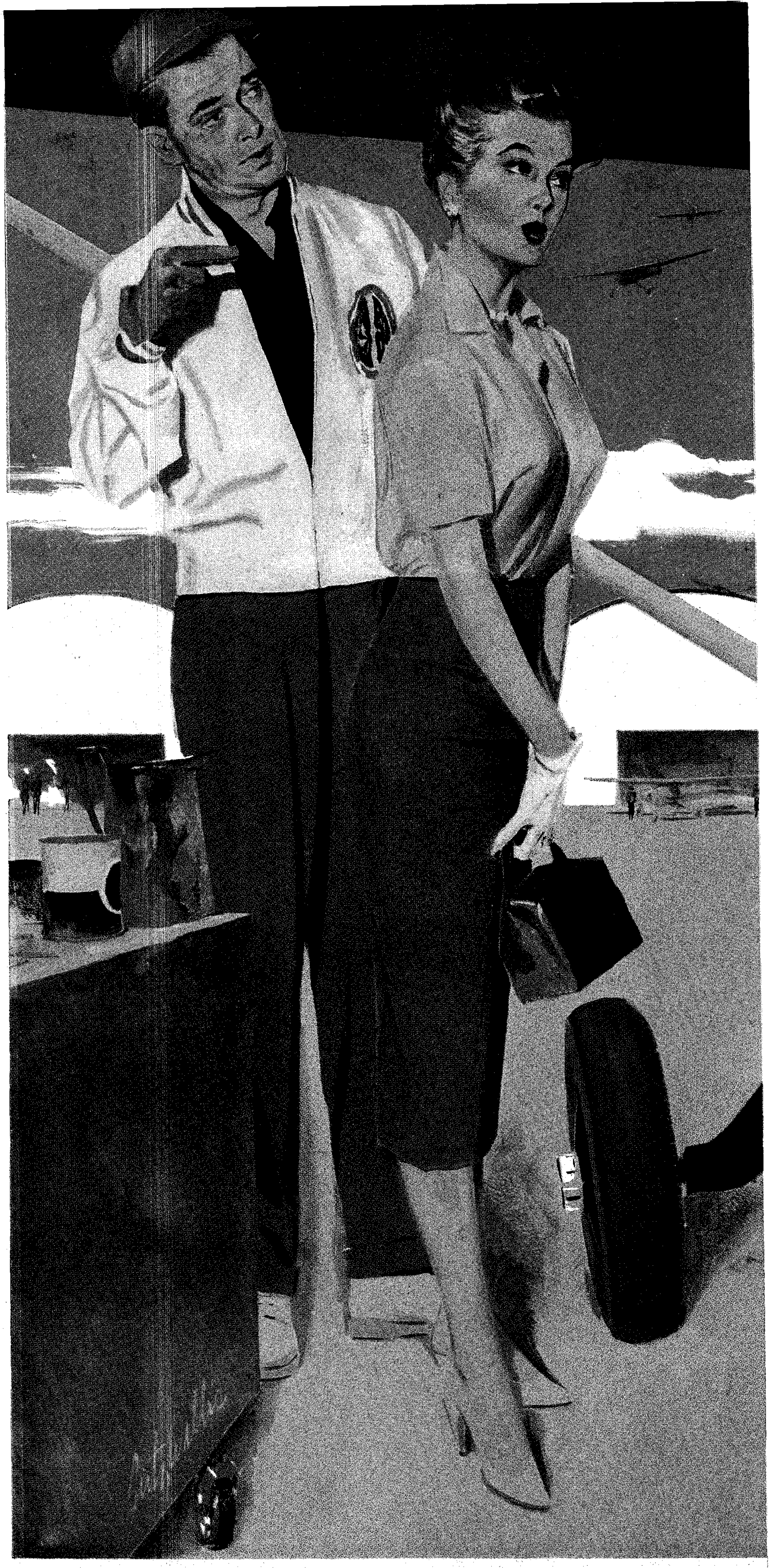
"Then you can learn to fly."

While she struggled with the excitement this knowledge caused in her he studied her shrewdly. "You're scared stiff," he said. "Why do you have to fly?"

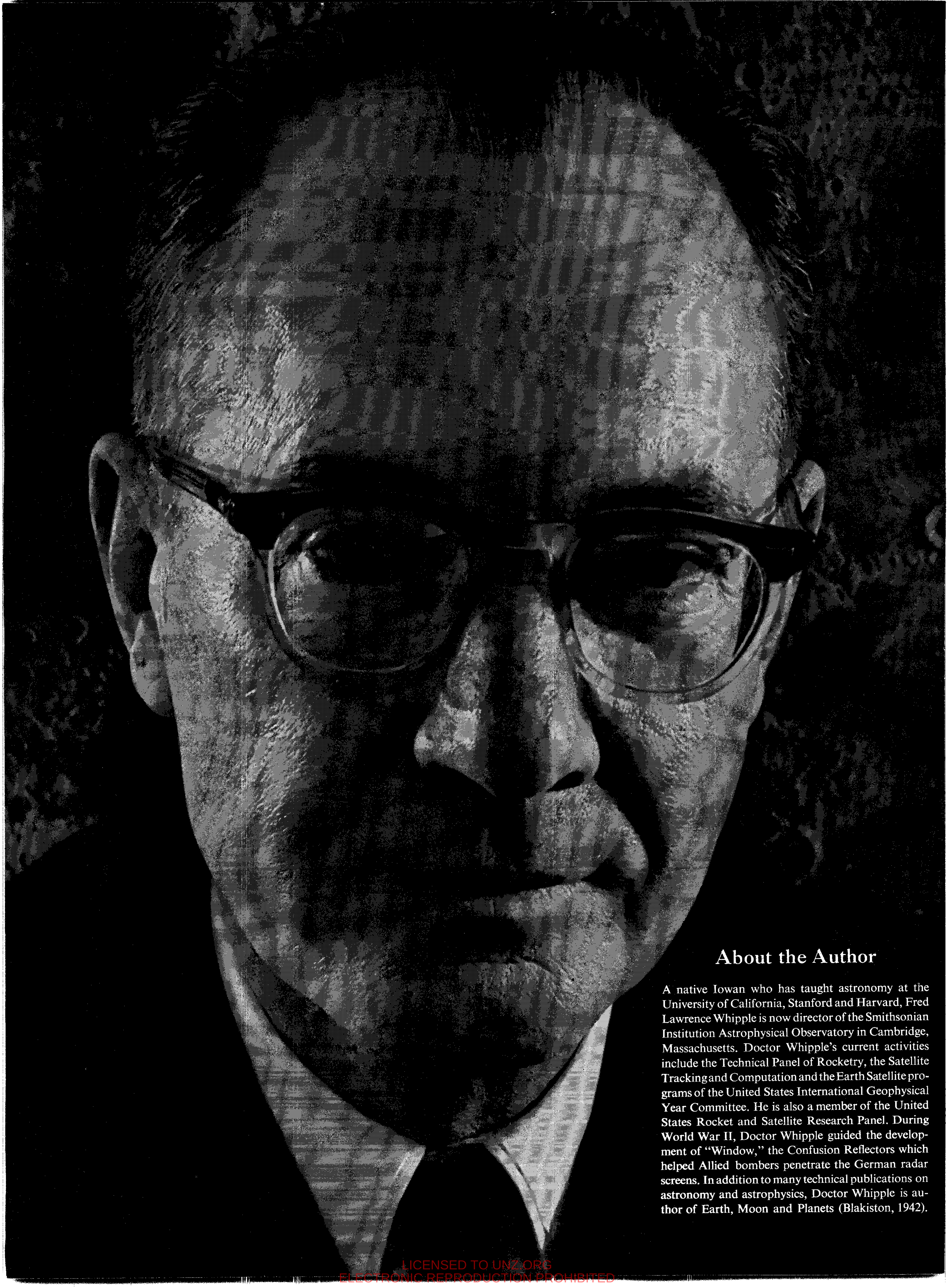
She had no intention of telling him the truth. She hadn't mentioned it to anyone; not to Clara Johnson, not even to her husband. Now, however, in spite of anything she could do, she began to tell this man—this stranger—the truth. Maybe it was because he was a stranger or maybe because he was a flier and he might understand.

"I've been a housewife for eighteen years," she heard herself saying, "cooking, cleaning, sewing, making beds, shopping, washing. I'm as modern as my great-grandmother. All around me people are talking about new

(Continued on Page 63)



"This is an airplane," Mr. Gullison began.



About the Author

A native Iowan who has taught astronomy at the University of California, Stanford and Harvard, Fred Lawrence Whipple is now director of the Smithsonian Institution Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Doctor Whipple's current activities include the Technical Panel of Rocketry, the Satellite Tracking and Computation and the Earth Satellite programs of the United States International Geophysical Year Committee. He is also a member of the United States Rocket and Satellite Research Panel. During World War II, Doctor Whipple guided the development of "Window," the Confusion Reflectors which helped Allied bombers penetrate the German radar screens. In addition to many technical publications on astronomy and astrophysics, Doctor Whipple is author of Earth, Moon and Planets (Blakiston, 1942).

The Coming Exploration in Space

By FRED L. WHIPPLE

Through all history, mankind has viewed the universe through a tiny chink in an immense curtain. And now, only now, are we preparing to thrust the curtain aside and view the universe without impediment.

This is not metaphor. The curtain exists; it is real and it is hundreds of miles thick. We call it the atmosphere; and however necessary that atmosphere is for life, it remains the astronomers' enemy and represents the greatest single obstacle to the advance of astronomy. Beyond the atmosphere, empty space carries countless messages from the universe, messages we can't receive.

To our eyes, the atmosphere seems clear and transparent. Light penetrates it and we see the stars. But this "transparency" is an illusion. Through a billion years of adjustment, living beings have developed eyes that are sensitive to just those forms of radiation that penetrate the air. We have learned to see the chink in the curtain, so to speak, and nothing but the chink.

All the objects in the universe send out energy in the form of electromagnetic radiation. The type of radiation varies according to the nature of the object, its temperature, its chemical composition, its history. Extremely energetic radiation is in the form of gamma rays; of somewhat less energetic radiation are the X rays; and going progressively down the scale of energy, there are the ultraviolet rays, ordinary light rays, infrared rays, and, finally, a long band of first short, then long radio-wave radiations. It is by interpreting the clues given by radiation striking the earth that we have built the science of astronomy.

To understand the limitations involved, however, consider that the entire scale of the electromagnetic spectrum can be divided into octaves,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

Progress Report

With this issue The Saturday Evening Post publishes the ninth article in its new series, Adventures of the Mind, a continuing exploration of the frontiers of contemporary thought, written by some of the world's ablest creative thinkers.

The series, launched last spring after a year of preparation, was prompted by our concern with the chasm that separates the intellectuals of our nation from the millions of citizens whose attitudes and opinions determine national policy and set the standards of national behavior. We hoped to provide a bridge across which important ideas could travel.

"The intellectual," we stated in a foreword to the series, "has deep reservations about the ordinary layman. He feels that we don't understand him, or respect him, or reward his labors. And so he goes his cloistered way, communicating chiefly with his colleagues through lectures and scholarly journals. . . . Yet the fact is that what the scholar thinks, the artist creates, the scientist discovers, cannot achieve full reality without the rest of us."

We expressed the belief that our audience has enough intellectual curiosity to justify so ambitious a project and perhaps even make it a popular and permanent feature of The Post.

We have not been disappointed. Few articles published by The Post have drawn a heavier or more spirited response. The general reaction to the series has been almost universally favorable. The response to individual articles has been more varied; we have received both brickbats and bouquets. Interestingly, most of the adverse criticism of specific articles has been on a philosophical basis, challenging some part of the author's thesis. This is as it should be in a forum of ideas, where independent thinkers have the opportunity to meet a thoughtful and alert audience face to face.

The next article in the series will appear in the September sixth Post. Famed architect Walter Gropius will explore the reasons for the failure of America to export the better aspects of its unique way of life.

—The Editors

Photograph by Arnold Newman

Illustrated by Walter Skor

Botts and the Day the Dam Broke

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

This was more than Botts had bargained for! He was risking his skin to make a sale.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Friday, January 3, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
CARE HENRY HARPER, EARTHWORM
TRACTOR DEALER
ROCK CITY, TEXAS

Dear Botts: I have recently written and sent out to our dealers a new pamphlet, The Customer is Always Right. The principles set forth in this little work should be especially useful to our dealers and their salesmen, many of whom seem inclined to quarrel rather than co-operate with customers. I trust you will say a good word for this pamphlet to all members of our selling organization with whom you may come in contact. Most sincerely,

GILBERT HENDERSON, President

Rock City, Texas
Monday, January 6, 1958

Dear Henderson: I have your letter—and I am sorry to report that your philosophy about the customer being always right is not going so good around here. I arrived in town early this afternoon in the company car. After registering at the hotel, I drove to the office of Hank Harper, our local dealer, and found him sitting at his desk glaring at a copy of your pamphlet.

"This is the last straw," he said. "At a time like this, when everything is going wrong, the president of your company sends me one of the most idiotic pamphlets I have ever read."

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"Everything," he said. "Most of my salesmen are down with the flu. Most of my office force is down with the flu. Most of my mechanics are down with the flu. I seem to be getting it myself. My temperature is over one hundred. And two of my best customers are acting completely unreasonable. One of them is due to arrive in here any minute now. He'll start yelling at me, and I don't think I have the strength to handle him."

"Hank," I said, "you can stop worrying about everything else and go home, climb into bed and take care of yourself. Fortunately for you, Alexander Botts is on the scene. I will take charge of the situation with every confidence that I can work out a solution for your difficulties."

The door of the office opened, and a large, tough-looking gentleman came in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. McDonald," said Hank.

The man scowled and began sounding off. "I have decided my wildcat well is a failure. I am going to move my drilling equipment out of the canyon. I want one of your big XX9 Earthworm tractors to do the job, and I want it right away. I'm in a hurry." He pounded on the desk.

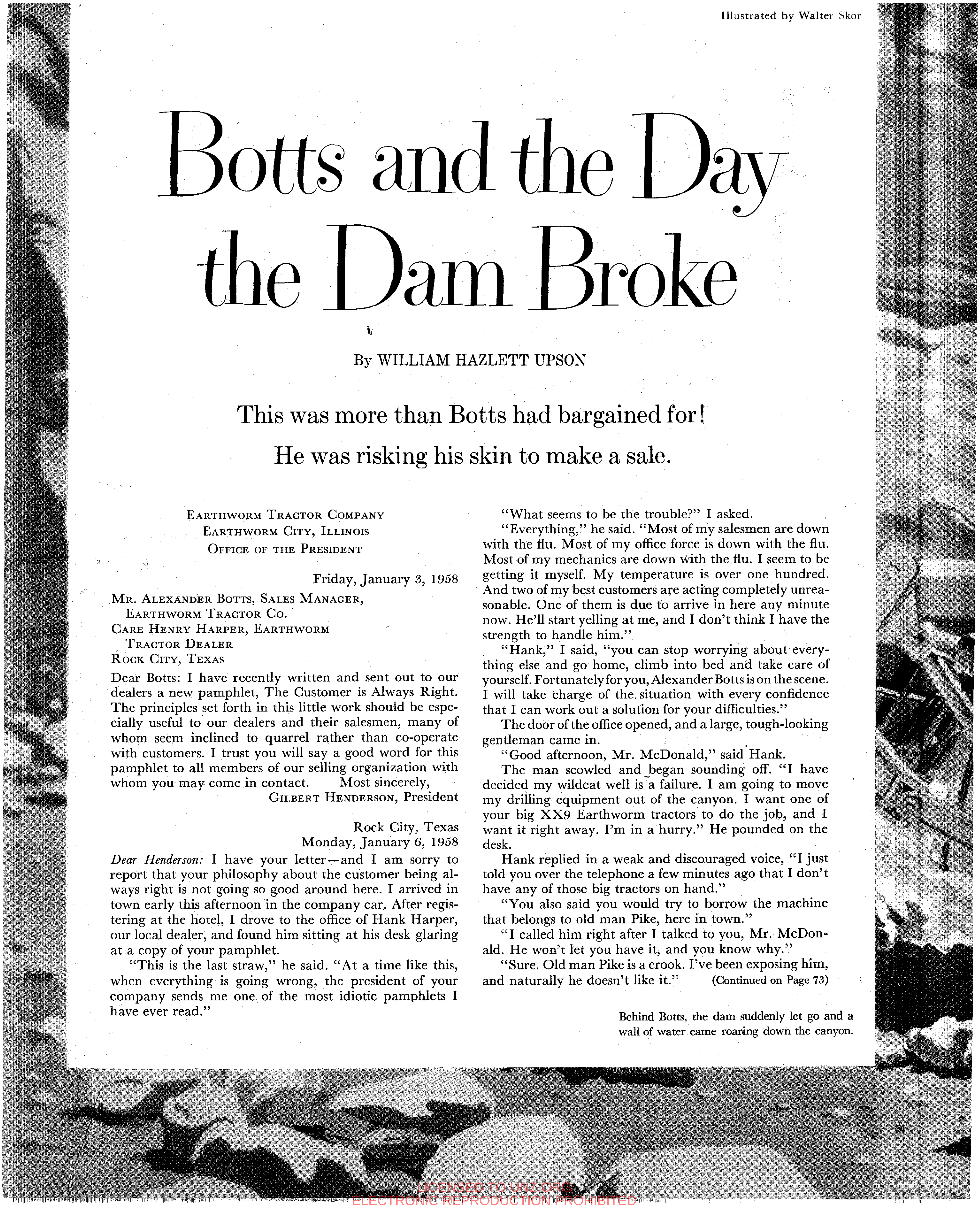
Hank replied in a weak and discouraged voice, "I just told you over the telephone a few minutes ago that I don't have any of those big tractors on hand."

"You also said you would try to borrow the machine that belongs to old man Pike, here in town."

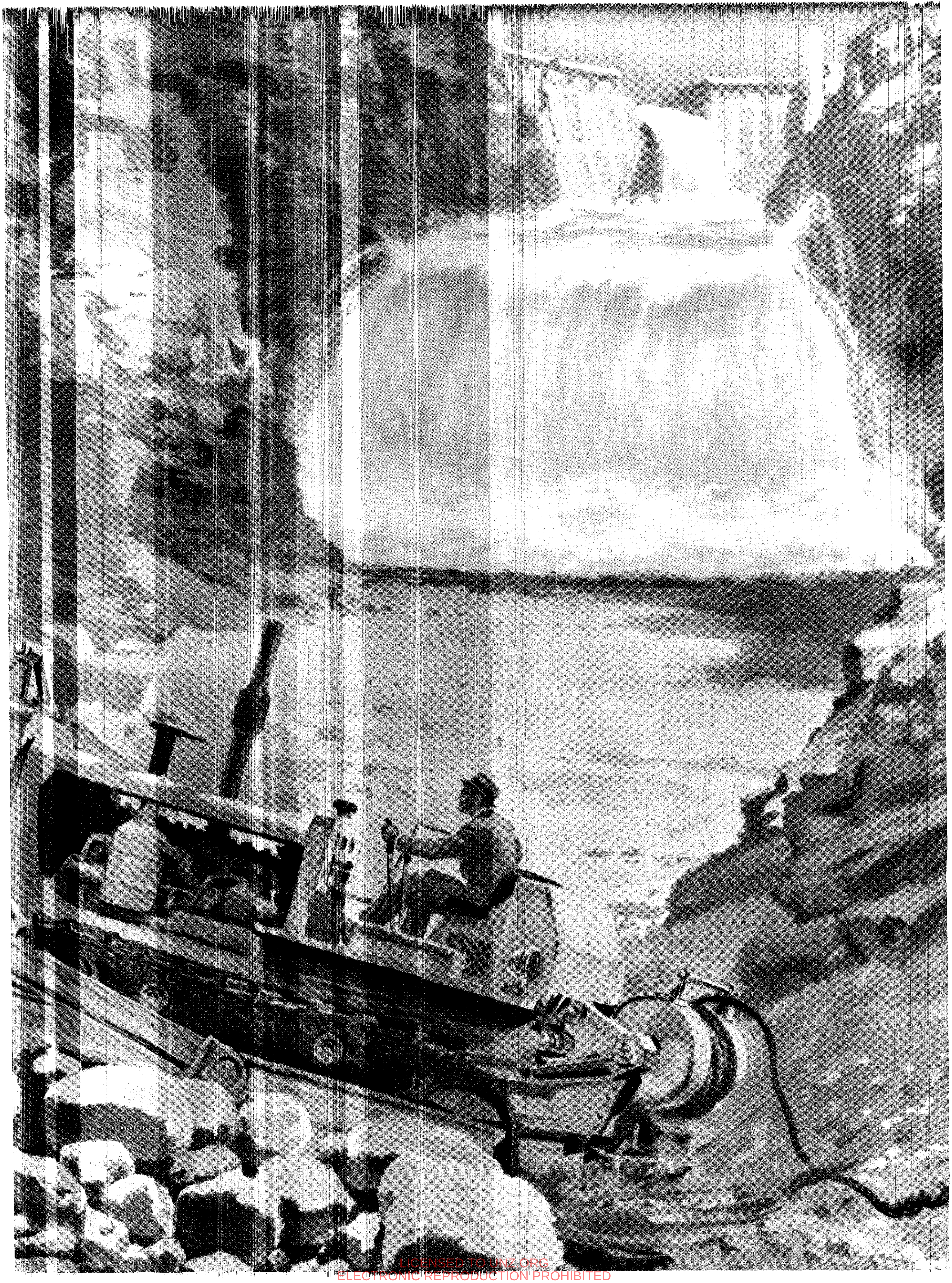
"I called him right after I talked to you, Mr. McDonald. He won't let you have it, and you know why."

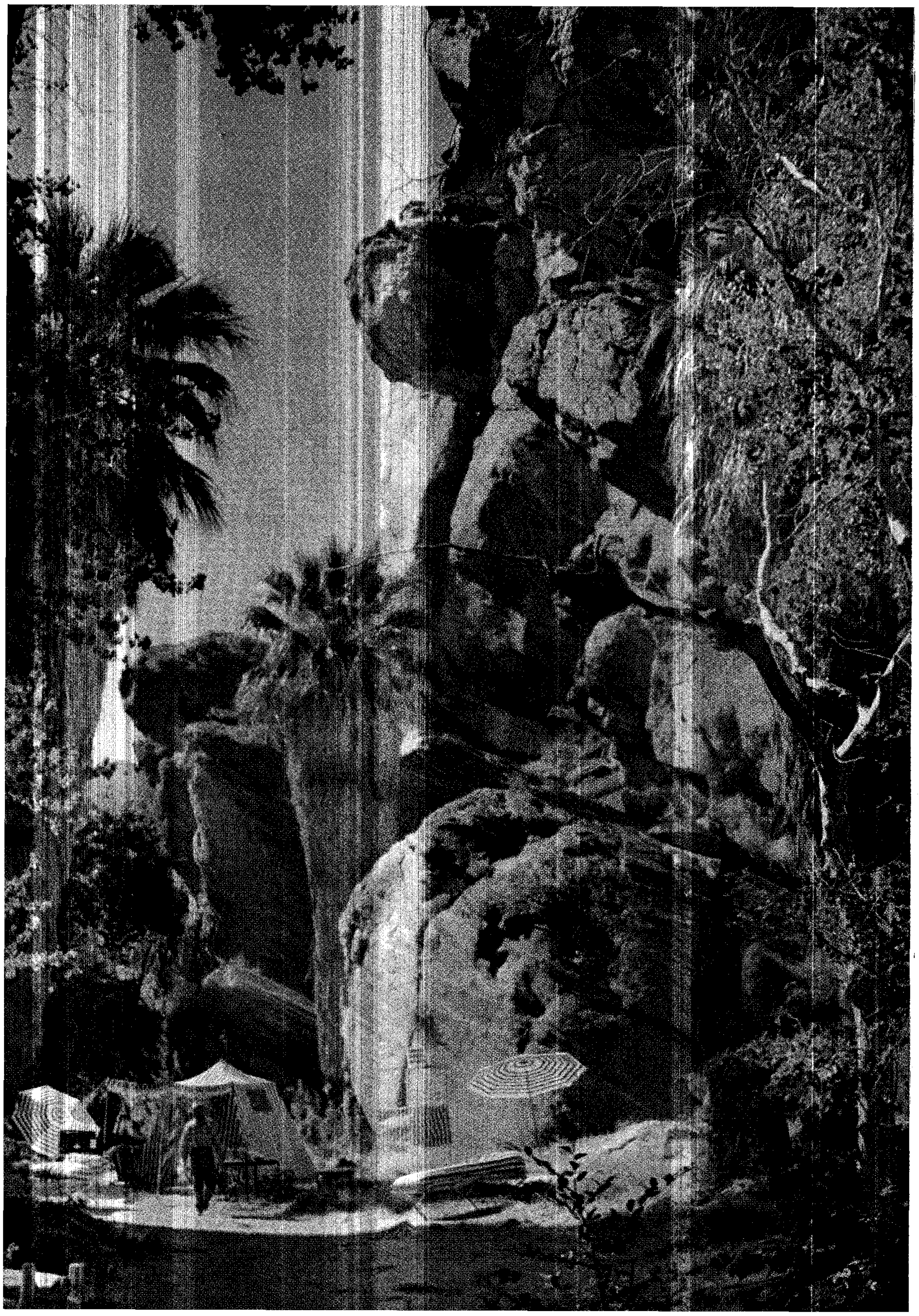
"Sure. Old man Pike is a crook. I've been exposing him, and naturally he doesn't like it."

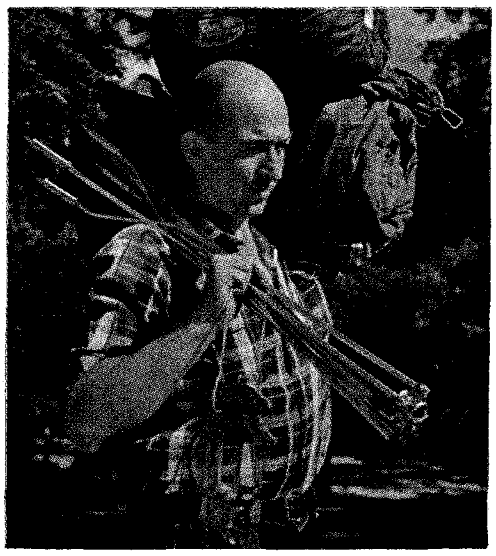
(Continued on Page 73)



Behind Botts, the dam suddenly let go and a wall of water came roaring down the canyon.







Ralph King (above, holding a complete camp outfit on his shoulders) pioneered vivid campgear.

By remote control, designer Bill Moss is "unfolding" his "Pushbutton Camper," the station wagon at rear.

Moss pushes a button and a nine-foot boat, complete with motor, rises and begins its swing out on its davits.

THE LADIES GO CAMPING

By GEORGE S. WELLS

New kinds of equipment are specially designed for housewives who prefer to rough it with all the conveniences of home. But their husbands seem to like the innovations too.

One day last summer a plaid-shirted gentleman of the roughing-it-with-the-boys set came puffing up to his campsite in one of California's seaside parks. He threw down his fishing rod in disgust and snorted, "I'm getting out of here!"

"What's eating you?" chorused his companions.

"They've finally gone too far," he shouted. "I won't stay in the same campground with a pink tent!"

It's a practical certainty that the sportsman's injured wail will be echoed from coast to coast this year. In fact, the moaning should be louder than ever. Because, in addition to tents in such bright hues as pink and orange and baby blue, just about everything else in the way of camping gear is beginning to look like a color faddist's nightmare.

There's no doubt that color adds a little something to the natural charms of the great outdoors. It lifts the spirit; it lends a touch of style and fashion. Far more important, at least to the somewhat awed makers of modern camp equipment, is the fact that it is luring the little woman away from her ranch house and backyard barbecue.

An estimated 10,000,000 such converts will have invaded the public campgrounds before this summer is ended. Ten million housewives who have pushed aside their natural fear of wild beasts and crawly things because they found the new frills of the camping world irresistible.

In all, the camping fraternity is expected to number 40,000,000—which is double the number who took to the woods for their holidays in 1955 and at least four times larger than the record-breaking crowds of 1950. And the vast majority will be family groups, traipsing down the highways with springs groaning under a load of gimcracks and luxuries designed to make mamma feel at home away from home.

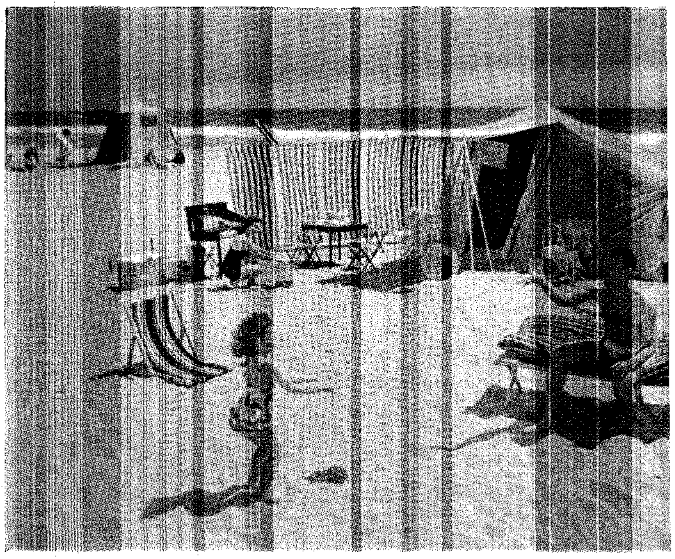
Only a decade ago the average woman's response to her outdoor-minded husband was, "You're crazy if you think living in a campground is any vacation for me. It's twice as much work, and dirty besides." That effectively ended all argument.

But when the husbands failed to convince their wives, the bright boys of the camping industry volunteered for the job. "Somehow we've got to take the roughing-it out of camping," they told one another. "Unless we get mamma out in the woods, this will never be anything but a marginal business."

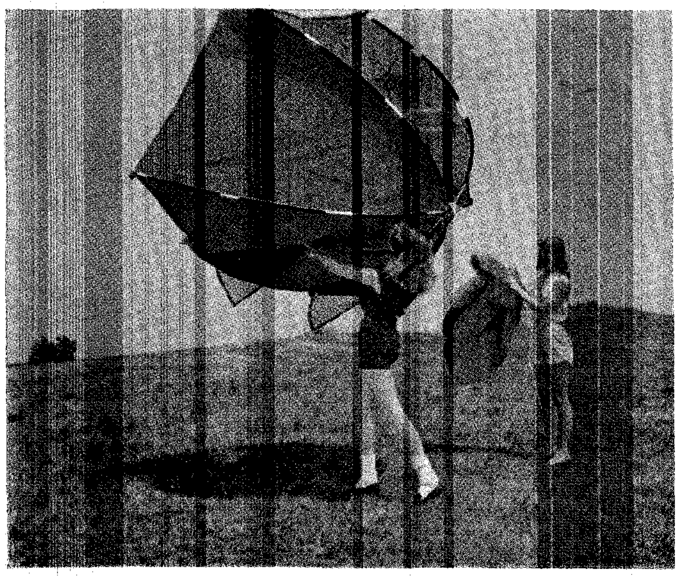
Thoughts such as these entered the mind of a forty-four-year-old business "youngster" named Ralph King, manager of the Ames-Harris-Neville Company's canvas department in San Francisco—and caused him to brave the head shakings of

(Continued on Page 60)

Whole families, such as this one on the Isle-aux-Oies River, Ala., can camp-vacation for $50 per week.

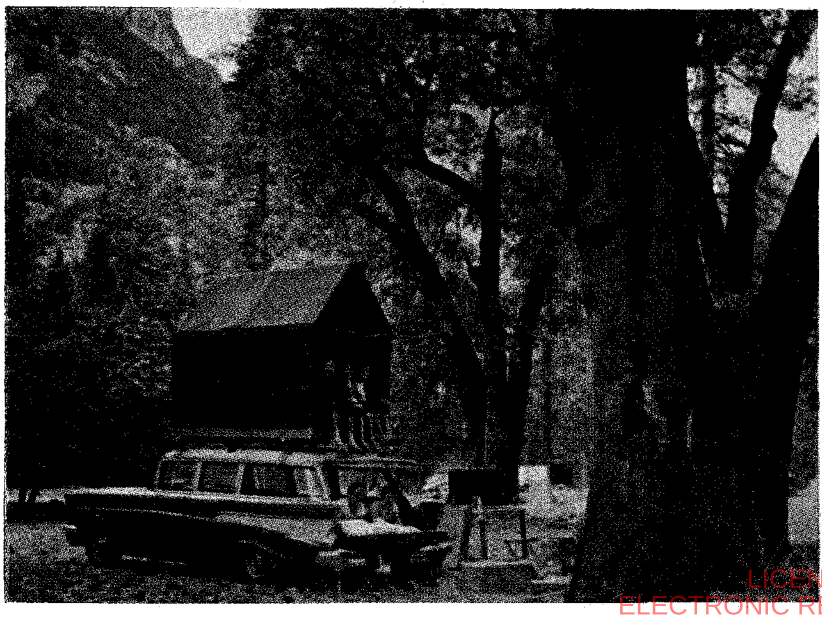


"They're moving the city to the country," old-timers moan at gimmicks such as this canvas windbreak-patio.



"Pop-Tent," above, weighs 13 pounds, holds two. Tent can be assembled in 90 seconds by shaking it from top.

Two-story camping: This space-saving method also allows parents, who occupy the station wagon, to keep an eye on their three daughters in tent "upstairs."



In an emergency area provided by Yosemite National Park for holiday floods of campers, a family "roughs it" against a background provided by Yosemite Falls.

A Day in Monte Carlo

This was a trap, perhaps, but Mark had no choice. It was his only clue.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

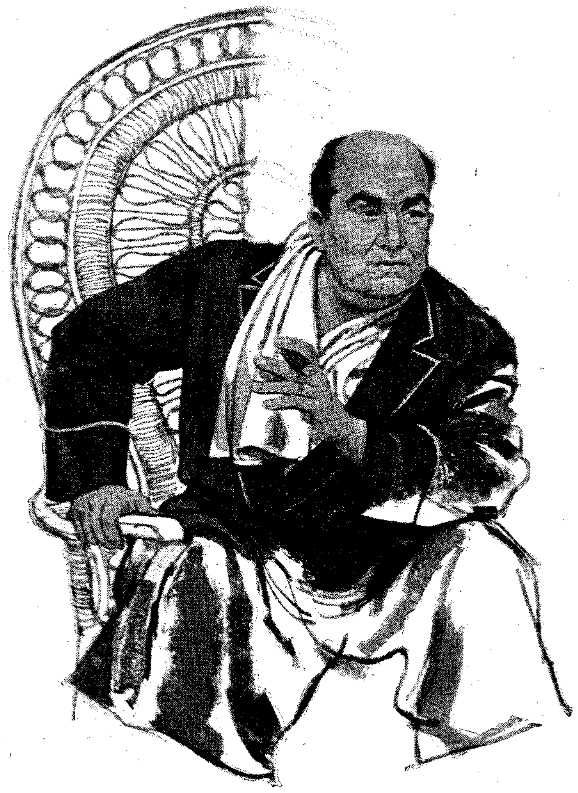
Mark Travers raced to Monte Carlo in pursuit of Timgad, Algerian rebel leader. Timgad was responsible for the murder of Philippe Langlé, who had been Mark's closest friend. Before Mark could meet Corinne Javal, his source of information, she died in an "accident" which he knew was Timgad's work. Inspector Perrier, of the French Sûreté, arrived in Monte Carlo to help the young American in his search.

In Monaco, Mark met and fell in love with Fleur Constant, sister of the undersea explorer Guy Constant. Mark and Fleur went to a hotel in Nice for lunch. In the lobby, Mark noticed a public photographer's picture of Corinne Javal and a man called Raffaeli. Could this Raffaeli be Timgad? Mark bought the picture and called Perrier. While Fleur waited in the car, Mark met Perrier in a café. As the inspector examined the picture, an Arab entered the café and approached the two men. But before he reached them came the awful burst of a bomb exploding.

III

When Mark regained consciousness, he could see nothing. Nor could he move or hear. A dull, throbbing pain in his head made even thinking impossible. Then, gradually, he remembered—the Arab standing in the open doorway, veering slightly, taking a step toward them, Perrier's hand shooting up in a warding-off gesture, the split second of absolute silence before the murderous thunder of the explosion.

Then all his senses began to function again. He could smell the acrid odor of sulphur, the frightening scent of smoke and the sickeningly sweet smell of blood. He could hear a cacophony of sounds—the whimper of a child, a woman crying, men shouting, a whistle, the crackle of fire, the crunching of glass, a siren shrilling, voices, sighs, steps. He could see again—a policeman's face. The next moment the heavy weight that had made it impossible for him to move, was lifted from his body.



Without warning, Raffaeli turned on him sharply. "Mr. Travers, what is the true reason for your being here?"

"You were lucky," somebody said, helping him up. He had been pinned against the wall by a heavy marble table.

A scene of horror lay before him. The back half of the restaurant had remained more or less intact, but the front had been completely wrecked. Five steps from him lay a woman, half her face blown off, but her arms embracing a baby that was miraculously still alive. A small boy, leaning against a wall, stood pointing to where his right arm should have been, an expression of utter disbelief in his eyes before he fainted. Another child, holding her hands over her face, screamed that she was blind. A doctor, kneeling among the wounded, shook his head at a young woman who was clutching his shoulders and repeating over and over again, "But it can't be true. We were married only yesterday."

"It must have been an offensive grenade," a voice said, "judging by the small radius and the violence of the detonation." Perrier's voice. Mark swung around. There, a little distance away, stood the inspector. In spite of his calm, steady voice, his face was deathly pale. He was staring at the Arab vender, of whom little was left.

"The swine got away," said Perrier. "Those grenades shatter into harmless shreds when fired. There's practically no danger to throwing them." His eyes narrowed. "You'd better have yourself checked. You're bleeding."

Looking down at himself, Mark saw blood dripping from his chest. "Come along." Perrier pushed Mark past the dead, the singed furniture and the piles of broken crockery, toward a table where a doctor was working on the emergency cases.

There was nothing seriously wrong with Mark, just a flesh wound caused by a piece of marble which had imbedded itself in his chest. It could be treated on the spot.

They went out into the street and it seemed somehow incredible that the sun should still be shining from the same cloudless blue sky and that it was not yet three o'clock.

"I'd like a drink," said Mark, after he had bought a shirt in a store close by, and they went across the street into a small, dark, cool bar.

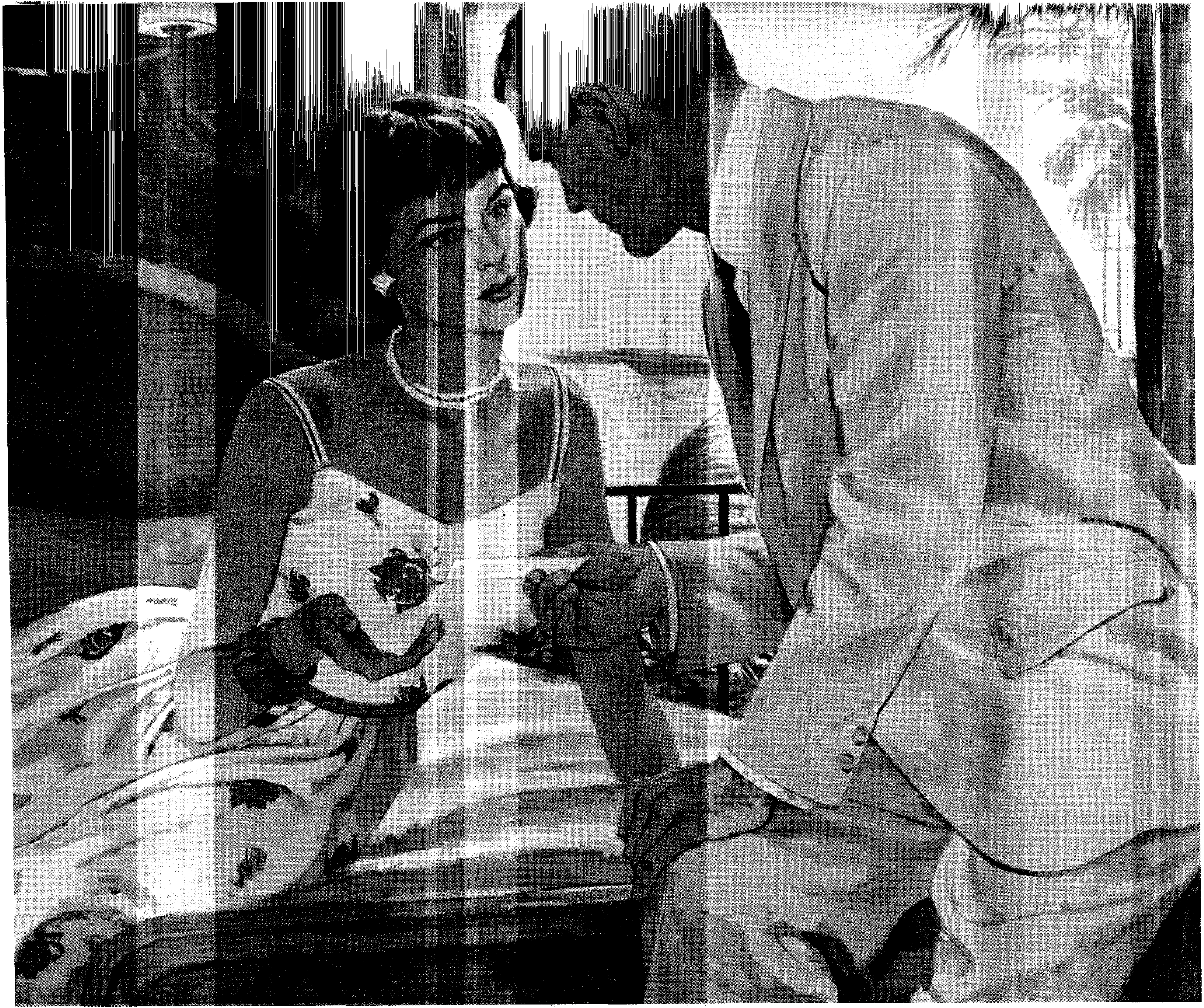
"Two brandies," said the inspector. He put down the little dachshund in front of him on the shiny wood, stroking the dog gently. The animal was still trembling, the small, silky body shaking with fear.

"What do you think, Perrier? Was I trailed?"

"You or I. Who knows?" Perrier stopped caressing the dog. "They may have been after me. Another terror act. There have been so many throughout France since the trouble started." He sighed. "Retaliation. We hang them, they kill us. The old law of pressure creating counterpressure." He swallowed his brandy and pushed the empty glass toward the waiter. "My guess is that it had nothing to do with either of us. I think they were after the man who was killed, the Arab who made for our table. Maybe he was an informer, maybe he had something to tell us. Maybe he followed one of us and, in turn, was followed. Everything is possible."

Possible, too, thought Mark, that the dead Arab had been the same man who had accosted him in the photographer's shop at the hotel, possible that he had followed Mark to the café to tell him something about Corinne. Now he would never know.

"Yet it may have had nothing to do with him," Perrier went on. "There have been weeks in which as many as thirty persons have died, been knifed or shot in the back or killed through bombings." As though Mark didn't know; as though, since Philippe Langlé's death, he had not followed all the acts of terror. And long before that, in China, in Korea, he had learned to hate the Communists. Now here, again, the same brutal method of instilling fear, of obtaining submission by slaughter. The young woman who had been married only yesterday, the dead mother clutching her baby, the child that had been



"If I am not back in two hours," Mark said, "call this number. Ask for Inspector Perrier."

blinded, the boy who had lost his arm. Innocent, all of them. And one of the men responsible for stirring up such hatred, for arming and financing the terrorists, was Timgad.

"We must fight terror wherever it manifests itself," Philippe Langlé had said that night when he had walked into the trap. "If we don't, our civilization has no chance to survive. We have no time to lose."

But Perrier had found nothing yet that established the slightest lead.

"What do you know about Raffaeli? You never answered my question."

Perrier looked up. "What's on your mind, Travers?"

"The photo was taken yesterday," Mark answered; "which makes him one of the last people Corinne saw before she was murdered. I'm going to see him."

"Are you?" said Perrier. "I hope you are aware of the fact that the others also know what you have just discovered and may be watching Raffaeli as well as you. How can we tell, at this stage in the game, if he is connected with the man we are after or not? He may be Timgad himself. If you take such a risk, you will not survive the day."

"It's possible." Mark shrugged. "But at least, if I am going to die, I can make it worth while."

"How?"

"By simply doing the contrary of what they expect me to do. They hoped the note with the threat to my life would frighten me away. Well, it doesn't. All of you have been working under cover. I shall come out in the open. Anybody who cares to know shall know that I have come to Monte Carlo for one reason only—to find Timgad. I'll be the bait. Maybe they'll bite."

Perrier put his hand gently on Mark's arm. "I thought of it this morning," he said, "but had to discard the idea, tempting as it was. You are a foreigner. We cannot use you. It is my duty to prevent you from doing anything."

"Then think of it as a war we are fighting together. No war can be won without risks, without volunteers. Algeria doesn't only concern France. What is happening there could endanger the whole free world. Forget that I have a private stake in it. I shall make no move of which you won't know. Believe me, I want to live as much as anybody else, but if I get killed, at least you will have a good chance to find out who killed me."

"I may not be able to protect you."

But nothing the inspector said could shake Mark's determination.

Ten minutes later he got back to his car, in which Fleur was waiting for him. She had slipped down in her seat and with her legs tucked under her, looked as if she had fallen asleep. She seemed more beautiful than ever, more lovable than he had anticipated. He wanted to put his arms around her and draw her close, to hold her, kiss her, be one with her.

(Continued on Page 50)

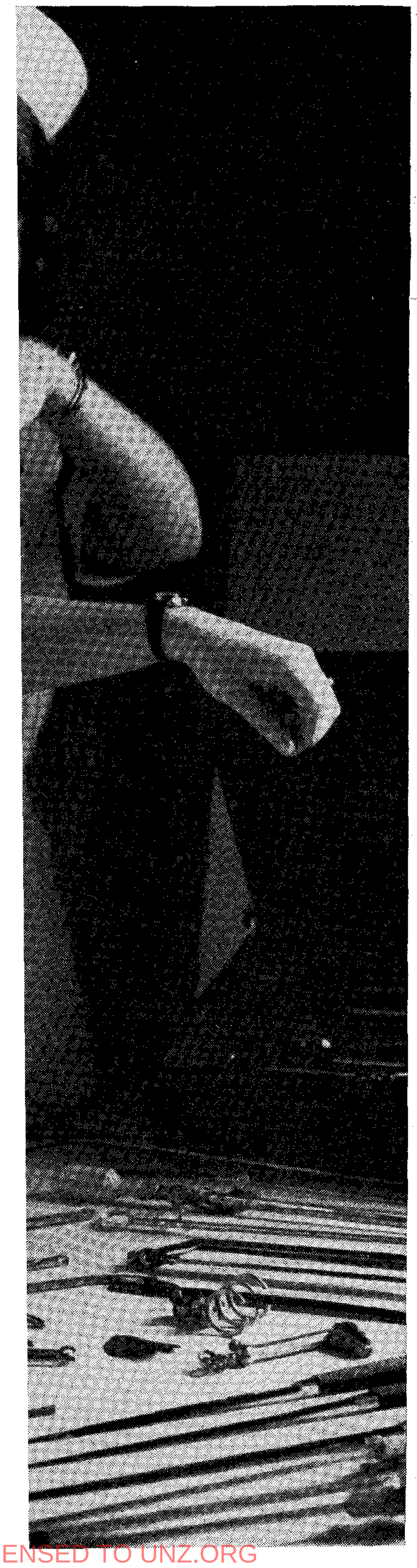
Illustrated by Ken Riley

Photographs by Frank Ross

The Surgeon Who Hated the Knife

By JOHN KOBLER

How a remarkable doctor of 100 years ago performed extraordinary operations and developed surgical procedures still in use.

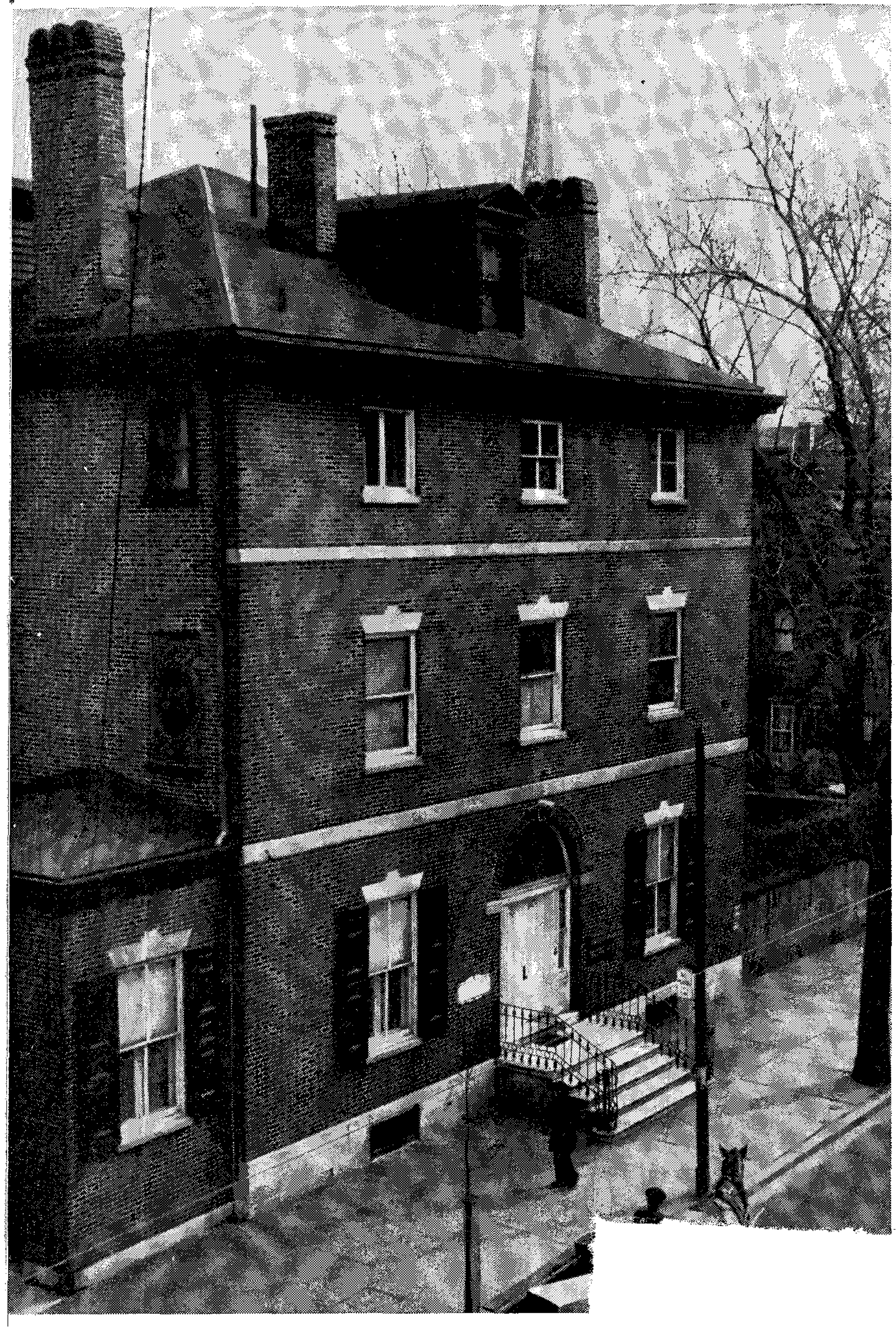


At the Pennsylvania Hospital, which maintains a display of Physick's surgical instruments, student nurses try out one of his tourniquets.

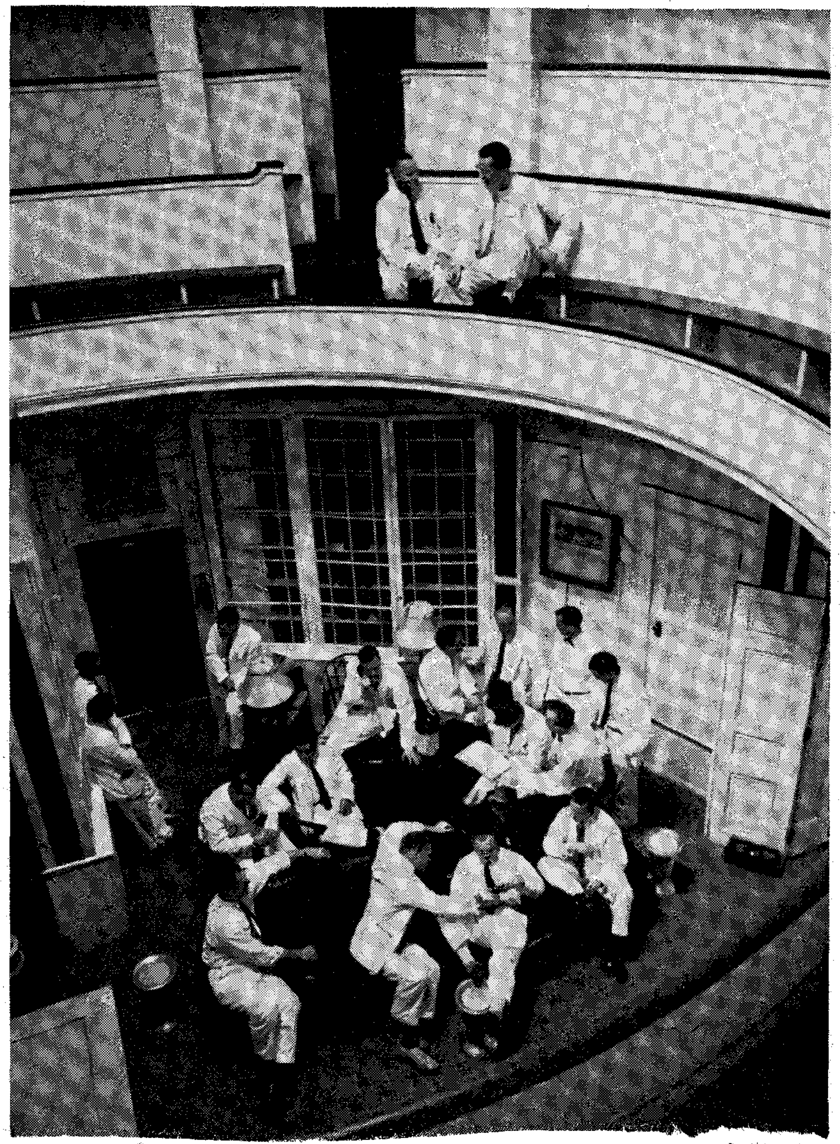
In the administrative office of Philadelphia's 207-year-old Pennsylvania Hospital, the first general hospital established in America, there hangs an oil portrait by an unknown artist of an early staff physician and surgeon with the ludicrously apt name of Physick—Philip Syng Physick. Seated at a writing table, he holds a notebook in his right hand, in his left a bandage. He wears a dark frock coat over a white waistcoat. His expression is glacially aloof, the mouth thin, the nose long and aquiline, the brow marmoreal under flowing, powdered locks. Beneath the painting stands a silver tankard, a gift from his most distinguished patient, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, with the inscription: "This tribute of gratitude for restored health offered by J. Marshall. Philadelphia, November 19th, 1831."

His contemporaries acclaimed Physick as "the Father of American Surgery." That paternity has never been challenged. Today in the Pennsylvania Hospital, as in hospitals the country over, many a prevailing tool and technique derives from Physick's innovations.

After the extraction of a cataract, for example, the iris may be so drawn that no pupil remains, and a new pupil, or "window," must



This is the Philadelphia house Doctor Physick occupi
fame. Here the doctor, who lived from 1768 to 1837, treate



theater,
rations.

be cut in the iris. "Physick's Operation," as medical dictionaries term it, was evolved for this purpose. He would snip out a tiny piece of circular tissue with an instrument he had invented—a pair of punch forceps, each arm ending in a concave, sharp-rimmed disk.

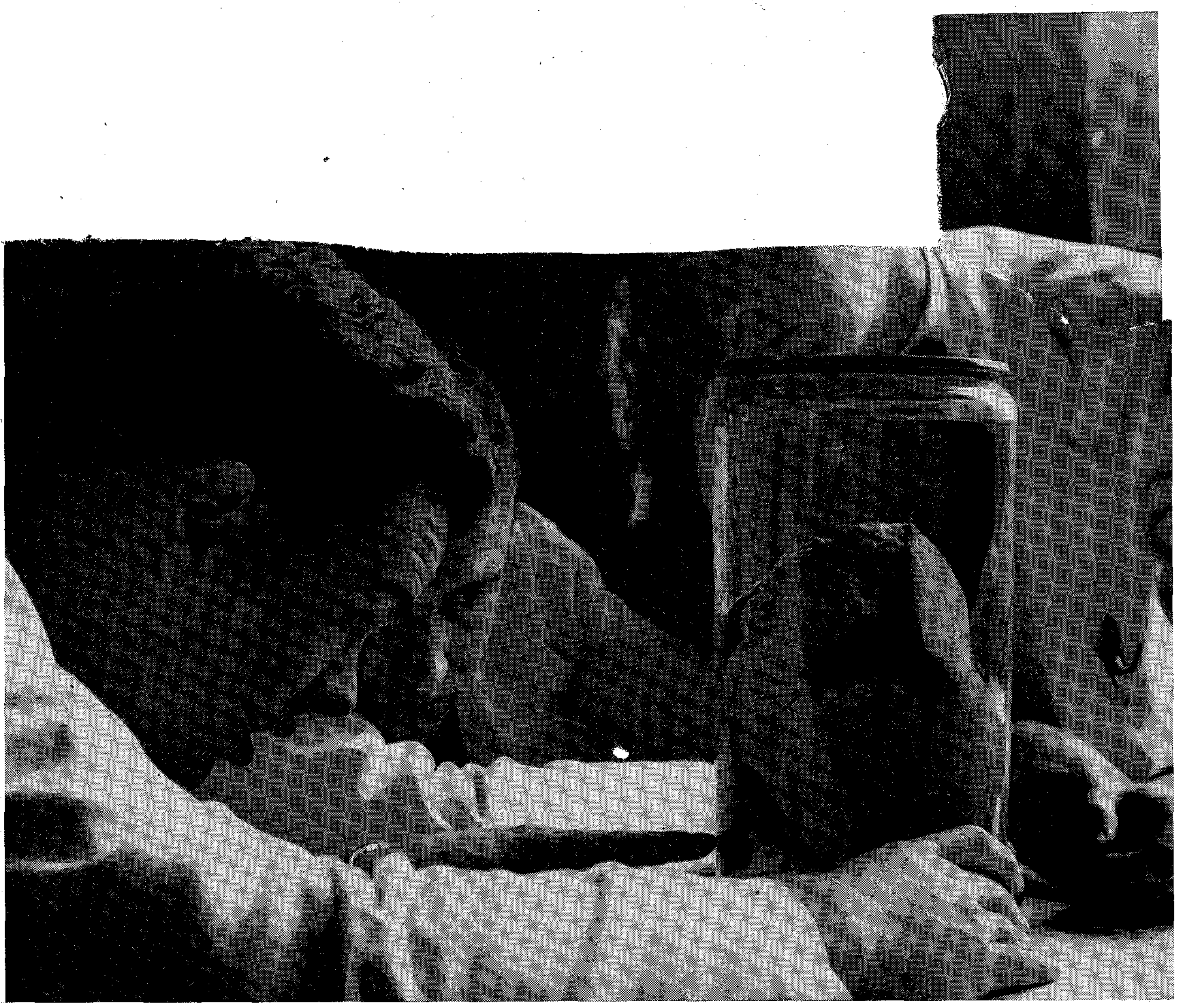
Modern ophthalmic surgeons, who perform this kind of iridotomy, generally prefer scissors to Physick's forceps, but the object—to let in light through an artificially created window is identical.

Last year some 150 patients who had accidentally or suicidally swallowed poison were carried into the emergency room of the Pennsylvania Hospital. All came out alive after their stomachs had been pumped out, a procedure which Physick introduced in 1812, applying it to Negro twins poisoned by an overdose of laudanum, and using a rubber tube and pewter syringe of his own design.

When suturing an incision, surgeons often choose a thread of a material that the tissues can absorb and therefore need never be pulled out. The commonest is catgut, and it was Physick who, after years of experimentation, first showed catgut to be absorbable.

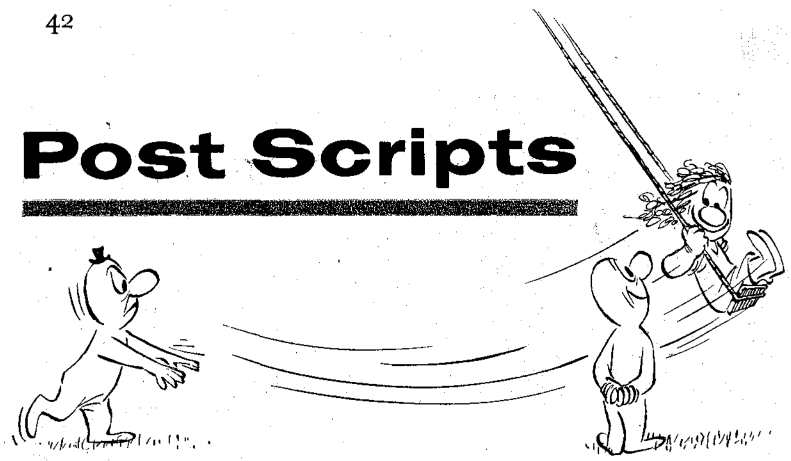
All together, the oddly named Philadelphian had [illegible] one of the

(Continued on Page 90)



At the right is the seven-pound tumor which Dr. Physick successfully removed from the neck and cheek of one James Hayes in 1805.

Post Scripts



Second in Command

I thought that man possessed free will
And lived a life by fate unharried,
And such my doctrine was, until
I married.

But now my spirit is in thrall
To one more firm and strong-intestined,
And I'm convinced my acts are all
Predestined.

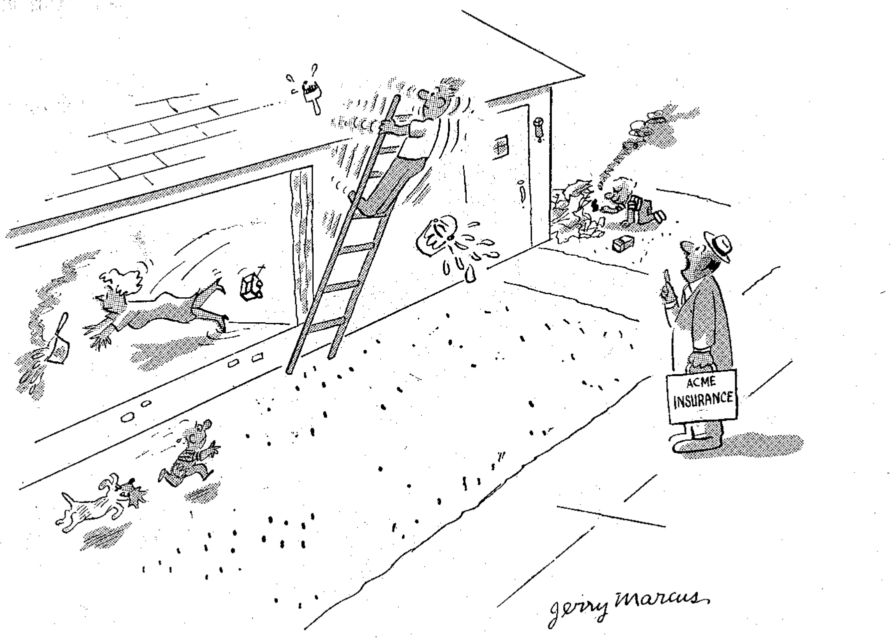
Ah, yes, I find to my disgust
I'm not the master of my fate—
Not captain of my soul: I'm just
The mate.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Screen Siren's Shibboleth

There's nothing better
Than a sweater
To make a torso
Look more so.

PENNY PENNINGTON



"I represent the Acme Insur—— er, never mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Stop Trying to Cheer Me Up!

"Look at it this way: In all probability it's not as bad as you think it is. How did that song used to go? Something about—let's see—look for the silver lining, whene'er a cloud appears in the ——"

"Smile. . . . Aw, c'mon, just a little smile. For me. . . . Aw, c'mon, please. Smile. . . . That's it—a little more, a little ——"

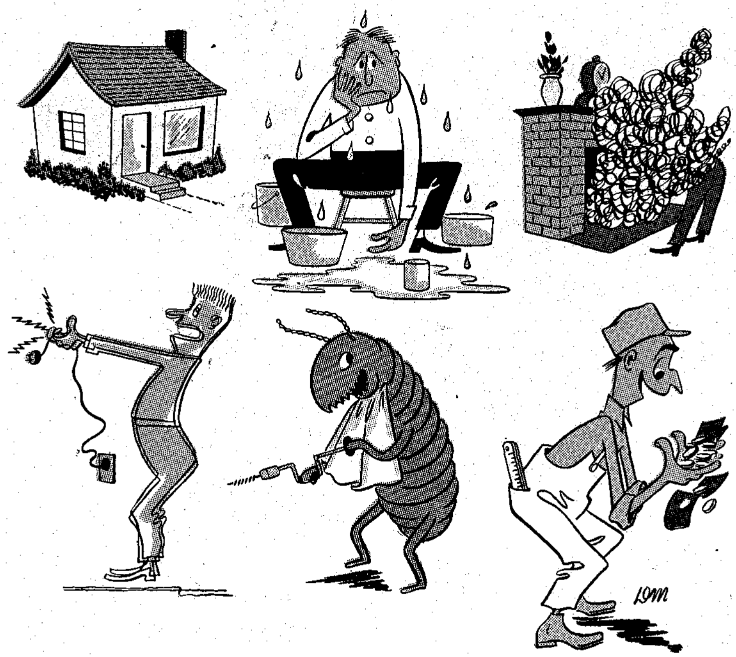
"Cut it out, pal. Stop moping. Hey, look; here's an imitation of Edward G. Robinson: I'm tough, see? I'm Little Caesar, see? I'm takin' over the west side, see? I'm ——"

"Lighten up a little, dear. Here . . . let's see if you're still ticklish. Skitchy-koo . . . Skitchy-KOO . . . SKITCHY——"

"I know; but try to remember that somewhere the sun is shining, and so the right thing to do is make it shine for ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

RHYMERS MEIN GROSSFADER MADE



Here Ben Der Haus Johann Built

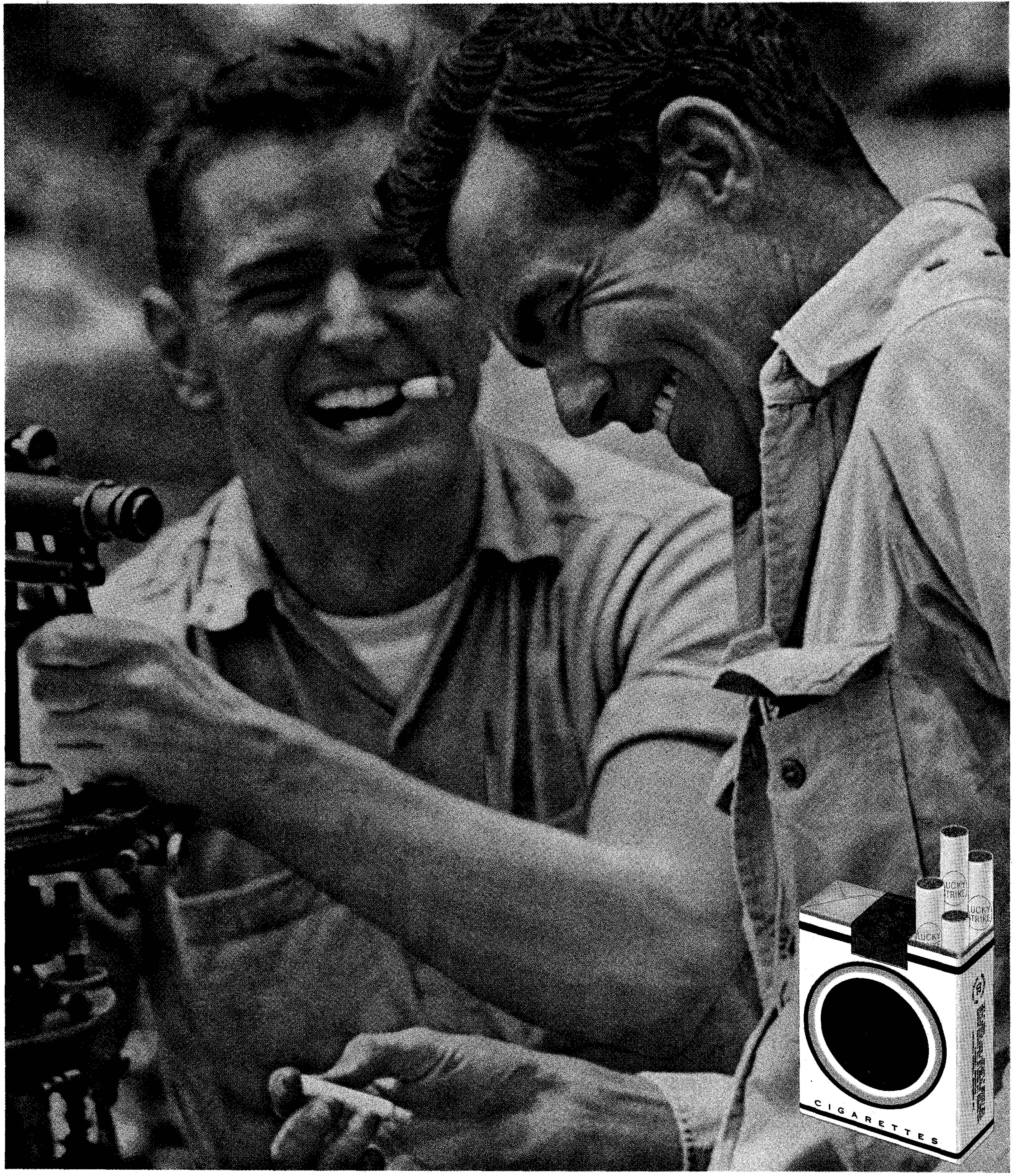
Here ben der wasser insiden gesneaken,
Becausen der roofen ben sprungen der leaken
Ontoppen der haus Johann built.

Here ben der firenplace smoken und puffen,
Becausen der chimney ben uppen-gestuffen
Insiden der haus Johann built.

Here ben der wiren gespitten und sparkisch,
Mit maken der lighters outburnen und darkisch
All ober der haus Johann built.

Here ben ein termiter gnawen und boren,
Upeaten der beamers supporten der flooren
Beneathen der haus Johann built.

Und here ben Johann mit der gloaten und
smilen,
Becausen der profit ben uppen-gepilen
Mit sellen der haus Johann built!


LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY
CIGARETTES

Get the genuine article

End to end it's fine tobacco

Get the honest taste of a Lucky Strike

(©A. T. Co.)

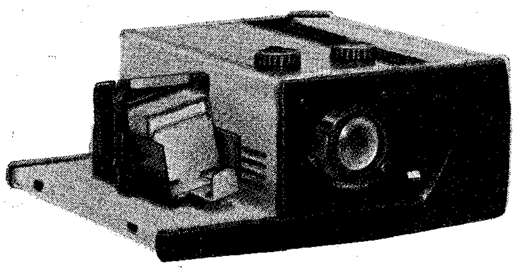
Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — "*Tobacco* is our middle name"

Your living room is your theater...

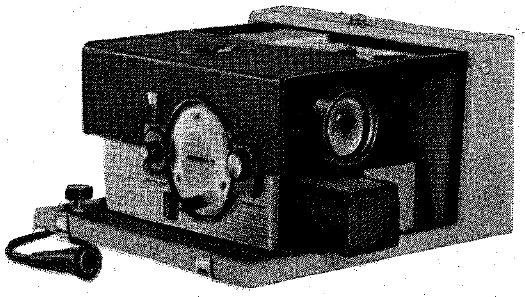
It's fun to *save* your fun in the biggest, brightest color pictures of all—Kodak 35mm color slides!

In addition to showing your slides life-size on a home screen, you can also see them sparkle in a pocket-size hand viewer. Have color prints made from them, too—up to beautiful 8x10 enlargements.

These new Kodak cameras make it remarkably easy to advance to 35mm. They give you wonderful pictures from the very start. Why not start this weekend?

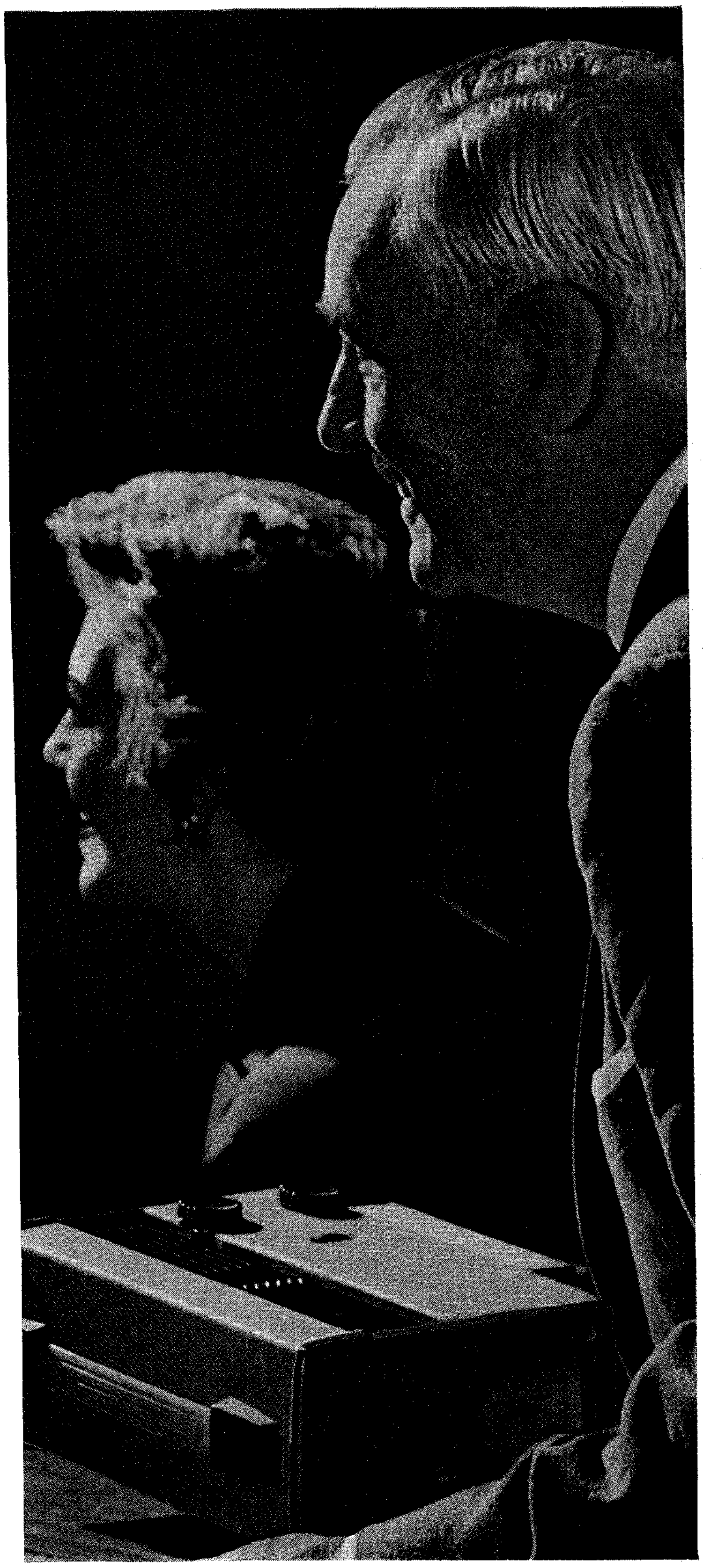


NEW! Kodak 300 Projector. Shows slides *big and bright!* Has exclusive new Kodak Readymatic Changer, $64.50 (with magazine changer, $74.50). New 500-watt model with Readymatic, $74.50 (with magazine changer, $84.50).



NEW! Kodak Cavalcade Projector. You tur it on . . . it does the rest! Superbly automati projector changes slides *all by itself.* Dependable and each slide is safe in its own steel protector. Wit remote-control cord, ***$149.50***

...Kodak 35mm color slides!

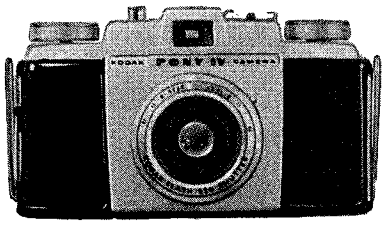


Kodak
PONY II CAMERA
Kodak Kodachrome
Kodak Ektachrome
K135
E135

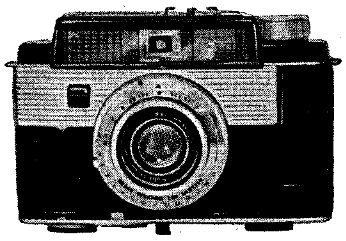
Color slides easy as snapshots?
Yes, with this $26.75 Kodak Pony II Camera!

- Dial to "close-up"—"group"—"scene"—you're in focus!
- Make one easy lens setting—and shoot!
- Loading film? Easier than a box camera. Almost loads itself!
- Sharp pictures? Needle-sharp! Because the Pony II lens incorporates Kodak's world-famous rare-element optical glass.
- And price—as little as $3 down! Let your dealer demonstrate the Pony II.

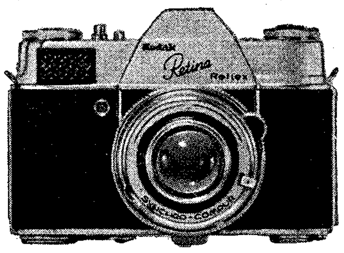
It's made by Kodak—so you know it's good



NEW! Kodak Pony IV Camera. Has all the simplified features of the Pony II—plus a fine, fast *f*/3.5 Kodak Anastar Lens, and shutter speeds to 1/250 second. *$39.95*



NEW! Kodak Signet 50 Camera. Read correct exposures on built-in photoelectric meter. Ultra-fast *f*/2.8 lens. Modern styling. With flasholder, 2 reflectors. *$82.50*



NEW! Kodak Retina Reflex Camera. A photographic masterpiece. View and focus through lens at wide-open brilliance. Light meter, rangefinder, *f*/2 lens. *$215*

Color slides cost only pennies more than black-and-whites—with world-famous Kodachrome Film or fast Ektachrome Film. Processed through your dealer.

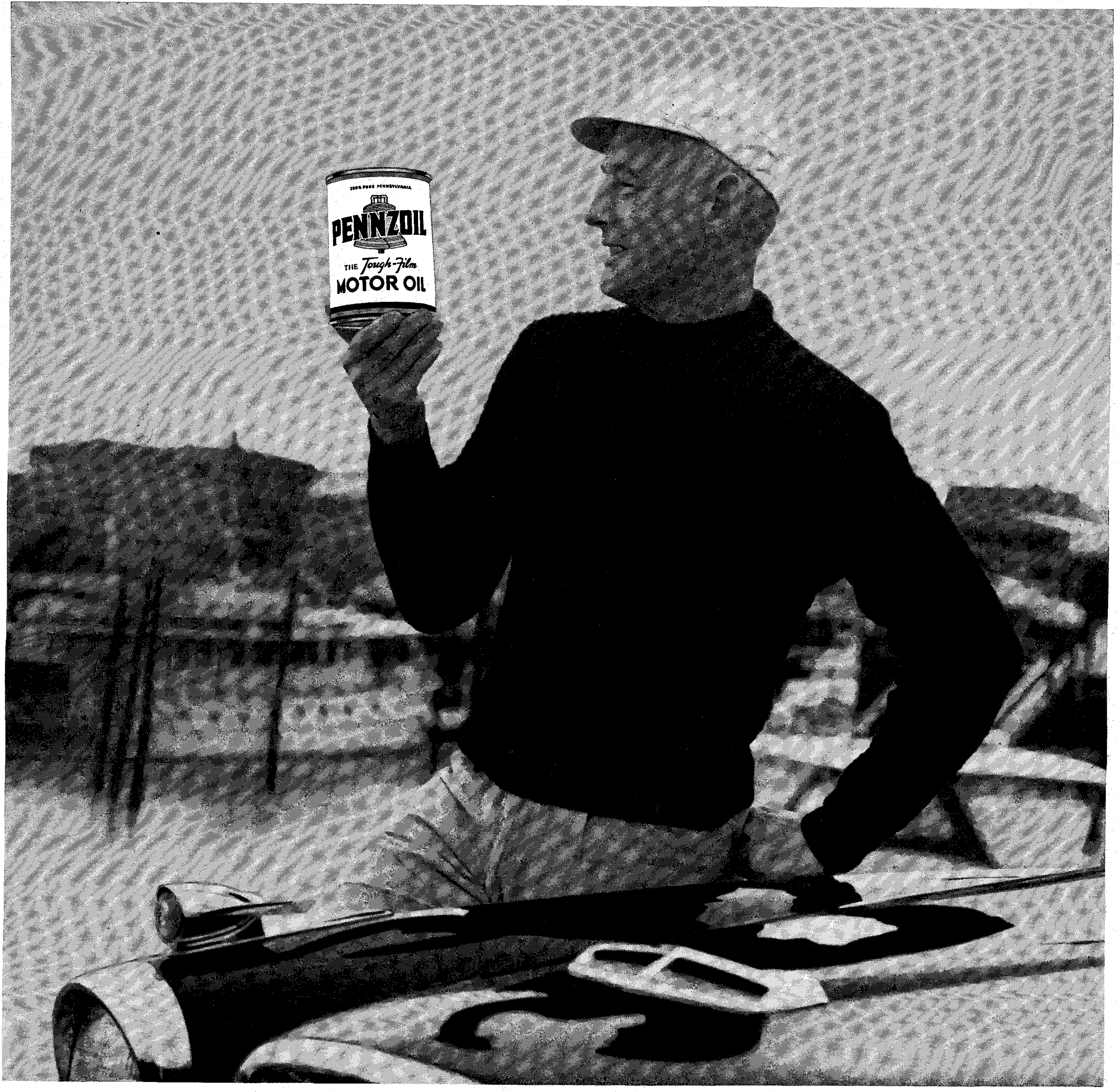
Kodachrome processing by Kodak With the new Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailer which you can buy from your dealer, you can mail your Kodachrome Film to Kodak—and Kodak will mail your slides directly to you.

See Kodak's great TV shows—"The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Prices are list and subject to change without notice.
Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.

Kodak
TRADEMAR



This is all I need to know about engines!

Pennzoil is all the "Commodore" needs to know to have smooth sailing in his car.

For this remarkable motor oil has a permanently active ingredient (called Z-7) that actually *shrugs* off searing heat and piston pressure that would sap the lubricating strength of other motor oils.

Pennzoil stops loss of horsepower. Improves performance. Ends pre-ignition knock. It does wonders for your gas mileage. And your peace of mind.

It absolutely will not break down between oil changes.

Pennzoil is the cream of pure Pennsylvania oil left after special refinement. As a matter of fact, it is known as *The Tough-Film*® motor oil.

Pennzoil with Z-7 is also available as a multiple-viscosity (10W-30) oil, the finest yet developed. If you do not see Pennzoil displayed when you go to your favorite dealer for your regular oil change, ask him to get it for you.

You'll like what it does for your car.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL®
Safe Lubrication

Pennsylvania's
"Miracle Molecule'
at its best.

Find Your
Nearest Dealer
In The
Yellow Pages

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

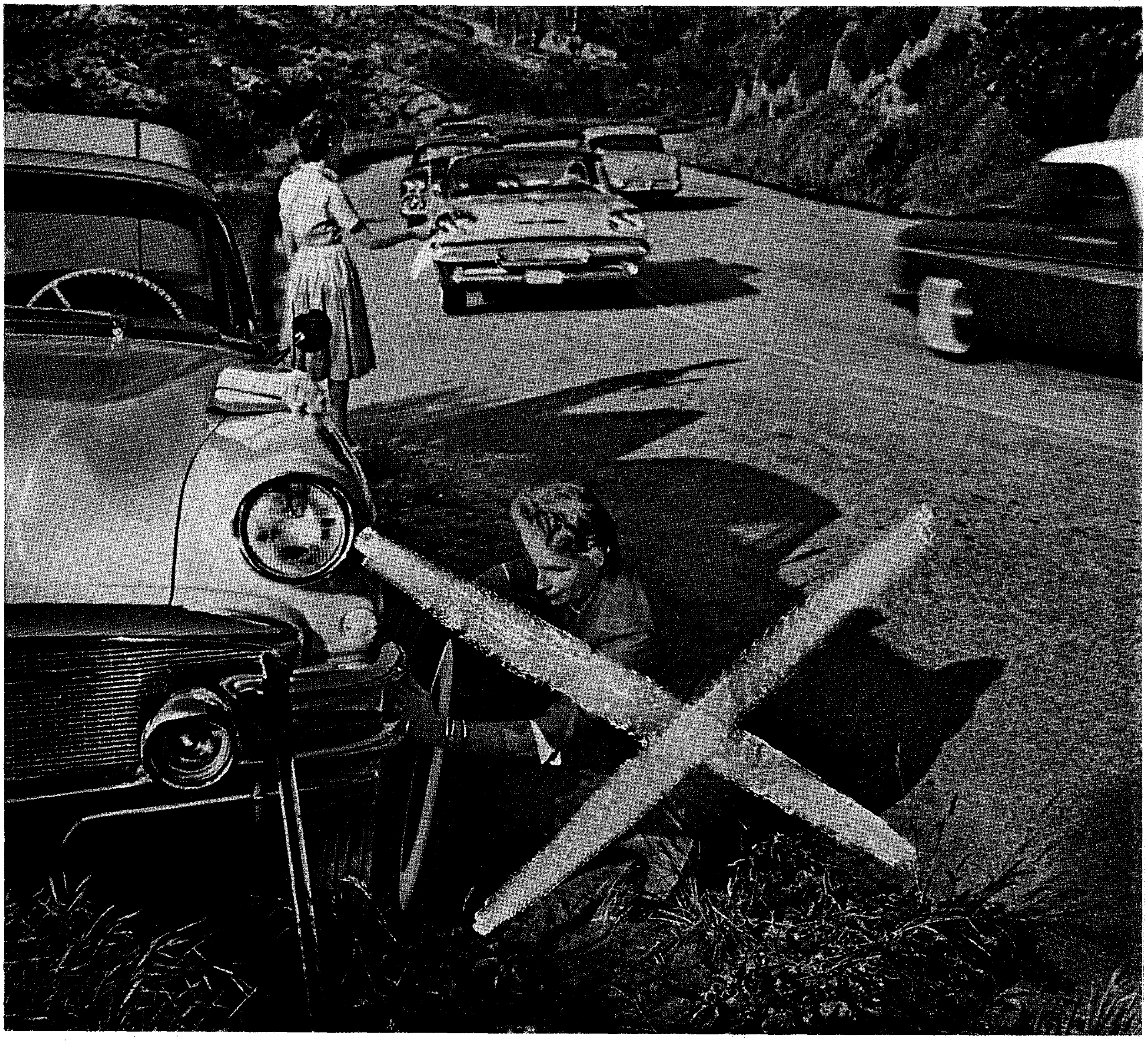
AT DEALERS WHO care FOR YOUR CAR IN EVERY STATE, AND IN CANADA AT B/A DEALERS

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

New family protection...

No more



NEW CAPTIVE-AIR STEEL-CORD SAFETY SHIELD

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.T.

GO

MORE PEOPLE RIDE

"In a murder investigation, Mr. Stewart, personal matters have a way of becoming public business."

I MARRIED MURDER

Both my wife and her sister were missing last night. Today they found one of them dead—strangled.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"Mousie's dead, Stella. She drowned herself," I told my wife about her younger sister after answering a call from the police.

In an outburst of anger Mousie had threatened to go to court and accuse Stella of murdering her first husband and trying to shoot me. I calmed her down and arranged for her to talk with George Duncan—a lawyer friend of mine who had defended Stella at the time of her first husband's death.

At first I thought it must have been Mousie who took a shot at me Sunday night. Perhaps she even murdered Stella's former husband out of jealousy, too, I reasoned. George agreed with me on both counts. Much as I liked Mousie, I almost hoped she was guilty. I wanted to get every shred of evidence I could to disprove her accusation of Stella.

Then Mousie failed to meet George in New York, as planned. Nor did she come to our place. George insisted that I lock the house securely when I went to bed, but somehow I couldn't imagine Mousie trying to shoot either Stella or me now.

But the police phoned. They asked me to go to the yacht club and identify Mousie's body.

Copyright © 1958 by Edwin Lanham

VI

I suppose I had expected it. I had expected some dramatic extreme: a hysterical denunciation of Stella, a shot in the night or this. Mousie had carried it too far, past the point of return. Once she had accused Stella, once she had threatened exposure, she could not turn back; no sort of normal relationship could have been re-established with either of us. She had to go through with it or this.

Stella was in my arms, and the hand I put up to stroke her hair was heavy as lead. I remembered all the fine things about Mousie: her eager zest for living, her laughter, her intense and personal manner, the quick grace of her body, the vulnerable child part of her nature—all these had been extinguished in the enveloping tidal force that swelled the banks of Oyster Creek; all these were also dead. I felt revulsion for the cruel suspicions of last night; George had been wrong—entirely wrong.

She must have come out to make some sort of peace. She must have clung desperately to what had been the emotional focus of her life—her family, a home where she had always been welcome. She must have come out from New York and slipped away in the darkness, lacking the courage to face us. I saw her walking in the night out past the yacht club. I saw her standing on the bank of Oyster Creek, saw her in that last moment of despairing decision. If only she had talked to George, I thought. We could have helped her. We understood her sickness.

"They want me to come over there, Stella," I said. "I have to make the identification."

"Poor little Mousie," she said. "Life was never good to her. She always felt alone and unloved; that's why she tried so hard to live. But she wasn't unloved, Mike. It was only in her mind."

"I know," I said. "I'll get back as quickly as I can."

I drove to the yacht club. It was a bright August morning, a perfect summer day. The sky was cloudless and there was a gentle breeze to flutter the flag on the tall flagpole, a sparkling light that danced on the water and skipped from wave to wave. The yachts stirred at their moorings like restless colts in pasture, feeling the call of life. It was no day for sordid, tragic death.

Beyond the club parking lot a patrol car of the state police was parked beside the Menasset police car, and I saw the uniform of a state policeman in the group gathered on the bank of Oyster Creek. I walked through matted marsh grass and Ned Peck came to meet me, with his gun belt sloping across the generous bulge of his gray shirt.

"Sorry about this, Mr. Stewart," he said as he led me to the body laid out on the trampled grass.

It was Mousie. She lay in the marsh grass, dressed in the chic clothes in which I had seen her yesterday afternoon, but now soggy and discolored by mud. Her cloche hat was missing and her dark hair fanned out under her head in salty, comblike strands, framing her still white face.

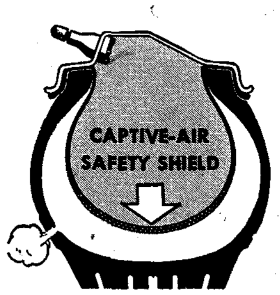
I turned away and said, "Yes, that's Mrs. Stewart's sister. Her name is Eleanor Wheeler, chief."

(Continued on Page 77)

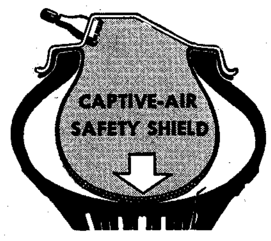
evolutionary safety principle that can mean:

roadside tire changing!

New Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield lets you drive . . . *on air* . . . for 100 miles or more in the event of a puncture or blowout!



Designed to end blowout worries! Only the air in the outer chamber escapes in the event of a blowout. Reserve air inside the nylon-and-steel "inner spare" supports your car safely!



Designed to end puncture worries! This new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield acts like a suit of armor—actually bends nails! You drive safely on . . . on air.

Now *you* pick the place for repairs—not your tires! Goodyear's new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield is actually an inner spare. It is so strong—so safe—that it fully supports the car in the event of a puncture or blowout.

This nylon-and-steel built-in spare lets you drive 100 miles or more, if necessary, to a service station.

Proved in 3 million miles of driving. Taxi fleets equipped with this revolutionary new safety principle drove 3 million miles with only 4 roadside delays. That's only *one* tire change for the equivalent of 30 trips around the world.

The Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield fits two great Goodyear tires—the new Double Eagle and the new Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

Both are made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord (a Goodyear exclusive) to give you a rugged *first line* of defense against all road hazards.

Goodyear tires with this incredibly safe tire-within-a-tire principle are now original equipment on some of America's finest automobiles. Aren't they the tires for your car—especially if your wife or children drive?

They're at your Goodyear dealer's now. Liberal allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

○ THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY

means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.

3-T
NYLON DOUBLE EAGLE
3-T
NYLON CUSTOM SUPER-CUSHION

Goodyear gives you a spare where you need it—in the tire that's on the road!

D YEAR

OODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Captive-Air, Double Eagle, Super-Cushion, T.M.'s,
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

A Day in Monte Carlo

(Continued from Page 39)

Instead, he knew he would have to hurt her bitterly, and he cursed himself for not having stuck to his earlier intentions, when he had decided it would be wrong to see her again until he was free. And when would he be free? And what if the search for Timgad did cost him his life? He had no right to accept her love, to tie her down. Better to break it off now before ——

"Almost an hour," she said. "A whole hour wasted." She opened her eyes to smile at him. "Maybe it wasn't wasted. Maybe you only know how much you care for someone when you have to wait for him. At first you don't mind, you rather enjoy thinking about him, then you get impatient, then a little angry, and finally you begin to worry. At least I did." She laughed mockingly to herself. "Am I not stupid? I imagined something had happened to you. My imagination is always playing me tricks."

Of course, from where she had been waiting for him, she could not have heard the detonation, and she had apparently paid no attention to the noise of the sirens, accepting them as part of a city's daily sounds. Nor could she notice the flesh wound. The clean new shirt held no telltale marks of blood. He decided not to mention what had happened.

Still without speaking, he started the motor. Then, in the mirror above the dashboard, he could see the surprise in her eyes when he took the next road leading to the Moyenne-Corniche, the beautiful highway above the coast, instead of entering into the city proper.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to Monte Carlo. You see, darling ——"

But before he could phrase what was so hard to say, she interrupted him. Apparently going back to Monte Carlo, changing all the plans he had made for their day, meant only one thing to her.

"Oh, no. I told you grandmaman would never accept you now. She is a strange old lady and right now she will be furious that I did not return with Bransky. It would be the worst possible moment to approach her. It will take time, a long time, till she'll consent to even see you. You must be patient. I'm not of age yet. We'll have to convince her. Oh, Mark, can you be patient?"

How could he tell her what had to be said? To tell the truth was impossible. Yet he could not leave her in the belief that the future was theirs. When he finally spoke, his voice sounded strange to him, as if he were hearing it over the radio.

"Fleur, I am leaving Monte Carlo. There's a job I've got to do."

She made a quick movement, turning her head as if she could not believe what he had said. "When will you be back?"

"I don't know," he said softly. "You never know, on a job, what will happen."

She sat very still and erect, with a smile that seemed glued into the corners of her mouth. Mark slowed down for a moment, wanting to put his hand over hers, then picked up speed again. "You'll see," he said. "Time will fly. Before you know it, you'll be a famous ballerina. And you'll enjoy it."

Fleur did not answer.

"Fleur."

"Don't bother. I understand."

No, he couldn't tell her. He dropped her in front of the Mulot, where, as she said, she wanted to pick up something she had forgotten.

"Cesare di Raffaeli is, according to some people, one of the richest men in France," Perrier had said, after Mark had convinced him that he would not be content to sit around, waiting for what the police might find out about the man who had been photographed with Corinne. "But he is also a man of mystery and doubtful reputation. He is one of Europe's biggest shipowners and there are rumors that he made his fortune letting his ships run blockade. It has never been proved, though, for the boats which have been caught were sailing under neutral flags. Yes, it is possible that he is the man who, under the name of Timgad, finances and arms the rebels; or he could be Timgad's right hand. Travers, you are a fool if you follow your plan. Wait at least a couple of days, until the police have found out more about him."

Mark could still hear the inspector's serious voice as he rang the bell at Raffaeli's residence. He had almost driven past it, so unobtrusive did the house look. Built into the mountain high above Monte Carlo, it was a narrow, ugly building, painted drab gray, with a few small windows. Instead of trees or bushes, there was only a stone wall, covered at the top with broken glass to prevent the curious from pulling themselves up to look inside. He had to ring several times before the door was opened by an elderly manservant, who took Mark's scribbled note with obvious disdain, yet asked him to enter.

To his surprise, Mark found himself in a small, oblong cubicle. The walls were of unpolished stone, only one electric lamp burned, elongating the shadows of a crucifix to his left. At his right stood a booth which seemed an exact replica of those

TOM SAWYER tailors the slacks of 35% "Orlon" and 65% wool, the sport shirt of 50% "Orlon" and 50% rayon, the shirt jacket of 65% "Orlon" and 35% wool (sport shirts also available in this blend), and the sport jacket of 40% "Orlon" and 60% wool (also available in 65% "Orlon" and 35% wool).

WASHABLE AND NEAT-LOOKING

These good-looking jackets, slacks and sport shirts made with "Orlon" are washable, keep their fit

The first things a mother looks for . . . washability, ease of care, long wear. More important—everything a lad wants . . . new styles, neat looks, comfort. All in boys' clothes made with "Orlon"* acrylic fiber. See these fine clothes at your favorite store today.

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRICS OR CLOTHES SHOWN.

ORLON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DRESS RIGHT—you can't afford not to! MEMBER: AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, INC.

used for quiz programs. This one, though, held a telephone, which the servant now used. Mark could see his lips moving, but the heavy plate-glass window made it impossible to understand a word.

After a few seconds, the man left the booth and nodded to Mark to follow him to the back of the short stone hall. There he stopped in front of an iron door and pressed with both gloved hands against it. The door opened noiselessly to reveal an elevator. The elevator shot up with unexpected speed and came to a stop, Mark guessed, about fifty or sixty yards above street level. Only when he stepped out into an arcade did Mark realize that he had been carried up inside a mountain to its plateau. In front of him, beyond a huge swimming pool, lay a large, beautiful white house.

"Is this the only way to reach it?"

"Yes," said the servant. "The elevator is the only way to reach Sans Souci." Obviously he enjoyed the surprise strangers showed each time he took one up. "The only way to leave, too, unless you want to risk suicide." He pointed to a marble wall which ran all along the plateau. "This mountain is like a thumb sticking up among the others," he explained proudly. "All around us—an abyss."

Sans Souci, thought Mark. Without care. The man who lived here indeed never had to worry about an unwelcome visitor. Except by helicopter, he couldn't be caught either. Perhaps not even then. For if the elevator went up, why shouldn't it be able to go down, deeper than the level on which he had entered it, and come out, perhaps, a street or two below?

"Mr. Travers?"

So quietly had Cesare di Raffaeli approached that now, when a loud voice boomed out almost next to Mark, he could not help looking startled.

"I'm sorry I frightened you," said Raffaeli, laughing gayly. "I can't seem to help it. But really, nobody need be frightened of me. I wouldn't hurt a fly, you know."

He was a middle-aged man of average height with a very strong, muscular body. The body of a Japanese wrestler, thought Mark, or of a Roman athlete. And, like a Roman, Raffaeli wore a white bath towel around his neck. He was deeply tanned. Now he held out his hand, a small, stubby hand, and pumped Mark's.

"I have enjoyed your work, Mr. Travers, particularly your political cartoons and the sketches you made in Algeria last month. They were splendid. If I were not such an admirer of yours, I wouldn't have received you, not on a Saturday afternoon, that is. On Saturdays I relax." He spoke rapidly, yet enunciating each word clearly. "Let's sit down, shall we?"

He made a wide, expansive gesture toward the house, then went on ahead. Mark marveled at the strong back, the short neck, and the way Raffaeli walked—lightly, almost gracefully, in spite of his heaviness. He had not expected such joviality, nor that a man of Raffaeli's reputation would be acquainted with his work. He said something to that effect, which made Raffaeli laugh again.

"Yes, yes, I know. People generally think of me as a stern, silent businessman with no interest in life beyond money. But, oh, I have many interests; many interests, indeed." He threw himself into a low hammock. "Make yourself comfortable, my friend. Take off your jacket. Up here we turn up our noses at formality. And over there, on the table, you'll find the ice and all sorts of drinks and lemonade."

Mark poured himself some iced tea from a large crystal decanter before he sat down opposite Raffaeli. "Would you mind a few questions?"

"Not at all. Who said only answers are indiscreet? Well, never mind, but I agree with it. I shall try not to be indiscreet." He laughed again.

Mark did not like the laugh. "There are quite a few rumors about you. Rumors ——"

"I have heard them all. Don't bother to repeat them." The jovial voice lost some of its joviality, became abruptly authoritative. "As a matter of fact, I welcome the opportunity to talk to you. Lately I haven't had too good a press and, little as I care about it, my wife gets upset every time she reads something that isn't true. What you will say is that I didn't steal my money nor did I become wealthy through dirty deals. I inherited a considerable fortune. My father was a shipbuilder. He owned a small fleet which operated successfully long before I started in. I simply expanded the enterprise."

"By running blockade?"

"You wouldn't expect me to say yes, would you, even if I did?" Raffaeli sat up to light a cigar. "But the truth is, I didn't. Nor do I now. My ships are chartered by all sorts of companies, governments, private people; or bought. How they use the tonnage is their affair, not mine."

Mark looked up from the pad on his knee to find Raffaeli's black eyes fastened on him attentively. "They also say that your political interests vary according to the money you make."

"Only a fool can afford to ignore politics. I have never been a fool. You can tell your readers that I am strictly right-wing, old-fashioned, conservative, and intend to remain so. A capitalist who will defend capitalism to the end. People forget that progress in any field has been made possible only by money."

"They seem to resent that you moved to Monaco."

"People always resent it if you do openly what they do in secret. They don't want to pay taxes any more than I do. But I said so in public when I found I wasn't allowed to make certain reductions, and changed my residence in consequence. How they would have howled if I had closed down some of my wharves instead, and fired a few hundred workers."

How difficult, how impossible almost, to size up a man you didn't know. Here was a strong personality, an enormously self-sufficient man, secure in the knowledge of his power. But how did he use this power? What goals did his intelligence reach? What passions influenced his decisions?

"What about the gossip that you live in fear of your life? The location of Sans Souci seems to verify it."

"An eagle likes to live alone on great heights," said Raffaeli. "Why don't you think of me as an eagle, Mr. Travers?"

"But is it the loneliness he prefers, or the better air, or the safety? Or, perhaps, the greater ease with which to swoop down on his prey?"

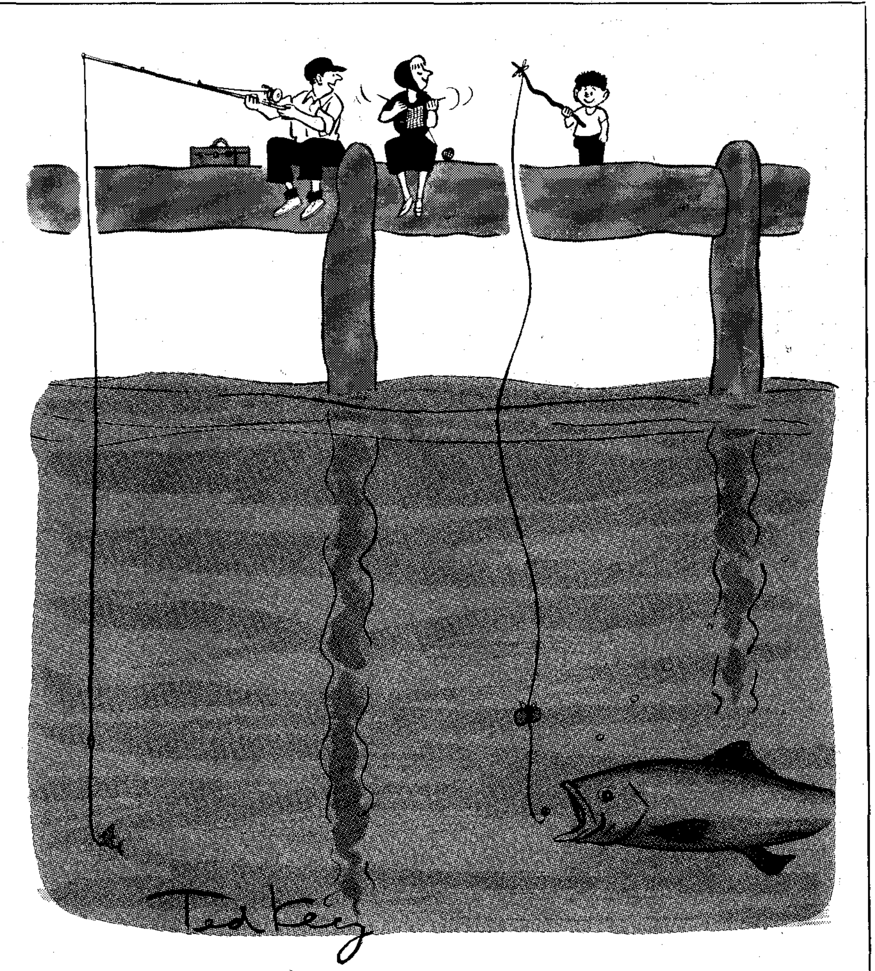
Very slowly Raffaeli took the cigar from between his full red lips. Then, instead of answering, he clapped his hands several times in quick succession. The next moment the front door burst open and out they came—boys and girls, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to reach their father.

"Eight," said Raffaeli. "Four boys, four girls. Mrs. Raffaeli is expecting our ninth. Bambini, will you behave and say hello to our guest?"

Four little curtsies, four stiff little bows, and they were off, smothering their father. "Be good now," said Raffaeli, kissing, patting, threatening them all in one breath. "In twenty minutes we'll have ice cream—if you are good, that is. Scat now; scat, I said."

He turned to Mark, pride and pleasure softening the hard look in his eyes. "They are the reason for Sans Souci. I am a rich man, as you know, and a couple of years ago we had a scare that drove my wife almost out of her mind. Little Camilla was nearly kidnaped. You don't take chances if you can afford to keep your children safe."

The last thing Mark had imagined was Cesare di Raffaeli as a devoted father and family man. But he had seen men—prisoners who had murdered in cold blood—cry like babies when their own child had as much as broken a leg.



"It doesn't take much to amuse him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mr. Raffaeli, you were a friend of Corinne Javal, weren't you?"

There was the slightest moment of hesitation before Raffaeli laughed. "I told you I would not be indiscreet." Another laugh, as though he were pleased with the answer, and a sudden startled silence. "Did you say 'were'?"

Mark swallowed before he answered. "She died this morning in a car accident, below the Mont Agel."

It seemed as if Cesare di Raffaeli had not known. He frowned sharply, and Mark noticed a little vein at his left temple swelling suddenly and puckering, but he had no way of telling how good an actor the man was or if he was genuinely shocked.

"Yes, I knew her," said Raffaeli, his voice all of a sudden flat. "She amused me. There are few women of her type—the old-fashioned adventuress. Highly intelligent, and, at times, very useful. If she was not drinking ——"

"If she had not talked, she would not have aroused suspicion," Perrier's voice seemed to say, ending the sentence Raffaeli had left unfinished. *And if he is Timgad,* Mark told himself, *my life is in his hands anyhow. I shall never be allowed to leave this place unless he intends to let me go. But if I am killed here, Perrier, at least, will know.*

"I have reason to suspect that she was murdered."

"Murdered?" Raffaeli reached for the glass of iced tea that stood between them on a low rattan table. *He forgot that it is mine,* thought Mark, watching him empty it. Then, without warning, Raffaeli turned on him sharply. "Mr. Travers, what is the true reason for your being here? Obviously you didn't come up just to interview me."

The indignation—it could be an act, but it could also be real. Mark produced the photograph and, while Raffaeli glanced at it, told him the truth. "She was killed a few minutes before she was to meet me. I was at a loss. I didn't know anybody she might have known here, until I came across this snapshot."

"And what was your business with Corinne?"

"Undoubtedly you have heard the name, Timgad."

"Timgad?" repeated Raffaeli. "Timgad?" And he shrugged. "Well, of course. Who hasn't heard his name? But what have you got to do with Timgad?"

"I am looking for him."

Raffaeli laughed so hard he nearly choked. "My friend, I am sorry, I apologize, but our police force has been looking for him for years. I'm afraid you're wasting your time."

"I am convinced that Corinne knew who Timgad was and was killed before she could pass it on to me."

"Corinne knew?" Raffaeli took off his right sandal and began scratching his foot vigorously. "Impossible."

"And why impossible?"

"Because I don't believe he exists." He stopped scratching his foot and put on his sandal again. "Nobody has ever seen him, as far as I know. He's a phantom, a name the Algerian rebels have made up to give themselves courage, a fictitious leader. If he existed, he would have been found long ago. There's a price on his head, big money. He would have been betrayed."

To deny Timgad's existence, if he was Timgad, was, of course, an admirable tactical move. "Corinne knew," Mark repeated. "He has been seen in Monte Carlo."

(*Continued on Page 54*)

Why it makes sense to trade

Today is the best time
for you to buy a new
General Electric
Refrigerator-Freezer
Here's why:

REASON NO. 1

20 years' progress in the last 10—refrigerator design has gone ahead at least that fast.

Has your refrigerator kept pace? It works day and night, winter and summer, to guard the food you eat. Your family literally *lives* out of your refrigerator. Isn't it only sensible, then, to keep this important appliance up to date?

Today's refrigerators are bigger INSIDE—you get 12 cubic feet today for about what you used to pay for 10—yet *outside* they take *less* kitchen space.

With no coils sticking out the back (and no refrigerator is truly modern if it has coils on back) they fit flat to the wall and line up in front with cabinets. No more dirt-catching waste space at the back. Doesn't stick out in front.

Automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section saves the constant chore of turning off the refrigerator, messing with pans of water, then remembering to turn it on again.

Modern zero-degree freezer sections have made once-a-week shopping a reality. Saves the family shopper time and money—you can buy ahead and save on sales.

REASON NO. 2

There's more value in your old refrigerator today than there will ever be again. Ask your General Electric dealer about a really generous trade-in allowance. Trade in *now* and get the most modern refrigerator for your family.

REASON NO. 3

Terms were never better. You may not know of the new liberal credit terms being offered by reputable credit institutions such as General Electric Credit Corporation. For example, G.E.C.C.'s Protected Purchase Plan provides:

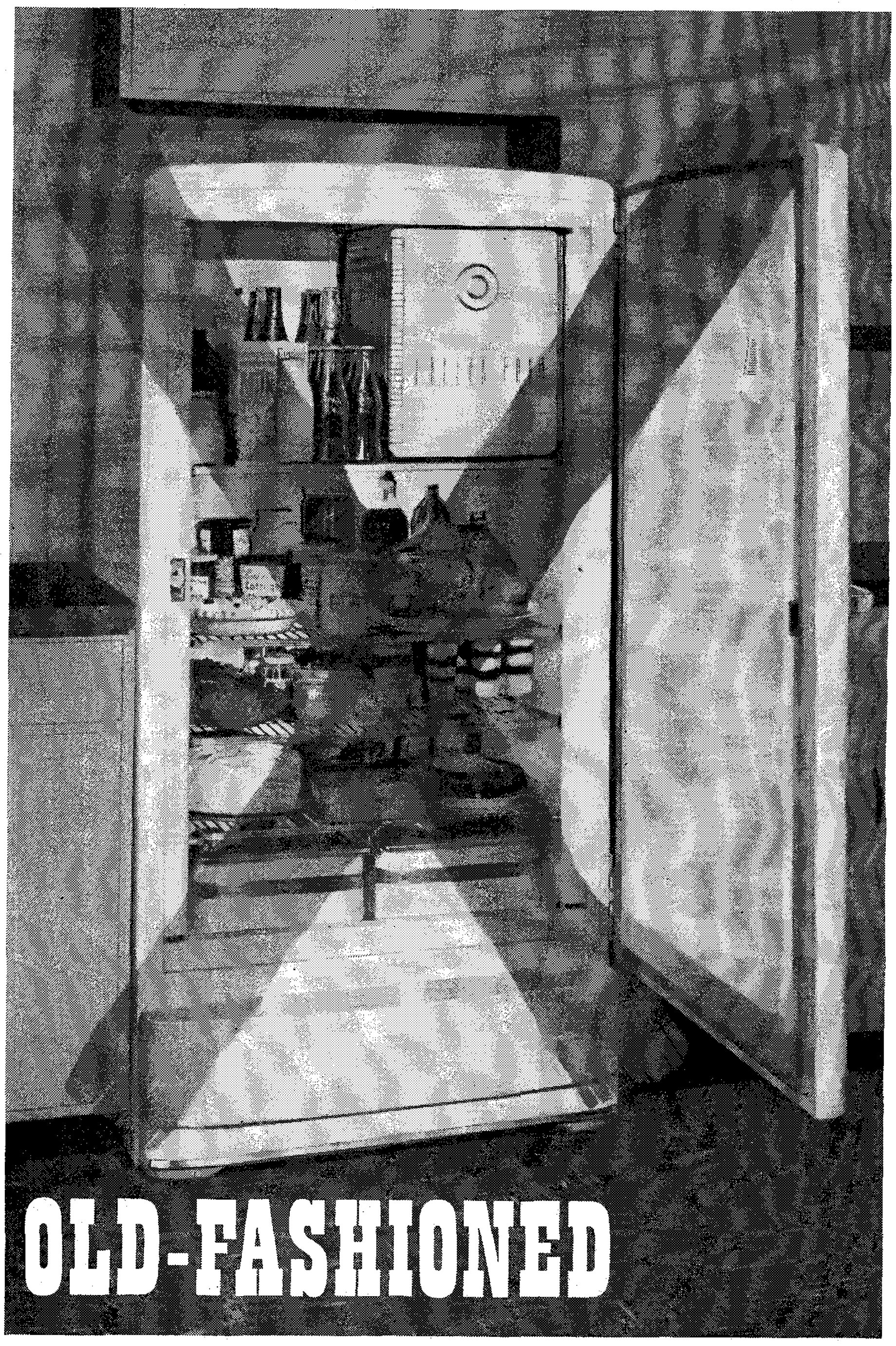
1. No down payment when you trade in your old model.
2. Longer time to pay . . . convenient extended terms.
3. Postponed payment if unable to work because of illness or unemployment.

Why not take a good long look at your present refrigerator tonight. Then, see your General Electric dealer tomorrow for his price and terms.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Compare this OLD-FASHIONED model



Does this describe your refrigerator?

Size—only 10 cubic feet overall.

Messy defrosting needed every week.

Condenser coils on back—dirt-catching waste space because refrigerator cabinet can't be backed up flush with wall.

Door needs side clearance for opening . . . more waste space. Refrigerator cannot be put flush in a corner.

Single door without door shelves.

Old-style square shelves that make food hard to reach. Cannot be adjusted up or down.

Ice cube compartment—not suitable, or sizable enough, for frozen foods. Won't keep ice cream or frozen juices long enough.

Mechanical latch on door.

White only . . . no choice of colors.

n your old refrigerator—*now!*

with this NEW General Electric

For about the same price you get all this:

Size—12 cubic feet, yet less kitchen space required.

Automatic defrosting in big refrigerator section.

No coils on back—refrigerator fits flat against wall without dirt-catching waste space behind.

No side clearance needed for door opening. New hinges let refrigerator fit snugly in corner.

Two doors—each with shelves for additional storage space.

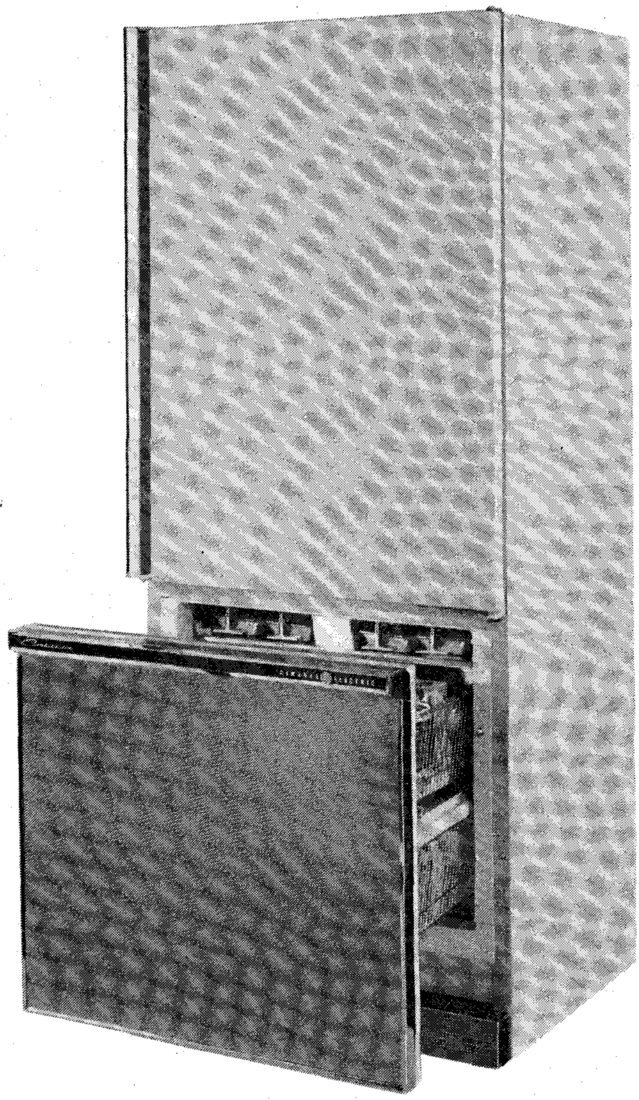
Revolving shelves bring the food to you. They adjust up or down without unloading.

True zero-degree freezer separately insulated and refrigerated. Loads of room; holds up to 74 pounds of frozen foods.

Magnetic Safety Door helps keep children from being locked inside.

Choice of G-E Mix-or-Match Colors and white.

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZERS



Today's most modern refrigerator-freezer... 15-cubic-foot capacity. At the top is the 10-cubic-foot automatic defrost refrigerator section. The big Roll-Out Freezer at the bottom holds up to 175 pounds of food.

Yet it costs *so little more a week to own* than the smaller 12-cubic-foot model. (13-cubic-foot model also available.)

Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

OPERATION up turn
GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY NOW FOR EXTRA VALUES!

(*Continued from Page 51*) Raffaeli's face expressed impatience and, at the same time, surprise. "And why are you interested in him?"

"You may recall one of France's most promising politicians, a man who was making his way rapidly to the top. He was known to be in favor of negotiations with the Algerian rebels. Philippe Danglé." Raffaeli nodded, his dark eyes narrowed, quite frankly searching Mark's face. "He was my friend. He was shot, assassinated on his way to meet Timgad."

"I remember. A great pity, although he was too liberal for my taste. But that does not refute my assumption that, again, Timgad's name was used, a name that spells magic to the extremists. Everything that turns out successful is credited to this nonexisting hero."

He reached over unexpectedly and picked up the sketch on which Mark had been working. Though he looked at it with great interest, Mark had the feeling that Raffaeli only wanted to make sure if he was really Travers and not an impostor.

"Excellent," he said. "Excellent. Not flattering, but excellent. I O.K. it. You may publish it. And before we part, I do want to give you a piece of advice—if I were you I would stop my search right now. Innocence is bliss, Mr. Travers. Maybe you would be wise if you believed in the good old proverbs. They are not half as trite as they sometimes sound."

"But there would be no reason to heed them if what you say is true, if Timgad does not exist."

"Don't be foolish and don't try to twist my words. I haven't said that others don't believe in his existence, only that I don't. And if those others think you are after their precious leader ——" He shook his head. "You just told me yourself that you suspect Corinne was murdered. What makes you so sure you won't be killed?" He rose.

"One more question, if you can spare another minute. Have you any idea whom Corinne saw since she came to Monte Carlo?"

"She didn't interest me to that extent. I know nothing about her private affairs."

"I understand," said Mark, "but if you remember ——"

"If I remember, I shall let you know. Where are you staying, by the way?"

"The Monte Carlo Beach Hotel."

"The Monte Carlo Beach Hotel," repeated Raffaeli. "And now you must excuse me. You heard me promise an ice-cream feast to my brood, and they trust me implicitly. Good-by, Mr. Travers. Try to enjoy your stay instead of chasing phantoms."

Before Mark had parted from Perrier, they had agreed to meet at five o'clock in the garden next to the Casino, in Monte Carlo proper. In case Mark didn't turn up, Perrier was to make inquiries at once.

"I almost left," said the inspector, pointing to his wrist watch, when Mark sat down on one of the stone benches that stood above the famous pigeon shoot. "I was worried. Somehow I didn't expect him to see you right away. I don't like it. I can't get the warning you received this morning out of my mind." He picked up the little black dachshund, which he had just put down. "What do you figure made him receive you?"

"I couldn't tell." Mark handed the pad with several sketches of Raffaeli to Perrier. "I have never been so unsure in my life. I seem to have lost my judgment. And I must admit I thought, in a situation like this, an extra sense of awareness would manifest itself."

Perrier smiled. "I told you that police work was a dreary, often unsatisfying job. Sometimes you think you have a hunch, but as often as not it turns out to be mere wishful thinking. It takes unending patience to track down a criminal. Mostly it is pure luck."

An orchestra was playing, people were walking by, lying in long chairs, having coffee in the shade of the trees. Through the open window of the Casino, the voices of the croupiers could be heard calling, "Mesdames, messieurs." In front of them the sea opened up, the blue Mediterranean. Deeply tanned young men and women were balancing on water skis or surfboards behind elegant speedboats while, in their wake, small craft rocked drunkenly. To their left, in the downward-slanting garden, where in former times so many, who had lost their fortunes on the green tables, had shot themselves, children were playing, laughing, quarreling. But all of it seemed unreal to Mark.

"He could be Timgad," he said, "and, if not Timgad, somebody close to him. Yet he may be just what he is—a successful, unscrupulous businessman."

"Anybody"—Perrier pointed to the crowd on the terrace, then to the passers-by—"any of them could be Timgad."

"Raffaeli doesn't think he exists at all."

"An interesting opinion if he is not the man, a clever device if he wants to mislead you." He stopped to look at Mark. "So you did tell him the true reason for your visit?"

"I told you I would come out into the open."

"So you did," said Perrier, as though he had forgotten it. He slipped down on the bench as if it were a club chair, stretched his legs and rested his chin on his chest. He looked very comfortable, but his voice was taut. "You know, Travers, after the bombing, you really caught me off guard. I should never have let you go up there. But I suppose I'd stop at nothing to catch Timgad. Yet it was utterly irresponsible of me to let you pick the chestnuts out of my fire. I've got to get you out of here. If I die, it's in the line of duty, I chose this profession. You ——"

"We've been through all this before."

Perrier sighed. "The worst mistake," he said, "is to underrate the intelligence of the enemy. He knows you are in Monte Carlo, that you know Corinne has been murdered. By the way, did you mention Corinne to Raffaeli?"

"He admitted to knowing her slightly."

"Did he know any people she had seen?"

"If he did, he didn't say."

Perrier grinned, patted his dog and continued. "He also probably has knowledge of my presence here." He shoved his hands into his pockets. "Now, if you were Timgad, assuming that Raffaeli is the man or somebody close to him, and you had written that note, what would you have to do? You would have to kill Mark Travers as cleverly as Corinne was killed, so that nobody would suspect anything."

"How?"

"There are poisons," said Perrier dryly, almost as if he were teaching the various causes of murder in a class; "quick-working poisons against which there are no antitoxins. Let us say you decide to gamble tonight, you go to a crowded table—it's no fun playing at an empty one. There are always people who believe in a system. They write down every number. Day after day they scribble away in little books or on pads or on the cards furnished by the Casino. Now let us assume that, at a given moment, when you put down your chips, one of these fellows, in pretended eagerness, happens to scratch your hand with his pen. A tiny scratch, hardly worth noticing. But if the pen has been dipped into one of those deadly snake poisons, you would die within minutes and who would be able to point out the man?"

Mark did not answer and Perrier, as if he were enjoying himself, went on. "A week ago a man, sitting at his desk near an open window, was killed while the police were on guard outside his house. Somehow somebody managed to blow a poisoned arrow into his cheek through a blowpipe. Before he could remove it, he was dead. Travers, when you left me in Nice, I thought your suggestion had a point, that your sticking out your neck might be of some use. But it isn't. Neither Timgad nor any of his men would be stupid enough to kill you in such a fashion that I could pick up a trace."

He turned his head and looked at Mark, his round brown eyes expressing regret, embarrassment and pity. Mark felt touched by the sympathy of this tough French inspector.

"Have you caught the man who threw the bomb?"

"Not yet," said Perrier, "and the dead Arab carried no identification papers. But we will. But, Travers, if I may be indiscreet —— This morning—well, didn't you meet a young lady?"

"I told her to forget me."

"What a pity you're not French and take love more seriously." Immediately he grew serious again. "Heroism, idealism, loyalty—they are wonderful qualities, but they have their price. The true hero never returns."

"I don't believe in generalities," said Mark.

They looked at each other silently for a moment, then Perrier asked quietly, "Will you please tell me what your plans are?"

"Of course. First I'm going to call my paper in Paris and the radio station here to tell them that, when they report Corinne's death, they should mention that a close friend of hers, the well-known artist and reporter, Mark Freeling Travers, suspects that she has been murdered, to prevent her identifying one of the Algerian terrorist leaders. That may make them think twice of killing me. Then I'll go back to the Beach Hotel. Maybe I can find someone to play a set of tennis with me, maybe I'll just sketch. Then I'll have another swim, a drink, sleep a little, dress, go over to the Casino and gamble with everything I've got."

"Provided that nothing prevents you from doing all this."

"There's nothing else to do but while away the time, until they act."

He saw her the moment he entered his hotel. She was sitting, half hidden by a pillar, in the chair Perrier had occupied that morning, pretending to read a magazine. And though she didn't look up, he knew she was aware of his presence.

"Fleur, what are you doing here?"

She lifted her face. "I have been waiting for you. Mark, I would very much like to talk to you."

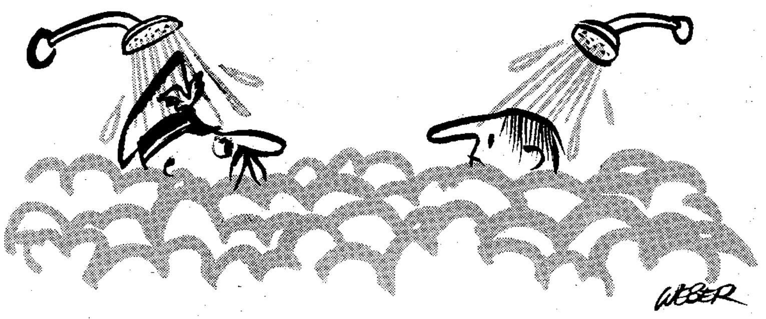
He made a move to sit down beside her, but she shook her head. "Not here, please. In your room, if you don't mind."

He went to the desk, got his key, then walked back to her. "What if anybody sees you?"

"I have never cared what people think."

Without another word they crossed the lobby and walked up the staircase to the second floor. But when they stood in front of the door, he waved her aside. "Let me enter first." She seemed to see nothing strange in the way he inserted the key and opened the door cautiously. She was, perhaps, too intent on what she had to say to notice anything.

"May I have a minute to wash up?" But all he really wanted was to check the bathroom, the closets and his luggage. Everything was as he had left it. "Now then," he said, coming back into the room, "what is it?"



The Perfect Squelch

Back in a rest area after an overlong stay in the front lines, the weary corporal made straight for the showers. In his rush to get his first real bath in months, he overlooked the sign, OFFICERS, outside the shower room. While he luxuriated in the hot spray, a plump officer stepped in, identified himself as a major and began talking. The major, sounding arrogantly proud of the Army, confided that the lack of respect shown officers by soldiers abroad, and even more so by enlisted personnel of the Navy and Air Force, was outrageous. Why, he complained, Navy and Air Force enlisted men usually failed to recognize an Army officer, much less salute him.

The corporal was too relaxed to argue. When he dressed, the major saw the two chevrons on his sleeve and bellowed: "Soldier, what are you doing in the officers' shower? Didn't you see that sign? Can't you read?"

"Major," the corporal responded, "if I could read, I'd be in the Navy."

Joseph Lowery

"I want to ask you a simple question before you leave. Was I crazy this morning to take you seriously just because it meant so much to me?"

"You cut me short."

"I was hurt and I was furious. Not furious at you so much as at myself. But my anger never lasts long. After you dropped me at the Mulot, I went up to my dressmaker and cried. And when I was tired of crying, I told myself that if I had any pride at all I wouldn't feel hurt, I'd just laugh the whole thing off. Well, I tried, but somehow I couldn't. And then I started abusing you. Oh, what I didn't say against you, but right in the middle it sounded all wrong, and I began to think. And then I knew that, no matter how you behaved after you came back from that errand in Nice, it wasn't you."

"Don't be so sure."

"I can't help it. I am sure. You are not somebody who falls in and out of love the way one changes a shirt."

Mark tried to laugh. "I don't quite see on what you base your opinion. On the contrary, if I could fall in love with you this morning, just like that"—he snapped his fingers—"why couldn't I fall out of love just as quickly?"

"This morning you were a different person. This morning you were reaching out for something, the world, a dream. I don't know. Maybe I was just a part of that dream. There was a sadness about you, yet at the same time you were playing with life as if it were a ball you could catch whenever you wanted to. That's what attracted me so."

He wished she would stop talking, not make him feel so deeply understood that it hurt to think that the beginning might have to be the end. But Fleur went on. "And then, when we stopped at the photographer's stand and you saw that picture of the woman, you changed. Mark, what I mind is that you weren't honest; that, instead of telling me that someone else mattered ——" Her voice broke a little. "I saw you use the telephone in the shop. You saw her. Maybe ——"

He swung around. "No. My word of honor. You must not believe that." Suddenly she looked like a child, startled, lost. "Fleur, darling," he said. "You are too young to remember the war. But a soldier, even if he wants to stay at home, knows he has to go. And goes."

She looked at him, wide-eyed. "Mark, what are you trying to tell me?"

He had said too much, Mark thought. On the other hand, how could he leave her like this—lost, insecure, doubting her instincts which were so right?

"Let me put it this way. I have a job to do which rules out any personal affairs at this moment."

"What kind of a job? A job that entails danger? Did you know about it this morning? Or only in Nice?"

"This morning," he said. "That's why I came by your house. But then I thought it was just a question of a few days. Now I know that I may not be free to love you, to marry you, for a long time. It wouldn't be fair to tell you to wait for me. I cannot involve you in this."

Fleur sat up very straight on his bed. "Mark," she said, "what kind of a job? Going behind the Iron Curtain? Or into a war-torn country to sketch soldiers in the front lines? Or on some crazy expedition?"

If she read the papers, she would read tonight or tomorrow, about Corinne's death and that he believed she had been murdered. Now he could tell her why Philippe had been killed, about his search for Timgad and Corinne's part in it. While he was talking, her eyes never left his face and once or twice her lips parted as though she were going to interrupt him, but the instant that he was finished she turned around and, without saying anything, buried her face in the pillows.

"You understand, don't you, that I have to go through with it?" He sat down next to her and took her hand. It was cold and trembling a little. "Fleur, darling."

"How odd life is," she said, in a very small voice. "How we respect and admire people who are ready to sacrifice themselves; who live up to their standards; who, in a conflict between desire and duty, choose duty—as long as they don't mean anything to us. But the moment they are dear to us —— Oh, Mark, isn't there anything I can say that would make you give up?"

"Nothing."

"Hold me. Hold me tight."

He took her in his arms, gently stroking her head. "Such soft hair; such soft, black hair. Don't cry, sweet. Please don't cry."

A knock at the door made them fly apart and they looked at each other before Mark got up to open it. One of the bellboys stood there, holding a tray with a letter on it. "This was delivered by hand, sir, with the request to give it to you at once. It is marked urgent."

Mark took the letter and carried it over to the window, turning his back on Fleur. It was an oblong envelope of very fine, thin, white paper. "Mark Travers" had been written across it in a monkish handwriting he had never seen before. Abruptly he tore it open.

It contained a single sheet. "I remembered," he read, "after you had gone, an item which might be of interest to you. There is a man whom Corinne Javal befriended. He lives in Eze. His name is Baudon. Colonel Baudon. I think you will have no difficulty in finding him. Cesare di Raffaeli. P.S. I think it would be unwise to reveal from whom you got this information. R."

"What is it?"

Mark hardly heard the question. He tore the letter to pieces, then went over to the telephone and gave the operator Perrier's number.

"The inspector has gone back to Nice to check certain things there," he was told. "I can't contact him right away. Any message if he calls in?"

"Never mind. Thanks." Perrier couldn't protect him anyway. Mark shrugged.

"What is it?" Fleur repeated.

"Maybe I didn't tell you that the photograph I was so interested in showed, next to Corinne Javal, a certain Cesare di Raffaeli. After we parted, I went to see him."

"I've heard of him, of course," said Fleur. "Guy knows him, I think. Nobody trusts him."

"Fleur," said Mark, "I have to leave you now, and I want you to stay here. I am going to Eze. I am going to see a man called Colonel Baudon. Can you remember that? Eze. Colonel Baudon. If I am not back in two hours, you must call the number I am going to give you. Ask for Inspector Perrier. If you can't get hold of him, leave this message—that I went to Eze to see a man called Colonel Baudon and that I have not returned."

Fleur bent and picked up the tiny scraps of paper from the floor. "I shall tell them also that you went because Raffaeli sent you the message."

Mark hesitated for a second, then he nodded. "Yes. But only if I do not return. Only in the event that—we do not see each other again."

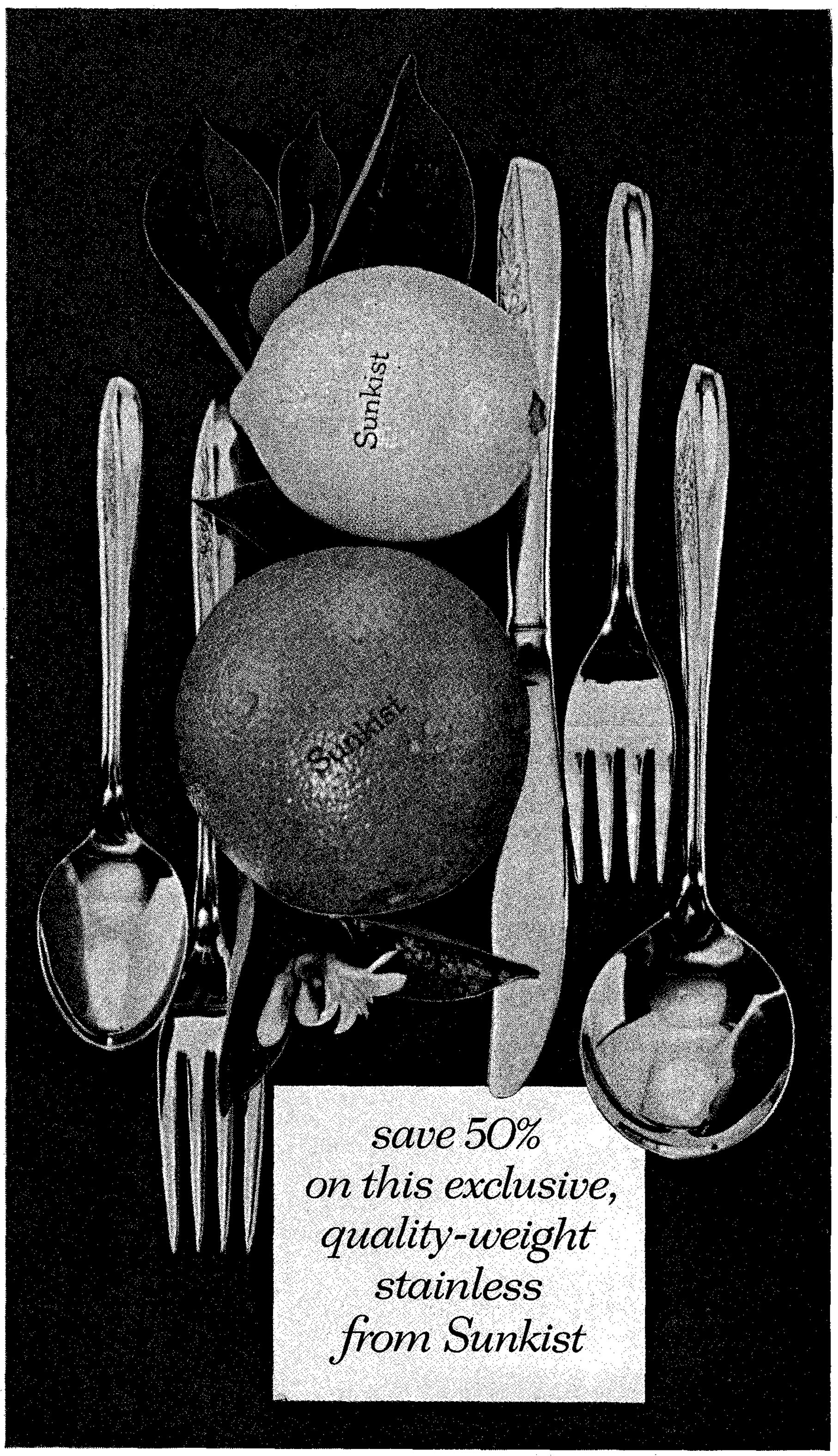
She grew very pale. "I didn't know what love could make one feel," she said. But he was already at the door. "Mark."

"So long."

"It may be a trap."

"Yes," he said. "I know. In that case, try to forget me."

TO BE CONTINUED



(*Dinner knife and fork, salad fork, teaspoon, soup spoon*)

5-PIECE STARTER SET JUST $1.50

plus 12 trademarks from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons

Now when you buy Sunkist you get not only the finest oranges and lemons in the world, but this exciting, beautiful bonus. Sunkist Petal Design Stainless ...stainless with a deep lustre and a rich, heavy feel created by the International Silver Company.

Save up to 50% on the lovely Sunkist Petal Design tableware. Mail coupon with $1.50 and 12 trademarks from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons (just shave them off *thin* and wrap in wax paper). Literature describing additional pieces is sent with each place setting.

"SUNKIST," Box 285, Wallingford, Connecticut

Enclosed is $1.50 in cash for each 5-piece place setting of "Sunkist" Petal Design tableware plus Sunkist trademarks as described above.

Number of place settings__________ Cash enclosed__________

NAME__________

(Please Print)

ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ZONE______STATE__________

Offer limited to Continental U. S. A.

Sunkist® **FRESH ORANGES and LEMONS from California and Arizona**

The Doctor Didn't Understand

(Continued from Page 27)

relationships. During the week when I get up, pop's already up. On Sundays when he gets up, I'm already up. We don't care who sees who first. After that, it's every man for himself."

"Sam, I'm afraid we've wandered away from the subject under discussion."

"We discussing something?"

"Of course we are. Your fear."

"What fear?"

"You said a moment ago that you're afraid of everybody."

"Who?"

"You, Sam. Don't you remember?"

"What did I say?"

"I asked if you were afraid of somebody or something, and you said of course you are."

"'Sure I am.'"

"Very well. Who?"

"No; I mean I said, 'Sure I am'; not, 'of course I am.' I don't say 'Of course' very much. You say 'of course' all the time."

"Can we go back to the beginning? Why aren't you a Boy Scout?"

"Why aren't you a marine?"

"In time of war I would certainly offer my services to ——"

"O.K., so will I, and I'll tell you why too. Because there ain't going to be another war."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"In any case, Boy Scouts have nothing to do with a war."

"Then why should I join?"

"To be with your friends."

"My friends? Out there?"

"Well, aren't they your friends?"

"Doctor Mok, you're trying to find out something. What is it?"

"I wonder if you and I shouldn't have a long talk now and then. Say twice a week."

"What about?"

"You."

"No, let's talk about you. You're marrying Delphinia."

"Your sister is the most charming, the most brilliant, the most intelligent, the most delightful young lady I have ever met."

"Who've you met?"

"Well, many young ladies."

"For instance?"

"Well, I don't think you'd know them."

"Anyhow."

"Well, I once met Marlene Dietrich at a party."

"Wild party?"

"What do you mean by wild?"

"Champagne, confetti, kissing?"

"Oh, no."

"Did you ever meet Gina?"

"Who's Gina?"

"With the long Italian name."

"Oh, no."

"Why don't you wait until you meet her at a party?"

"Well, for one thing, she's married, Sam."

"Marriages don't last. She'll be divorced by the time you meet her. Just go up to her and say in a nice way, 'Miss Gina'—you know the rest of the name—'I've had my eye on you for some time.'"

"But I'm not in love with Miss Gina."

"What do you care? It's the publicity that counts. Take the fellow who married the American one. He was on the front page of every paper when he did it."

"Sam, I'd like to speak to you about your school a moment. What school are you going to?"

"Donald Worthington Cranshaw."

"Who's he?"

"Search me."

"If they named the school after him, I should think they'd let you know why."

"I think he killed an Indian."

"Surely they didn't name a school after a man for killing an Indian."

"I don't know what he did. I go to Donald Worthington Cranshaw."

"It's a public school, I presume."

"Sure it is. They don't care who you are. They make you go."

"You mean you're forced to go?"

"Weren't you?"

"Of course not. In Denmark anybody who goes to school is glad to go—and grateful."

……

Downpour

(Through the Window)

By Cosette Middleton

Distorted by the rain, our
garden shivers—
Convulses in a green and
silver blur;
It flows away in tiny crystal
rivers,
Returns to view—but hazy,
gossamer,
And always restless. Watch
the window pane:
Transparency against
transparency
Explodes into
chrysanthemums of rain,
And star bursts in a fluid
galaxy.
Thin, spidery twigs and
leaves reduced to lace
Are briefly superimposed
upon the scene,
Then rows of little waterfalls
erase
The glass and shimmer
restlessly between
This room where heartbeats
are the only sound,
And one small garden
slowly being drowned.

……

"In San Francisco it's the other way around."

"I feel I can help you, Sam. I feel I must, in fact."

"Help me? You're the one who needs help."

"Why do I need help?"

"My sister said she would be ready at seven. When you came at seven, was she ready?"

"No."

"Was she ready at half past seven?"

"No."

"Was she ready at eight?"

"No."

"Has she ever been ready when she was supposed to be?"

"No, but I don't mind. It's understood that when a young lady says she'll be ready at seven, she won't be ready until a little after eight."

"Then why do you always come at seven?"

"It's also understood that I will be on time, just in case she is."

"Boy, do you need help?"

"It's only five minutes after eight, and here she is now."

Delphinia stood at the top of the stairs, all dressed up. She just stood there, smoking a cigarette in that long silver cigarette holder she bought for ten dollars, but said a man gave her. She just stood there and puffed smoke out of her mouth and looked down at us men. Doctor Mok leaped to his feet the way he always does when she reaches the top of the stairs, and he said "Delphinia."

She knows her name, he knows her name, I know her name, but every time she stands at the top of the stairs, he jumps up and says "Delphinia." Then he walks toward the staircase and she starts taking one little step at a time while he looks up and smiles. When she is almost all the way down, she puts out her hand and he takes it and helps her the rest of the way. And then she takes his arm and they go out to his car. He opens the door of his car and helps her in, and then he goes around to the other side and gets in, and they drive to the Top of the Mark on Nob Hill or to the Merry-Go-Round Room at the Fairmont up there.

When he was at the door, I said, "The reason I ain't a Boy Scout is I'm a Dorsey. We don't join—anything."

But when he's with Delphinia he loses interest in such matters. He just looks back and smiles, and sometimes he mumbles something, like "Yes, of course, Sam. Well, I'm sure —— Yes, of course."

Gone, I mean. On the moon. They don't need to send anybody there in a rocket. Doctor Mok goes there the minute Delphinia's dressed and at the top of the stairs. He forgets his questions and his answers and how you feel when you go to school in Denmark, and he doesn't really care if they named the school after Donald Worthington Cranshaw for winning a pie-eating contest.

Well, that was a year ago, when I was nine. That was the ninth or tenth time I'd sat with him while he waited for Delphinia, so of course I knew how to talk to him to make the time go by. I knew the things to say that would make him ask more and more questions.

Two weeks after that talk he got married. I did my best to let him know the Dorseys ain't the kind of people to marry one of their daughters of, because, men and women alike, they're awfully independent, as he soon found out.

He came to speak to mamma about it, but mamma sent him to pop.

A lot of good that did him, though, because pop only said, "My boy, I gave you fair warning. Delphinia's Delphinia—that is, Delphinia Dorsey. Go home and be glad you married her."

"But she's not home."

"Be glad she's not, then. There's no need for this —— What would you call it? Doubt? Anxiety? Or is it jealousy?"

"I thought she might be here."

"She isn't."

"Have you any idea where she might be?"

"Not the slightest."

"Mr. Dorsey, is Delphinia —— Well, I mean, sometimes her behavior seems —— I don't know how to put it."

"Not at all. Go home and be your wife's husband. There's a way."

"I wouldn't think of beating Delphinia."

"Think of something else."

"Is Sam home?"

"Of course he's home. It's almost suppertime."

Doctor Mok came looking for me, and he said, "Sam, your sister—well, she surprises me a little almost every day. Something new every day. What is she interested in?"

"Don't you know?"

"I'm afraid I don't. I thought she was interested in me."

"You were interested in her; that's what made (Continued on Page 58)

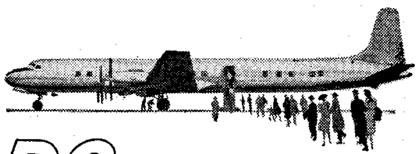
These airlines...

...and other commercial operators fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes:

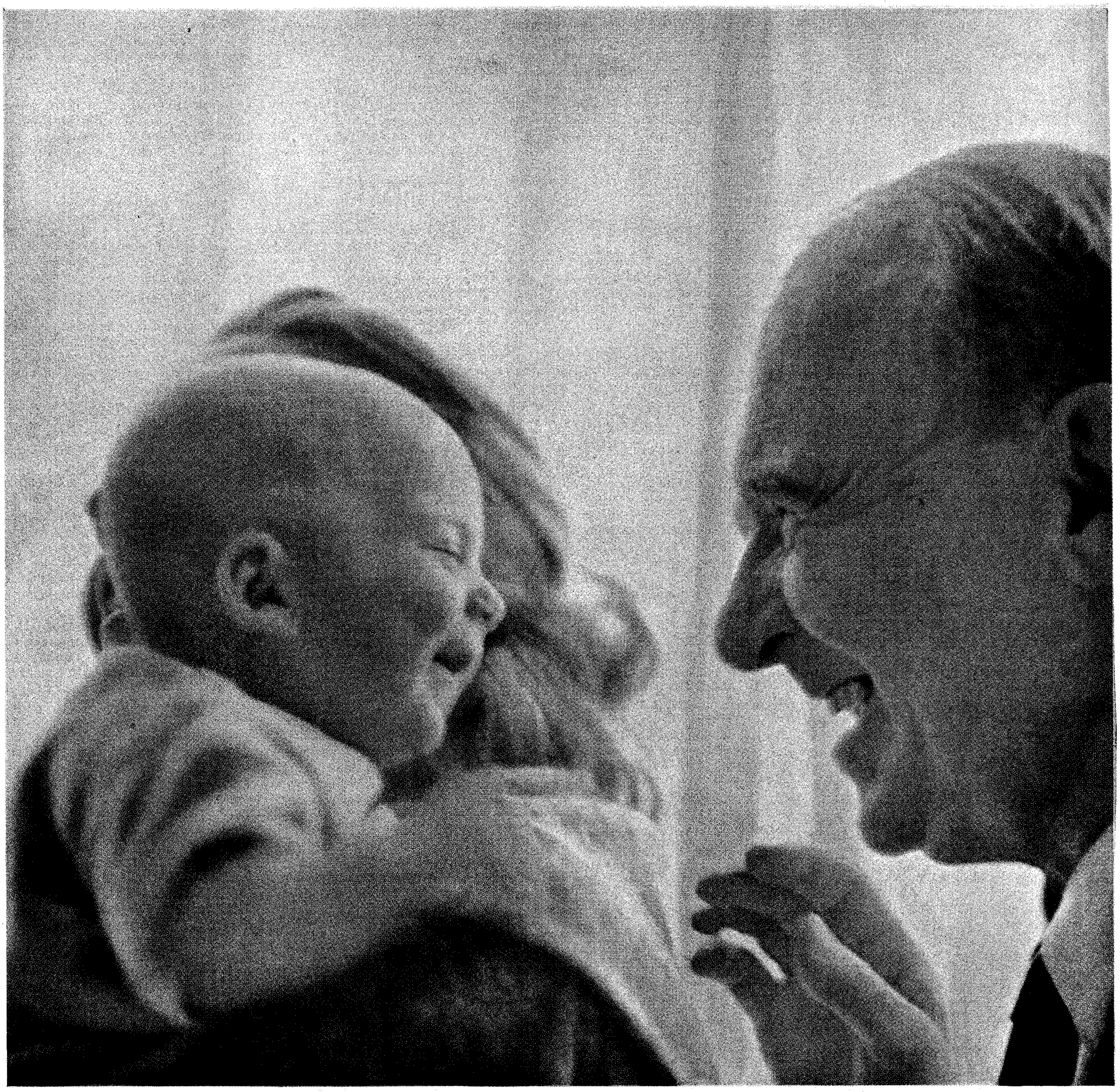
AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS
AIR LIBAN
ALASKA AIRLINES
ALITALIA—LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORP.
CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
*CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
FLYING TIGER LINE
*GREAT LAKES AIRLINES
*HAWAIIAN AIRLINES
*HUNTING-CLAN AIR TRANSPORT
JAPAN AIR LINES
*JUGOSLOVENSKI AEROTRANSPORT
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES
LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE
*LOIDE AEREO NACIONAL
*MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS LTD.
MEXICANA DE AVIACION
NATIONAL AIRLINES
NORTHEAST AIRLINES
NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES
*OLYMPIC AIRWAYS
OVERSEAS NATIONAL AIRWAYS
PANAGRA
PANAIR DO BRASIL
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
SLICK AIRWAYS
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
SWISSAIR
TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.
TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS
TRANSPORTS AERIENS
INTERCONTINENTAUX
UNION AEROMARITIME
DE TRANSPORT
UNITED AIR LINES
WESTERN AIR LINES

*Flying soon

More people and more airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes combined



DC means DOUGLAS



When your heart is in a hurry—go by DC-7

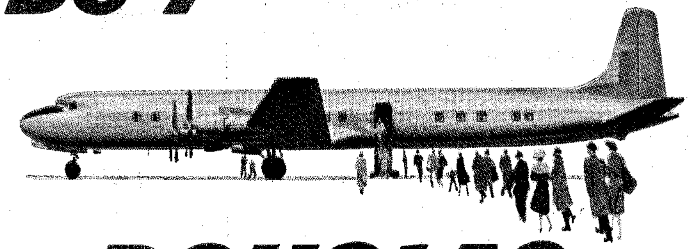
Whatever your reason for getting there sooner...

Take the fast one...the DC-7

With its top speed a remarkable 410 miles an hour, the DC-7 wings you with velvet swiftness across the oceans, across the continents—anywhere in the world!

There's unbeatable luxury and comfort, too. The spacious DC-7 cabin is pressurized, air conditioned, soundproofed and tastefully appointed to make your travel completely restful.

Next trip, get there *sooner*, more *comfortably*—by DC-7. See why *more* people and *more* airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes *combined!*



DOUGLAS

BUILDERS OF THE DC-8 JETLINER

(*Continued from Page 56*) you think she was interested in you. She's interested in herself."

"Is that all?"

"Ask her. Are you staying for dinner?"

"I haven't been asked."

"I'm asking you."

"Your father and mother must ask me."

"They must not."

"Stay for dinner, Gus," mamma called down from upstairs. . . . "Annie, set a place for Doctor Mok, please."

It was a real good dinner that night: broiled lamb chops, green salad and watermelon. Doctor Mok was so troubled, though, he barely ate anything. And then all of a sudden Delphinia walked in. She had run into Stella Waterclew while they were shopping at the supermarket. They had gone to Lowell High together and they hadn't seen each other since graduation, and Stella was married and going to have a baby—her first. So they decided to go have a drink and talk all about it. They left their wire wagons loaded with groceries on the floor of the supermarket and they took a taxi to the St. Francis, because they had both gone to a dance there once, and they sat and drank, and the first thing they knew, it was time to go, but when they got back to the supermarket, it was closed.

Delphinia sat down, and Doctor Mok began to eat at last. Annie brought a plate for Delphinia and she began to eat too.

"I never expected to find you here," Delphinia said to her husband.

"You mean, you haven't been home yet?"

"Of course not. I came here to speak to father."

"Not to me?"

"This is something I thought I'd better speak to father about."

"What is it?" pop said.

"Well, I had thought of speaking in private, but I suppose you'd rather I blurted it out right here in front of everybody."

"Not at all. Whisper in my ear."

Delphinia whispered in pop's ear.

Pop said, "Wait, I think."

"Do you really think so, father?"

"What is it?" Doctor Mok said.

"Yes," mamma said, "what is it?"

"Mother, please remember Sam's at the table."

"She's going to have a baby," I said to Doctor Mok.

He leaped to his feet and said "Delphinia." He said it the way he used to say it when he saw her standing at the top of the stairs.

"She seems to have the same symptoms that Stella Waterclew had," pop said.

"But why did you come to tell father?" Doctor Mok said. "Why not me? Why not even your mother?"

Mamma said, "Gus, every young bride runs to her mother at a time like that. Delphinia couldn't possibly do what they do. Why speak to a woman about having a baby? Speak to a man. An expert."

"I don't believe I understand the Dorsey family," Doctor Mok said.

"Doctor," pop said, "do you really feel it's necessary to understand them?"

"I'm afraid I have always felt that it's necessary to understand everything."

"It isn't," pop said.

Doctor Mok thought about this a moment, and then he said, "Who did Stella Waterclew marry?"

"I believe she said he drives a truck," Delphinia said.

"Was she worried about getting home late?"

"She didn't seem to be."

Doctor Mok was a very happy psychiatrist for a couple of weeks. He still got a little surprise every day, but nothing much, and, besides, he was getting used to the surprises. And then one night when mamma and pop were at the opera and I was watching TV, Doctor Mok came to the house, and I knew he was having a big surprise of some kind. He asked a lot of questions, and then suddenly he handed me a piece of letter paper and he said, "Read this, will you, please, Sam?"

I read one word: "Sorry." It was Delphinia's handwriting all right.

"What about it?"

"What's it mean?"

"She's sorry about something."

"Has Delphinia left me?"

"Why? Did she say she was going to?"

"Of course not. But you know how the Dorseys are. I went home at half past six. I opened the door. This was on the floor. She wasn't home. It's now half past ten. What does this mean?"

We talked until half past eleven, and then he said, "Sam, don't you have to be in bed at eight o'clock sharp?"

"No."

"Nine?"

"No."

"In Denmark we had to be in bed at eight sharp. I mean, you don't seem sleepy, and of course I do appreciate your courtesy in letting me ——"

"That's all right."

"Why does your sister do these things?"

"I tried to tell you not to marry her."

"But I did marry her. And I think you know how I feel about—becoming a father. Delphinia wouldn't do away with herself, would she?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean, Sam. I'm just worried, that's all. I've never been so miserably happy in all my life. Even my work is improving. I'm helping my people much swifter than I used to. I'm breaking a few rules, I think, but somehow they just don't seem worth not breaking. But every once in a while Delphinia —— Sam, I think you'd better go to bed."

"No, it's all right, Doctor Mok. Go ahead."

"This surprise is the biggest yet, and it's made me surprise myself too."

"Yeah?"

"Imagine it, if you will. Ever since I found this—message—this word in some secret language, I have been praying. I, Dr. Gustave Mok, a scientist, praying—praying like a savage. Praying for his wife and his child."

"Lots of people pray."

"You don't, Sam. You know you don't. If a lot of people do something, you refuse to do it. Your whole family refuses to do it. So why should I, a scientist, brought up to think? All of a sudden, why should I pray?"

"Because you married Delphinia, that's why. What did you do it for, Doctor Mok?"

"I was mad. I was temporarily unbalanced. I was bewitched. I lost my mind. I was in love, and now I'm more in love than ever. Not with Delphinia alone. Now, I'm in love with everybody. Do you remember the name of the girl Delphinia ran into in the supermarket?"

"No."

"Well, I do. Stella Waterclew. It's not even a reasonable name, but I remember it. I'll never forget it, because I'm in love with her too. It isn't science at all. It's—it's madness. Why is my wife sorry? Sorry about what?"

"Maybe she was on her way to the supermarket and was sure she would run into Stella again and wouldn't be home."

"Is that possible?"

"Anything's possible."

"I mean, don't you follow patterns of behavior?"

"Who? Me?"

"No, all of you, Sam. Dorseys. San Franciscans. Americans. I've been in America twelve years, three years in San Francisco. I'm one place and everybody else is another. Even my patients, who are supposed to be emotionally troubled, seem so—well, healthy."

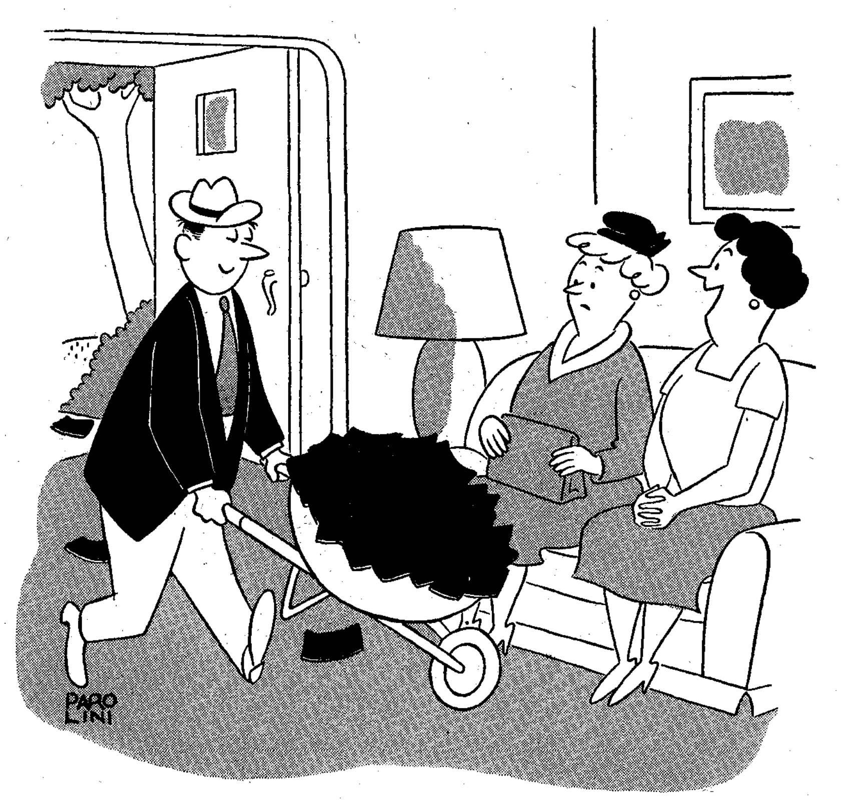
"What do they go to you for, then?"

"I don't know. That's another American surprise. In Denmark, in Europe, when a man or a woman is emotionally troubled, it's no joke. I believe some of my patients tell me things that are not true, so they can smile to themselves about it. I believe they don't really believe in me, or in psychiatry."

"You don't look very much like a psychiatrist, Doctor Mok."

"What do I look like?"

"Oh, a clown maybe, without the white paint on his face."



"It's little things like this that make me love him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A clown? But why?"

"You're so serious."

"This is a troubled world. Living is a deeply sorrowful experience. I must be serious."

"You look serious."

A little after midnight mamma and pop came home, and Doctor Mok showed them the message from Delphinia.

Pop said, "Let's have a cup of instant coffee, and then you go on home and go to sleep."

"But where's my wife?"

"She didn't have time to tell you in the message. She's sorry because she didn't have time, and because she knows you're going to have three or four bad hours. That's what it means."

"A cup of instant coffee, then," Doctor Mok said.

Mamma boiled water and brought the jar of instant coffee and the hot water and the cups and saucers to the table, and she fixed them a cup of instant coffee each, and she and I had ice cream.

"Everything is instant," Doctor Mok said. "Instant people? Is that next?"

"Next?" pop said. "It's always been so."

At a quarter to one the door chimed, and Doctor Mok went and opened it. There was Delphinia, and with her was a man almost twice as big as Doctor Mok. He was a good-looking fellow, too, better-looking than a lot you see in movies, even, and he was smiling as if he was the happiest man in the whole world. Who was he?

Doctor Mok said, "Oh, no." And I knew he believed this was the man who had stolen his wife away from him. Delphinia introduced him as Mr. Catanzaro.

"My wife sure has got one fine friend here in Delphinia," Mr. Catanzaro said.

"Your wife?" Doctor Mok said. "Who is your wife?"

"I married a girl named Stella Waterclew," Mr. Catanzaro said. She and Delphinia went to Lowell High together. I went to Galileo, in the North Beach. I was driving the truck in Santa Clara this afternoon. Delphinia took her to the hospital."

Pop brought out a box of his best cigars, and Mr. Catanzaro took one and said, "Well, this sure is a switch. I'm supposed to offer you cigars, but I've been so dizzy I forgot all about it." He took a cigar, smelled it, bit off the end and waited. Pop offered the box to Doctor Mok, who was half dead with relief and happiness now. He took one, too, and then pop took one and struck a match. He lighted Mr. Catanzaro's cigar, and then blew out the match. Then he struck another match and lighted Doctor Mok's, and blew out the second match too. And then he lighted his own. Delphinia went and stood beside Doctor Mok, and then she put her arm around him. He turned and looked at her, and began to puff quickly.

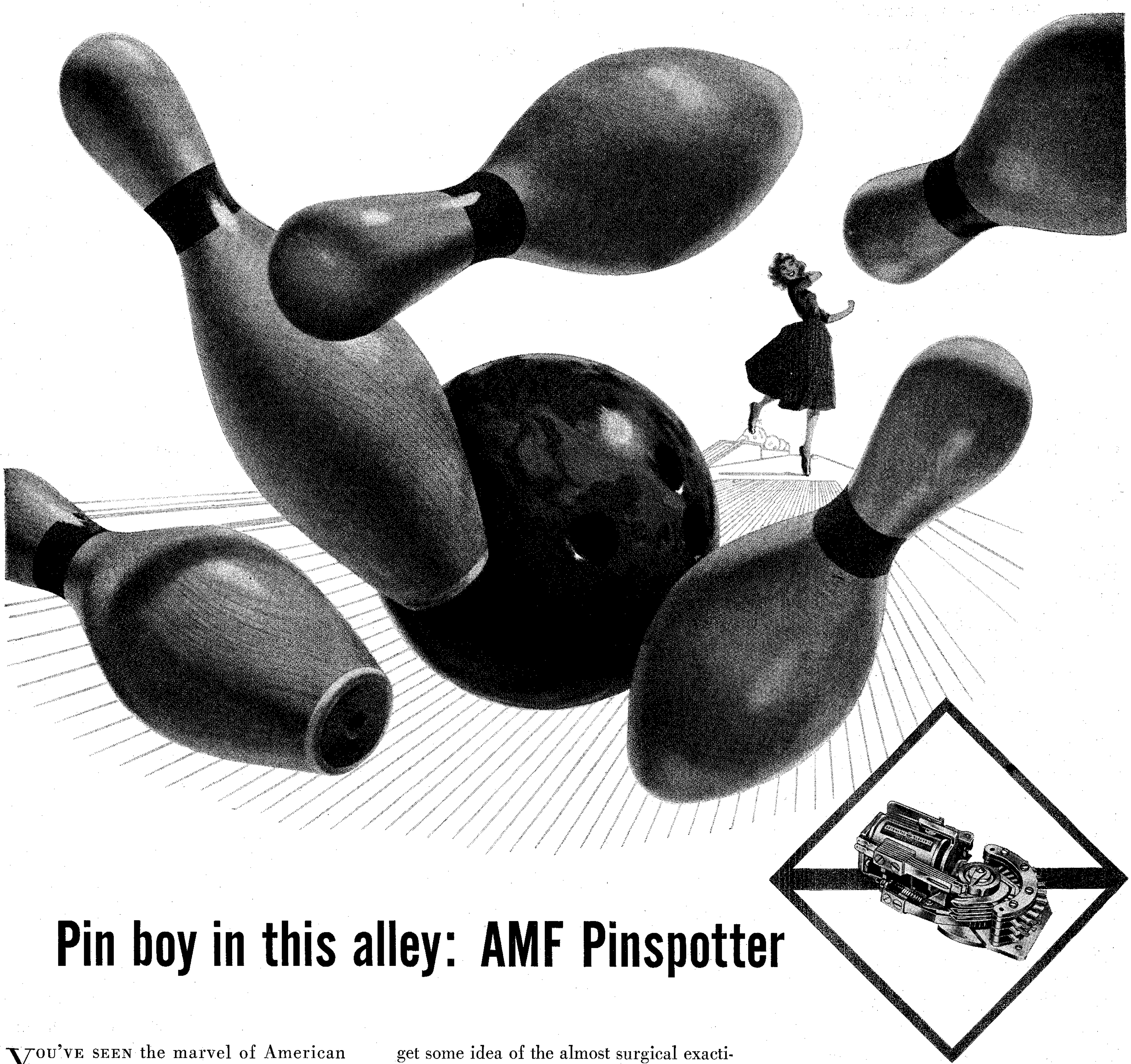
"Yes, sir!" Mr. Catanzaro said. "Eight pounds three ounces, blue eyes, same as her mother." He puffed smoke and rocked on his heels and toes. "Well," he said, "I've got a truck out there that I've got to turn in. Thanks a lot, Delphinia. Good night, all."

"We're going home too," Delphinia said.

And so they went, but on their way, Doctor Mok kept turning and looking back at the rest of us, shaking his head and mumbling, "Instant people."

At the door he stopped. "And soon I'm going to be the father of another of them. It couldn't happen to a more grateful man. I don't understand. I'm getting a little instant myself."

Poor guy. On the moon. Gone but not forgotten. THE END



Pin boy in this alley: AMF Pinspotter

You've seen the marvel of American Machine & Foundry Company's Automatic Pinspotters in action — their uncanny accuracy in clearing dead pins and resetting the spares exactly where they were before.

You might think this a far cry from the awesome computers that, in mere minutes, do the lifetime work of a hundred mathematicians. But both are sisters under their metallic skins.

For activating the sensitive fingers, or the lightning "brains," of these machines are the type of switches and relays which Automatic Electric originated.

These components basically are telephonic devices we make for some 4,100 independent telephone companies. From this, you may get some idea of the almost surgical exactitude of the equipment that serves all their customers in over three-quarters of this country's land area.

And, since Automatic Electric equipment actually has been the father of automation, it can play a vital part wherever accurate and dependable controls are needed. Frankly, we can't yet imagine all the needs it CAN serve in hundreds of industries.

But we have a vast engineering research laboratory—35 acres of superb manufacturing facilities—a long record of unusual accomplishments. We're ready to throw these against *any* need for the better production of whatever the modern world demands — from spades to spaceships.

This AE Type 44 Stepping Switch in the control box tells the Pinspotter what to do next. For more information on this versatile switch's capabilities in *all* automatic controls, write for Circular P-1698.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Northlake, Illinois

Subsidiary of **GENERAL TELEPHONE**

The Ladies Go Camping

(Continued from Page 37)

fellow executives after a germ was planted by an offhand remark by his wife.

"I don't mind so much camping out," she said, "but why does everything around a campground have to be so dull?"

King nodded thoughtfully and went on sipping his breakfast coffee. A few weeks later he startled his wife by bringing home swatches of canvas dyed in shades of chocolate brown, brick red, aqua and beige. Then, two years ago, he startled the industry when the first pink tent showed up in a department-store window and the firm's whole line was offered in bright colors.

"I took a mighty ribbing," grins King in recollection. "Most people said we'd lose our shirts."

But the critics forgot to take into account a woman's bent for something pretty as well as useful. King's company sold out its whole year's production of tents in a matter of weeks. That winter virtually every important tentmaker in the industry reached for the dye vats. Color had come to the forest.

Although they were slow to arrive at color styling, industry leaders have been wooing the housewife ever since the surplus-store boom of the postwar years.

Today the makers of sports and camping equipment make no bones about it. They've frankly dumped the hunter and fisherman as dictators of design and are falling all over themselves to please the skirted newcomers. The result has been a virtual revolution in an industry that once clung fiercely to tradition.

Turn a tent flap in a campground this summer and you're likely to uncover anything from fluorescent-light fixtures to a portable vanity. Look in the shade of a pastel awning and you'll find the campfire replaced by a shiny red folding stove that uses for fuel the contents of a can reminiscent of the war-born insecticide bomb.

Families with a yen for gadgetry, and the pocketbook to support it, are showing up with such items as inflatable tents, car-top sleepers and electric blankets that can be plugged into the dash. There's even a transparent car-top boat now on the market, presumably for anglers who want to see the fish they are not catching.

A brand-new development which may hit the campgrounds this season—and is guaranteed to send a die-hard traditionalist off talking to himself—is a disposable paper tent. Just set it up once, use it until you're ready to leave and throw it in the trash can.

In the opposite direction is a contraption dreamed up by Ford designer Bill Moss that is certain to make eyes pop whenever it shows up in the woods.

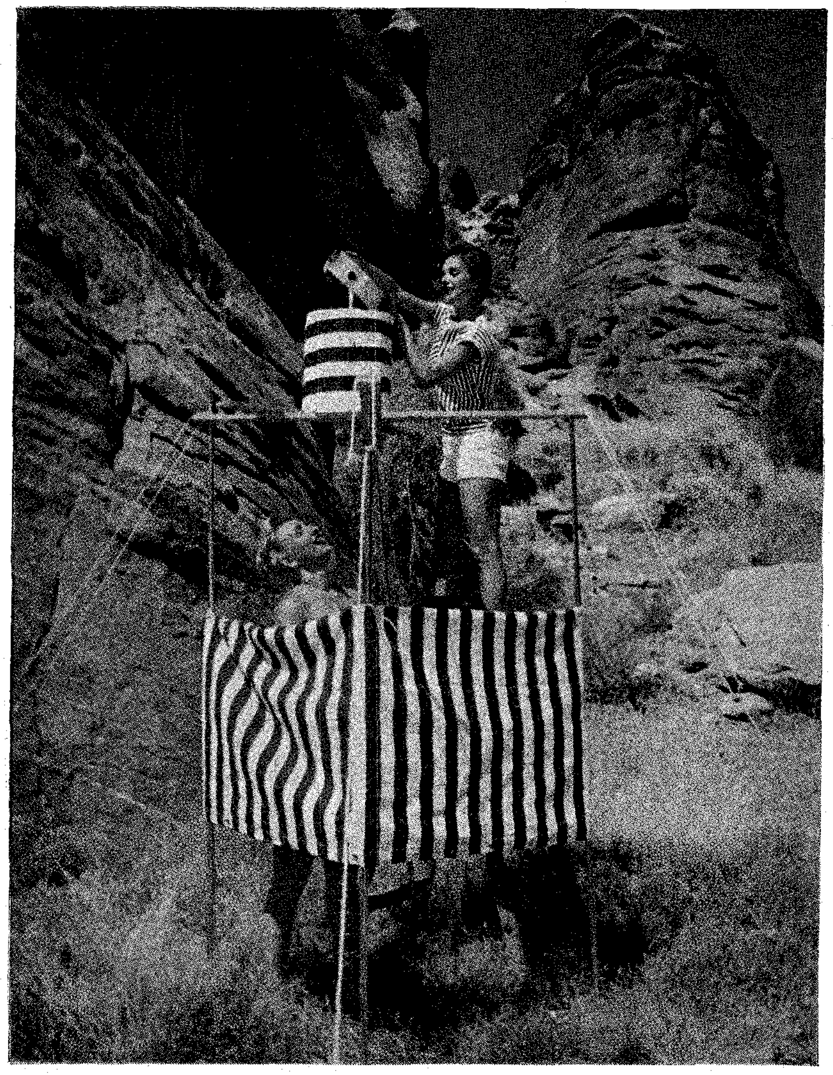
In its passive state, the "mobile push-button camper" looks innocently like a normal station wagon with a small boat on a top carrier. But when the vehicle comes to a halt beside some forest stream and mother starts pressing buttons, a controlled explosion begins.

First, the boat swings down over the side, ready to be lifted off its davits. Another button and a gaily striped tent erects itself on the roof, complete with bed made up for sleeping. An unseen mechanism starts whirring at the rear, the tail gate comes down and out slides a kitchen with stove, sink, hot and cold running water and refrigerator. For extra measure there's a cubbyhole vanity for the ladies. And if the sun is too scorching, the pressure of a finger tip brings a bright canopy oozing out, unfolding like a fan.

The makers of this experimental product of the automation age talk about it with tongue in cheek. If it is ever sold commercially it's most likely to become a plaything for the kind of people who can afford to build their own hotels, but who go outdoors for kicks.

But Moss, an artist and industrial designer who in his mid-thirties already is credited with many of the genuinely new ideas in camping, does not cling to the esoteric. One product of his drawing board, for instance, is the so-called Pop-Tent, a two-man shelter shaped like half an orange and supported by plastic ribs sewn into the canvas shell.

To set it up, you grab it by the peak and literally shake it out. Then you can lift it around the campsite as you would move a pawn on a chessboard.



Men sneer at "sissy" items like this portable shower, then buy them for their wives.

Such portability is pleasant, but can have certain drawbacks, as Moss learned when he took it into the field to serve double duty as a duck blind. With Bill Stribley, another Ann Arborite and designer of the tent's mechanical parts, he crouched inside for several hours waiting for a flock of wary Canada geese to light on the marsh below their hilltop vantage point.

"I guess one of us got a little excited," he admitted ruefully to friends. "Anyway, before we knew it we were rolling down that hill, trapped inside the tent. And the geese went off squawking in every direction."

Advice to customers thereafter was tempered with the suggestion that "it might be a good idea to use one stake."

Moss was aiming frankly at the housewife when he designed another newcomer to the camping scene—the wing tent. Its chief advantage is its ability to support a tent in neat rigidity with the aid of two outside poles at diagonally opposite corners. A white or neutral top reflects heat, colored side walls lend style; the unconventional entranceway is closed with a zipper.

One crusty husband looked at a display model with red sides and white roof and shook his head sadly. "It isn't a tent," he said. "It isn't anything at all."

"Hm'm'm," mused his wife. "I think it's lovely. But if you don't like it, dear ——"

One week later, the husband showed up again and self-consciously informed the clerk, "I still don't know what it is, but I'll take one."

Perhaps the husband will be mollified when he learns that the wing tent, along with Moss' pop-up model, now is on display at the Brussels World's Fair, with the official blessing of the Department of State.

Radical departures from tradition are popping up like dragons' teeth in the country's 7000-odd suddenly filled-up campgrounds. There are suitcase tents which unfold into elaborate structures, in the manner of a magician pulling mountains of silk out of a thimble. At least one firm is producing a family tent with no poles or guy ropes—just an outside aluminum frame that can be set up in minutes.

Last year somebody put on the market a portable gas refrigerator. If you have the spare cash for this little woodsy luxury, the days of hauling ice for perishables are over for you.

But most such innovations jack up the price of camping. And since the bulk of the forest visitors admittedly are out for low-cost vacationing, the mass producers are concentrating upon modest but important changes in their standard items. Usually the influence of the housewife is directly visible.

For instance, Herb Ebendorf, of the Coleman Company, Inc., pins directly upon his women customers the evolvement of a new liner for ice chests.

"We had what we considered the best all-metal portable food-and-beverage chest on the market," he says. "But we also had endless letters from women who were unhappy because contact with salt and acids made the metal rust. What's more, they wanted to know why the chest had to smell of fish for a long time after their husbands had used it at the lake."

The result this year was a plastic chest liner, seamless, impervious to rust and stains and just about everything else the housewife had complained about. And—you guessed it—it's prettier to look at.

This Wichita, Kansas, company, whose products have been classic items of the camper's world since grandpa went "tin-can touring" in the first Model T, bent its ear again to mamma's pleasure and brought out a folding stove-top oven this spring, so that she can serve wild-blackberry pie and other baked goodies to her barefoot brood.

Ebendorf holds a high respect for the outdoor-touring American and believes that he—or rather, she—is innately practical about choosing from the vast array of equipment. Hence he looks with amusement upon inventors who "on the average of once a week bring us some new and revolutionary design in flint and steel lighters, or fancy combination stoves with everything in one little three-hundred-pound package."

Ralph King, the color-conscious San Francisco tentmaker, is another man with a down-to-earth approach. And it is probable that his penchant for trying out every new idea in the field himself has done more to change camping for the masses than all the gewgaws of the inventors.

"My idea of camping," he says, "hasn't a thing to do with roughing it. The right way is to arrive at your campsite in a relaxed mood, pull up your sleek car, break out a table and chairs and mix up a cold martini while you survey the situation."

Three years ago he and three of his top salesmen did just that, lacking only the sleek car. In the most crowded campground in crowded Yosemite National Park, chosen so they could study the problems of elbow-to-elbow camping, they settled down and began an impromptu business conference.

"But," King admitted later, "it was a little like trying to keep a secret in a Japanese bathhouse."

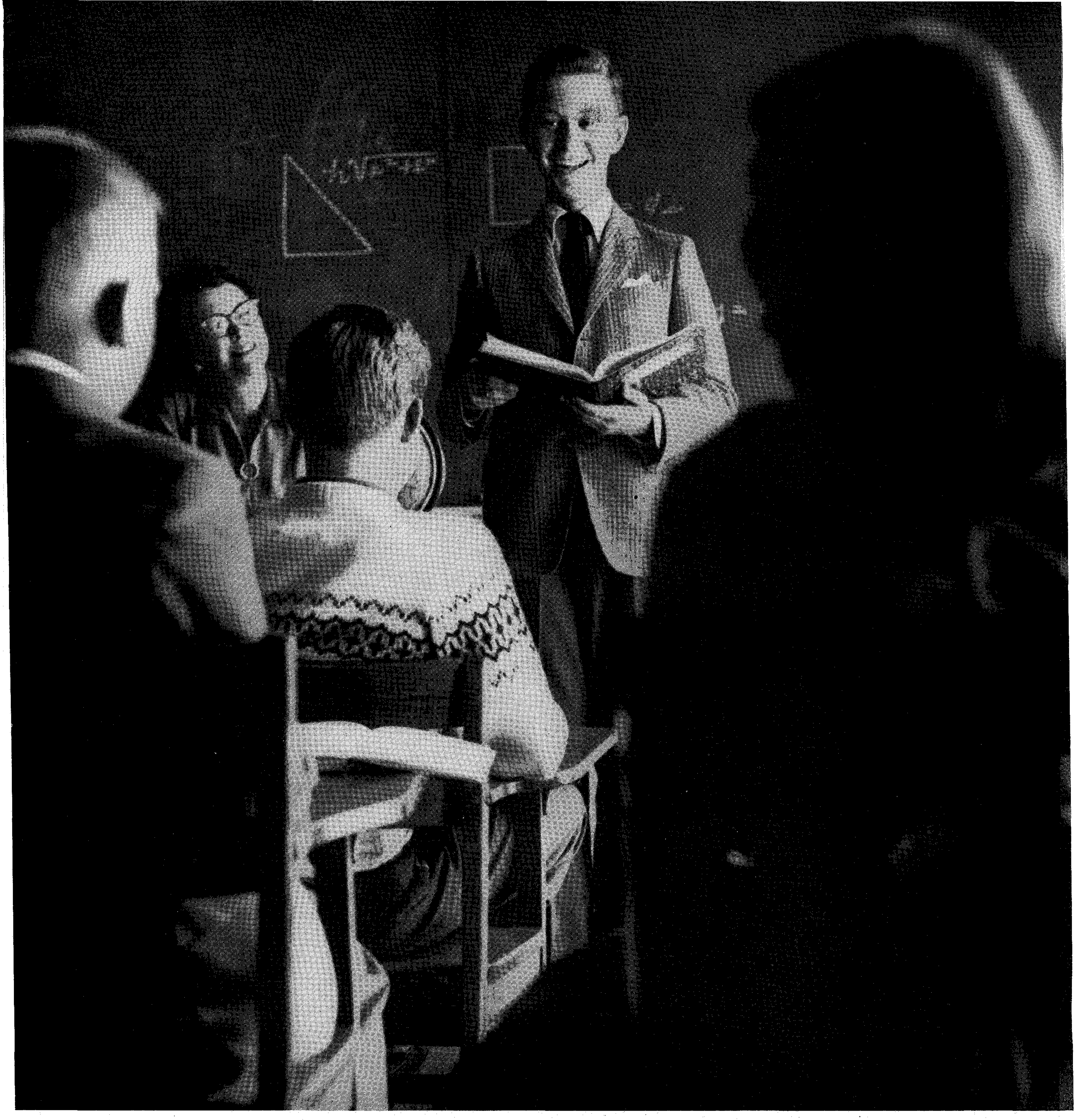
The conference broke up while they pitched camp and rigged an experimental system of canvas windbreaks to form a private patio. The session resumed, this time undisturbed. "We wound up with three new ideas for campground privacy and with our whole summer's sales program worked out—right there among the customers," said King.

The summer before last his neighbors in the somnolent and rather social community of Woodside, California, were awakened in the night by a strange buzzing sound and flashing lights. One of them roused from his slumbers long enough to investigate. He found King, flashlight in hand, climbing groggily out of one sleeping bag in his back yard and groping for another ranged beside it.

"It's all right," King explained. "I'm testing three different kinds of sleeping-bag filler. The alarm clock is to wake me so I can switch bags."

One of the results of his back-yard "laboratory" is a startling new idea in camping gear—a three-story sleeping bag. Depending upon the temperature, the user moves up or down from one layer to another.

(*Continued on Page 62*)



Your boy: are you helping him to do his best?

When is he most likely to do his best? Ask his teachers or principal. They've learned by experience that when a boy looks his best, he's more apt to do his best . . . if he's dressed for serious schoolwork, he's more apt to take school seriously. Make sure wherever he is—at school, at church, at play—your boy rates an "A" in appearance. It can help him win "A's" in other things, too!

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear ®

Dress Right – when you look your best you do your best!

For help and advice on how to Dress Right, visit stores that display this American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear symbol.

© 1958, A.I.M.B.W.

(*Continued from Page 60*)

And then there is the flip-flop bag, with two pounds of filler on one side and a single pound on the other, with different colors to tell you which is which. Again, according to the temperature, you pick the weight of your cover. The air mattress insulates you from below.

King turns a sharp ear to the voice of the feminine camper. Once a woman wrote to the company complaining over having to buy a sleeping bag made for a six-foot man. "Why should I carry all that extra weight?" she wanted to know.

After a lengthy correspondence, during which she sent in basted models of her own ideas of design, the company came out with a new line—for small people!

Most campers are surprisingly co-operative and eager to have a hand in developing new ideas, King observes.

Recently he took a pair of experimental tents to a campground in the High Sierra. The family went along—his wife, Jane, and their two young children—and occupied one of the models. Then he hunted up a couple equipped only with sleeping bags and persuaded them to use the other.

"All you have to do," he told them, "is take this thermometer and check the inside temperature every three hours. I'll do the same in mine."

The next day, swollen-eyed from lack of sleep, the couple dutifully reported. "We roasted in it during the day and half froze in the night," said the wife.

King looked over their temperature records and nodded. Back in his office, he marked a big red X through that particular model number. The lady didn't like it. The tent would never go into production.

Another "field-tested failure" was a sleeping bag which promised at first to be the answer to a woman's dream. It had no filler, depending for warmth upon a cover lined inside with synthetic fleece, like the inside of a sheepskin coat. It was so light it could be rolled up to fit into the glove compartment. When Jane ran it through her automatic washer, it dried in minutes and lost none of its insulation quality.

"It was wonderful. I was sure I had it made," said King. "Until one of the salesmen and I took two of them up to Tahoe. The temperature that night dropped to twenty-eight degrees. At three in the morning we got up and made a policy decision. We headed for a motel to get warm."

That bag never hit the production line. And dry cleaning still is the only practicable answer to getting a sleeping bag clean after a summer's use. But King isn't giving up. He's convinced that the housewife eventually will see the day when she can come back from a camping jaunt and throw practically everything into the washer without a qualm.

Among the leading manufacturers across the nation, competition for "practical" ideas within a limited price range is burgeoning. Each season sees dozens of fascinating new bids for the camper's consideration.

This spring, for example, a small boy in one of the Wisconsin state parks came bursting into the site where his parents were pitching camp. "Papa," he shrieked, "some people over there's got a tent with a tin roof!" What he probably saw was one of the models with aluminum-treated tops—to reflect heat—now made by the Hettrick Manufacturing Company, of Toledo, Ohio.

In Los Angeles, the Canvas Specialty Manufacturing Company not only is coming out with the "chrome dome" tents but has a model in which the back wall zips down to expose a netting-covered breezeway. One company currently is toying with the idea of adding individual name plates to its tents, like the house markers in suburbia.

But King specializes in the all-important "little" ideas. One of his was the simple insertion of zippers in tent-door sills. Thus the outdoor housewife need only drop the flap to sweep out the canvas floor. King led the way, too, in eliminating center poles in the popular umbrella-style tent, in using spring clips to keep tent corners from tearing and at the same time keep the shelter in trim. He put milium liners in sleeping bags and proved that it added 50 per cent to warmth.

This spring he put on the market three new tents—one with a translucent skylight, another with netting roof and detachable roof, and a third designed for the rising stream of station-wagon campers. This latter has a back-wall envelope which slips over the rear of the vehicle, but can be detached in seconds and closed up to form a solid wall again.

Although there is a sharp schism between station-wagon and tent campers—the latter looking down their noses at the "gypsy travelers"—there is little doubt that the station wagon is in the campgrounds to stay.

Proof lies in the multitude of special products for the car sleepers. Among them are double air mattresses and sleeping bags made to fit between the wheel wells, a "boot" that slips over the tail gate to form half a tent and drops over the rear windows for privacy, and a tailgate kitchen very nearly as fancy as the one mamma uses at home.

In spite of all the developments, ranging from the downright weird to the drably practical, in the field of auto camping, it is not essentially a new American pastime. It arrived on the scene literally with the first automobile, when a tent pitched beside the road was the nearest equivalent to the modern motel.

The first real boom came after World War I, and the Tin Can Tourist's Association—its members marked by a tin can hanging from the radiator cap—came into being. They spread across the country, camping anywhere they found shade and water and, incidentally, leaving a trail of litter wherever they went.

First, the cities built campgrounds to entice camper spending in their stores. Then state and Federal authorities abruptly became aware of fire hazards and the need for some control over the crowds in the forest. State and national parks soon had campgrounds with some basic sanitary facilities. Then, in the '30's, the Civilian Conservation Corps was put to work building a vast system of campgrounds in the national forests.

World War II emptied the parks, and even after its end there was for several years only a trickle of Boy Scouts and fishermen and occasional family campers on the public lands.

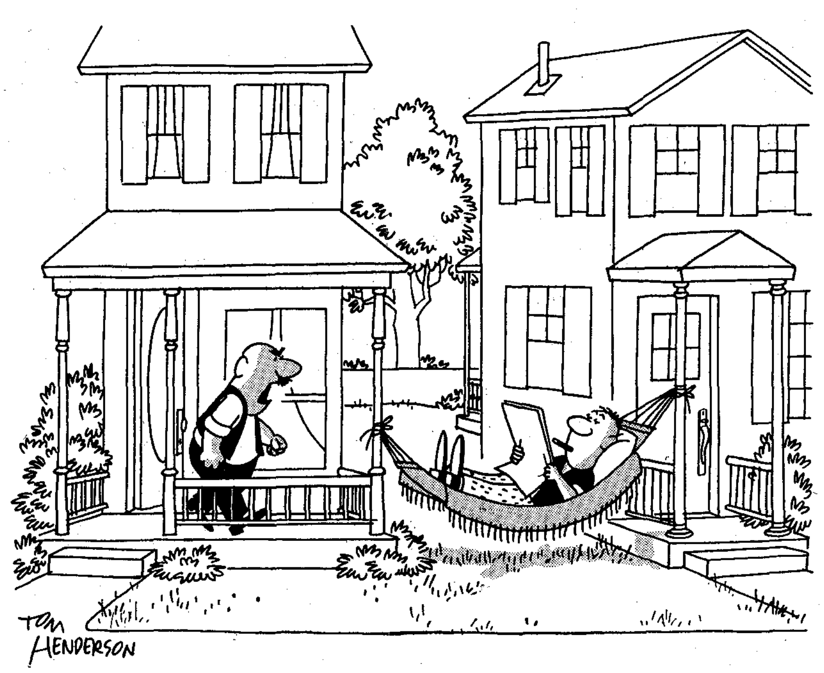
About nine years ago, for reasons still widely disputed by the experts, but most probably economic, the campgrounds suddenly began to fill again. With little maintenance, they soon became a shambles. Recreation officials watched, aghast, and pleaded for funds for rehabilitation and new campground development. State-park commissions were formed in those states not already boasting them.

With the rising flood of campers naturally came a flood of new things for them to buy. When the emphasis turned to meeting feminine needs and tastes, still more families headed for the woods. Finally, last year, when the host of campers was double that of the previous year in some states, the campground managers threw up their hands in despair of ever meeting the demand.

Typical is the experience of Illinois, which in 1952 registered 30,000 campers in its state parks. Last year, the number was 400,000, and a 75-per-cent increase in facilities still couldn't handle all the demand. Florida, only a few years ago had so little demand for tent space that there wasn't a single developed campground in the state. Last year 90,000 campers showed up at the parks, and the state is racing to catch up with the canvas caravan.

Wherever the Army Corps of Engineers manages a reservoir, the riparian fringes have filled with private or state-operated campgrounds acting as concessionaires to the Engineers. The attendance pressure at all reservoirs is explosive. Lake Ouachita, near Hot Springs, Arkansas, has gone from 763,000 campers in 1955 to a probable two million-plus this year. Ouachita again expects to set a new record single day in 1958, more than 1957's record 22,500. Try to book camping space today at Lake Texoma, in Texas and Oklahoma (expecting more than 8,000,000 this year), or at any Michigan lake, and you will be asked to come back in October and try again.

Under this mounting pressure—and there's no sign of abatement in sight—nearly 500 campgrounds were added to state and Federal systems during the last four years, some designed to handle up to 3000 persons at one time. The National Park Service got under way a multimillion-dollar expansion program. The U. S. Forest Service is spending millions to renew dilapidated campgrounds and hopes by 1962 to double its 43,000 camp and picnic units to meet an anticipated demand for 35,000,000 man-days of use.



"Now see here, Hornsby!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Needling along this massive program is a new version of the Tin Can Tourist's Association. This time it's called the National Campers and Hikers Association—a group of woodland enthusiasts who sport armbands and car stickers, push for new and better campgrounds, discipline the camping habits of members, and exchange information about where to find space to pitch a tent in the mob scene of the modern parks.

The housewife's arrival on the scene in such vast numbers is credited with bringing plushness to the forest. The old standard of rustic picnic table, water faucet and central Chic Sale is giving way to campgrounds with overhead lighting, modern rest rooms, frozen-food lockers and, especially in the East, permanent tent platforms and daily deliveries of milk and perishable foods.

A neighbor of mine returned from a camping trip last year with a look of horror on his face.

"Why, they're moving the city to the forest," he exclaimed. "In Missouri, we found automatic washing machines in one campground. They had electrical outlets for each campsite, and I saw people with electric blankets and even one family with an electric frying pan." He sighed resignedly. "But my wife loved it. Next time she says she's going to take the portable TV set for the kids."

If the Missouri campground sounds a bit extreme, consider the county park on Lake Tahoe which not only provides automatic washers but also a public baby-sitting service and a children's storytelling circle. Or the Washington State parks where you drop a coin in a slot for firewood or gas for the cooking stove.

While the woods and the seashore blossom with new frills and comforts and all the hues of Joseph's coat, the price of enjoying this out-of-doors life is going up. Hardly a fourth of the state parks now permit free camping. Most charge from one dollar to three dollars per family per night—not to mention fees for swimming, riding and other forms of sport.

So complex is the network of campgrounds springing into being that the camper who hopes to find a spot to light at night must carry with him an armload of guides and directories to find his way. With rare exceptions, there's no more stopping beside the road or just camping anywhere in the forest. Now it's a matter of "Park here, please" . . . "Leash your pet" . . . "Light no open fires" and "Follow this list of rules under penalty of. . . ."

But with all this, camping still is the least-expensive kind of vacation a family can enjoy, and still apparently preferable to the tensions of the city's pavements. How else can a family see the country on as little as fifty dollars a week? And ride along at such bargain rates for many years after doling out the sum of $200 or $300 for shelter and equipment?

In view of the low cost, it is more than a little startling to learn that the sport of camping now accounts for approximately $1,000,000,000 out of the estimated $17,000,000,000 Americans spend annually on vacations.

Perhaps the reason for it all is as simple as the explanation I once heard from a couple at Meacham Lake Park in New York's Adirondacks. "Things are getting so posh outdoors," he said, "that I actually think we live better here than we do at home. That is, when we're lucky enough to find a space!" THE END

The Flying Wife

(Continued from Page 31)

things that I don't understand: automation, missiles, fission, electronics. My fourteen-year-old daughter thinks I'm 'old hat,' and maybe she's right. My boy is eleven. He's going to be a scientist and he doesn't think I know anything—anything at all! Sam—that's my husband—he's an engineer at Richton Electronics. They make trans—trans—a ——"

"Transistors," Mr. Gullison said quietly.

"There you are! I can't even spell what my husband makes!" She was so sure now he'd understand and she went on with the whole truth. "I can't just start studying. I wouldn't know where to begin. So I decided that if I could do just one modern thing—something they couldn't do—maybe my family would look at me as if I were one of them again; as if I were something more than a housekeeper. I don't mean," she added quickly, "that they don't love me. It's just that they take me and my work for granted, and they've outgrown me."

That was the final truth and now that she'd told it she felt weak and childlike.

"Have you told them you were going to learn to fly?"

"Oh, no! No! No!" His question frightened her horribly. "Don't you see? If I tell them and I fail I'll just look more stupid than ever!" She stopped for breath and Mr. Gullison waited. "I—I'm not really stupid, Mr. Gullison."

"Who said you were?"

"No one yet," she told him lamely, "but all I have to do is wait and someday someone will."

"No point in waiting, Mrs. ——?"

"Allen," she said as if she were confessing a weakness. "Martha Allen." Then the terrible excitement took hold of her again and she leaned forward across his desk. "Mr. Gullison!" Her voice was tightening. "If I decide to take flying lessons when would I start?"

"You've already made your decision," he said, and held out his hand. "Give me twelve bucks, Mrs. Allen. We start right now."

Martha's muscles had frozen, however. She couldn't move or speak. She could only clutch at the red purse. She thought of going home. The house needed attention today particularly. It was still littered from the weekend's activities. The Sunday paper was scattered in the Florida room. Ash trays were full. Every drinking glass in the house was dirty. The laundry had to be done—ironing, shopping, cooking, cleaning and dusting.

She opened her purse, took out her wallet and counted twelve dollars into the calloused hand of Mr. Gullison.

"This is an airplane," Mr. Gullison began when they were standing alone beside a small, bright-red aircraft. "Wings... fuselage . . . *empennage*."

Martha gripped her pocketbook tighter and tried to remember what he was saying. He told her what an airfoil was, explaining Bernoulli's principle and how it was that a plane could fly. There were only two small seats in the cabin, one behind the other, and he never stopped talking even when he was helping her into the front seat.

Move the control stick left, left aileron, and the plane would bank to the left. Right aileron and it would bank to the right. Push it forward—nose down. Pull it back—nose up. Then the rudder. Push the rudder with the right foot and the plane would turn to the right. Push with the left foot and it would turn to the left.

"You mean that's all there is to flying?" she asked him.

"That's all, Mrs. Allen. Eight hours and you'll fly solo!"

Only eight hours of instruction and she'd be able to fly! She could already see the expressions on the faces of her family. Sam, Janice and Billy, standing there, looking at her, their eyes popped out like marbles. Mother wasn't just a housekeeper. No, sir! Mother was a pilot!

"You're ready to roll," he was saying from behind her. "Pull that starter handle. It starts just like a car."

When the fields below were reduced to the size of squares on a checkerboard, when sand roads were only white lines and people were so small she couldn't even see them, Mr. Gullison told her to take the controls. Immediately the plane screamed into a steep climb.

"Get the nose down!" he shouted over her shoulder.

She pushed the stick forward and her stomach bolted into the back of her mouth.

"Nose up!" he yelled at her. "Get the nose up! Steady! That's better! Remember what I told you! No movement of the stick. Just a little pressure one way or the other."

As one minute flew into another she felt she was beginning to learn, but it wasn't an even process. There was that time when he was screaming, "Let go of the stick! Let go of the stick!" And then there was that final moment more horrible than any, the landing. It seemed he was flying them directly into the concrete. She closed her eyes and thought of her family. How would Sam manage alone? Would he get married again? There was

HERBERT LEUPIN

WATCHING YOUR WEIGHT?

Watch that label

THE BEST TASTING DIET FOODS AND DRINKS SAY

SWEETENED WITH Sucaryl

Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

only a soft lurching bounce, however, and when she opened her eyes they were taxiing toward the hangar.

By the time she was home she could hardly believe she'd actually been flying at all. It must have been only a day dream—a psychological escape. No, it wasn't. She was carrying a new textbook into the house, CAA Regulations and Basic Flying. She must have been possessed by a small madness to do such a thing. Now where could she hide that book? In the dirty-clothes hamper in the utility room! Nobody else ever looked in there!

Doing the laundry and hanging it out to dry; washing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen left a sharp ache in her back, but she dared not rest. Flying had given her a late start and she must yet pick up a thousand items ranging from garden shears to slingshots which her family had left in the wrong places. Then, too, she had to dust and vacuum the house; get out fresh linen for the beds and bathrooms; plan the evening meal, and shop.

* * *

Green Eulogy

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

A tree can be a forest when
There is no other one,
It offers shelter to the wren,
And filters gold from sun.

It stencils skies with pointed
leaves
While roots explore earth's
core,
It stands on guard beside
our eaves.
What forest could do more?

* * *

She drove herself on into the afternoon, eating a sandwich and drinking her coffee while she ironed. As she worked she realized that her idea about the flying lesson was reversing itself little by little. By the time she had finished ironing Sam's shirts she felt it had been the only different thing she had ever done. While it lasted it had been like a vacation. For an hour she had been above this daily battle, above her problems. For once she had been free and daring.

At three-thirty Janice crashed in through the front door. She was tall and slim like her father; dark-eyed and dark-haired like Martha; so young, so sure of herself. She threw her schoolbooks on the sofa and screamed.

"Mother! Mother! Is my green dress finished?"

The green dress!

"I haven't had time to work on it today," Martha told her.

"But, mother!" Janice wailed like a fire truck. "The dancing-school party is tonight!"

"Just get your homework done before dinner," Martha said bravely. "The dress will be ready!"

It was only the years of experience that saved her now. The motor of the sewing machine roared so earnestly it reminded her of the airplane engine, and the green taffeta raced under the dancing, shimmering needle. She had just finished fitting the dainty ribbed lapels to the collar when she heard a howl from the kitchen.

"Mom! Gosh! Mom!"

That was Billy. Already she knew what was on his mind. When he came to her—eleven, freckled, filthy and desolate—her heart went out to him in spite of her own fatigue.

"There's no peanut butter," he said forlornly. "No jam. No cookies. No nothing!"

"But there's a quarter on my dresser," she told him. "Get it. Get on your bike, and get a sundae at the drugstore."

His tragedy was shattered. His face came alive.

"William Allen has done it again!" he shouted and galloped off through the house.

Martha stopped her sewing, took a long, deep breath and stared out of the window at the blue dome of sky. In the distance a floating hawk circled slowly and she wondered. Could she squeeze the money out of the budget? Could she practice at home? All she'd need would be a chair and something she could pretend was a control stick. Her umbrella? She straightened with sudden fear as if ice water had been poured down her back. The landing!

As it turned out, Martha could have learned to fly, except for one thing. The landing! She had learned to fly the take-off and even fly figure eights around pylons, but still there was this last-minute terror of the runway. Day by day she defeated her fears one by one until only this one remained. To her it was bigger and meaner than all the others together. It seemed bigger than even herself, and every time it won the battle of nerves it grew stronger.

They were trying for the two-hundredth time. The runway was ahead of her, a great strip of thick concrete like a telephone pole in front of a car, and Mr. Gullison was still yelling in her ear.

"You're lined up O.K! Now let her down!"

She nosed the airplane down until she could count the tire marks on the concrete.

"Don't level off! You're too high! Let her down!"

Martha saw the needle of the altimeter dropping, dropping.

"Power on! Go around again!" Mr. Gullison snapped his order peevishly. He wasn't prepared for any disobedience whatever, but Martha had gone around for the last time.

"Power on!" he shouted. "You're going to stall out!"

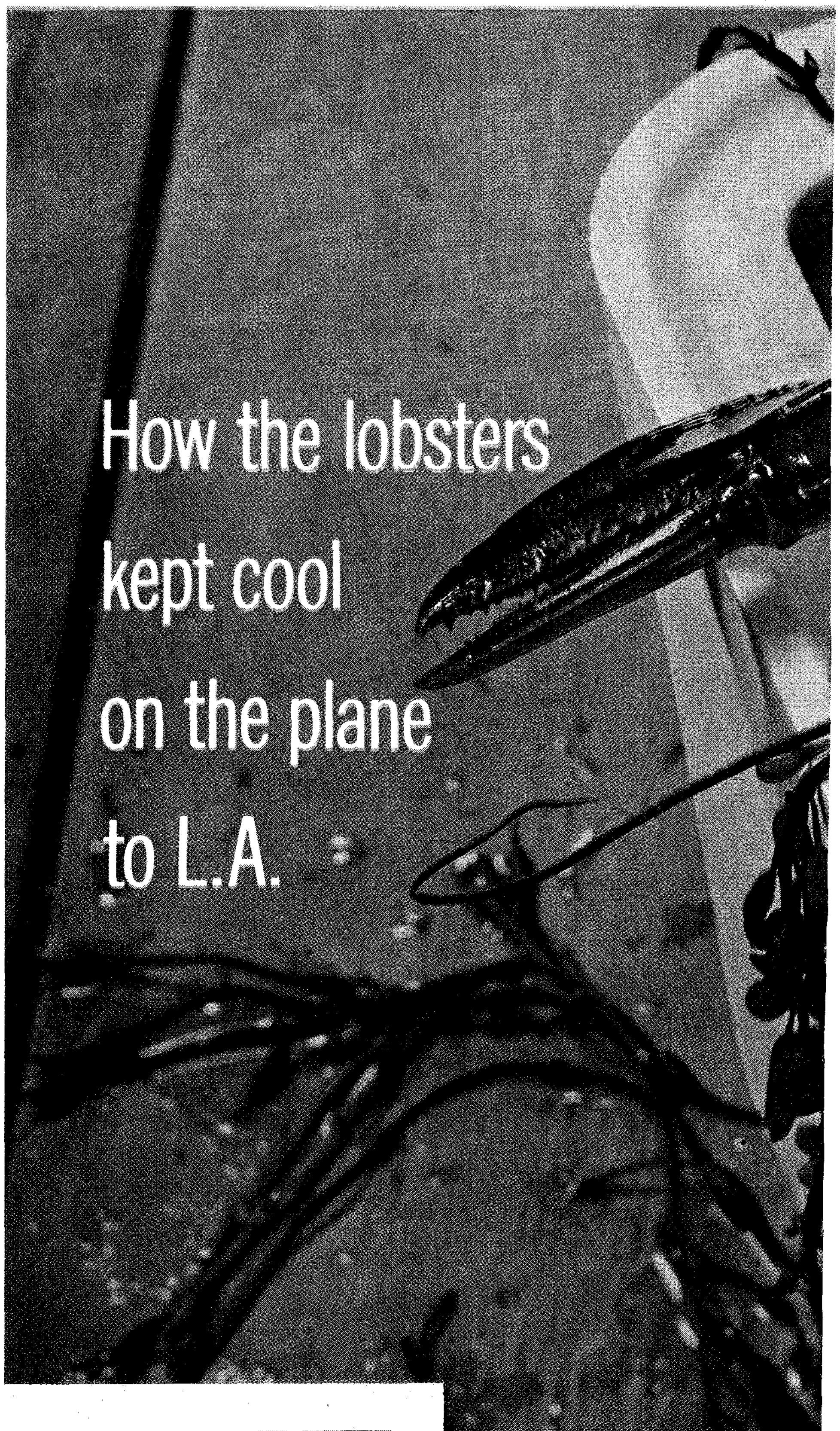
If he had expected her to resist he would have jammed the throttle forward and saved them. As it was, he didn't understand her desperation. He didn't know she was at last fighting fear with pure panic. In that second when he could have pushed the throttle forward she was pulling it backward. For a breathless moment the plane held, then stalled and dropped to the runway.

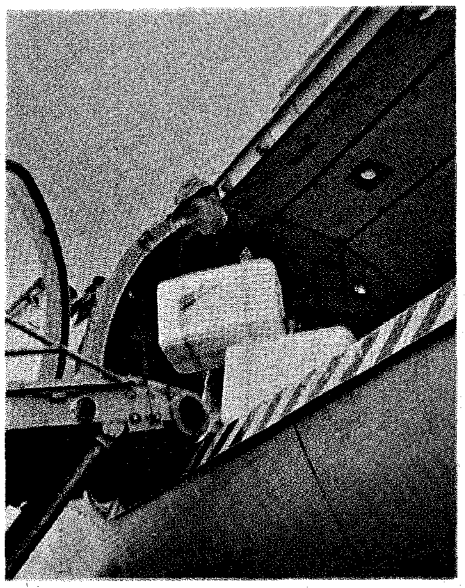
It was a fall of only eight feet, but when the right landing gear hit, it almost snapped Martha's neck. They went bouncing back into the air like a golf ball. She heard the engine roar as Mr. Gullison finally jammed the throttle forward to straighten them out and she thought they were saved. When they hit the second time, however, she was crushed down into her seat, stunned.

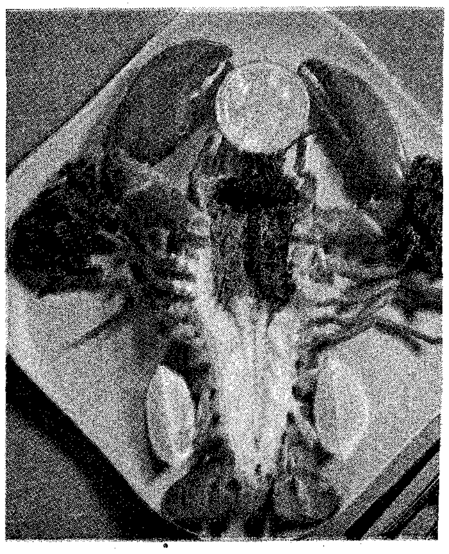
She couldn't remember taxiing back to the hangar, but when she heard the engine stop, her mind did begin to clear. She opened the door and stumbled out to wait miserably for what she knew Mr. Gullison was going to say.

"Are you all right?" he asked, climbing out after her. She nodded. "O.K., then get this straight," he went on. "I've got a family, too, and that's the fifth time you've nearly broken our necks on the runway! You're a jumpy, scared woman and I'm

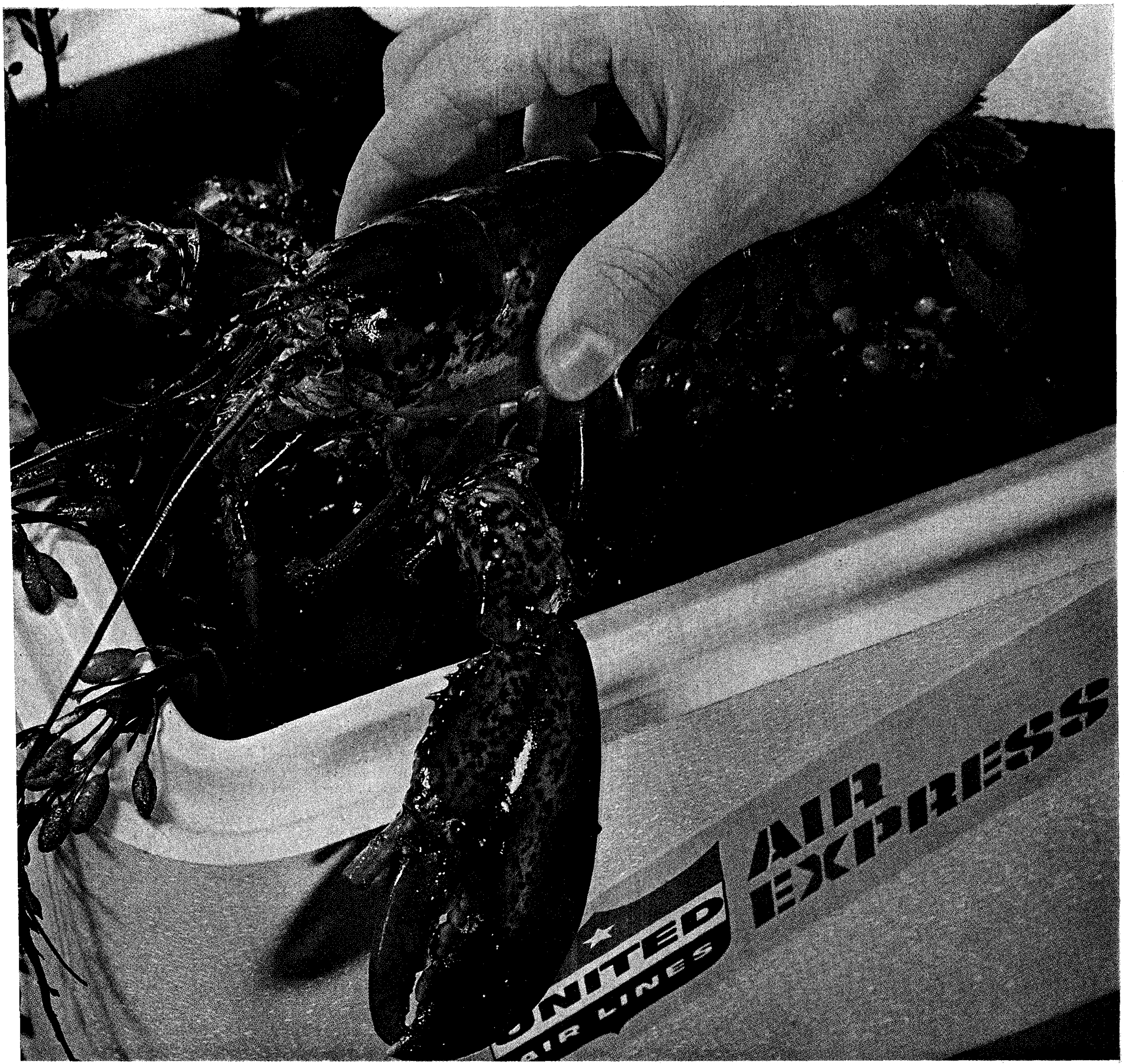
(Continued on Page 66)







DYLITE boxes are strong, impact resistant, yet lightweight and easy to handle. And their high insulation properties keep lobsters and other perishables fresh and appetizing —from coast to coast.



MAINE TO LOS ANGELES in a foamed plastic box—with four pounds of ice as a chaperon. Chill, comfortable quarters for traveling lobsters, bringing them to the restaurant cook-pot as lively and pugnacious as when they were plucked from their undersea nooks and crannies along the rocky New England coast.

The temperature-tight, waterproof, lightweight box is made from low-cost DYLITE® polystyrene, a Koppers product. Originally, the box was just a few handfuls of tiny plastic beads, dropped into a mold, then heated to foam and expand to the shape of the mold. A remarkable insulator, strong, buoyant DYLITE may be adapted to similar thermal problems efficiently and economically. DYLITE already has many commercial uses, will doubtless have hundreds more in the future.

Research and production in the field of plastics is but one more way in which Koppers serves the nation's growing industries, so that they, in turn, may better serve you. Koppers also produces chemicals, dyestuffs, tar products, pressure-treated wood and industrial piston and sealing rings; designs and builds coke ovens, steel mills and chemical plants. Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

KOPPERS®

KOPPERS

. . . helping industry serve you better

(*Continued from Page 64*) not smart enough to teach you how to fly! If you want any more lessons go to somebody else!" and without even saying good-by he turned and walked off.

She got a good hold on her lower lip with her teeth, but the tears pushed down her cheeks anyway and she started blindly for her car. She still had the morning dishes to do and the beds to make. Maybe it was better to be just a woman and not try to be a pilot.

She sneaked the car all the way into the carport so that she might step secretly into the security of her home. She went in through the utility room, opened the laundry hamper and dropped her well-thumbed textbook in among the dirty towels.

That book had been her best hope and now, like herself, it was smothered in tomorrow's laundry that should have been washed yesterday. She wasn't biting her lip any more because she couldn't cry any more. She only made sure the children were not in the house and then went to take her shower.

It was late when she'd finished showering and she dressed quickly. She had not even the time, however, to comb her hair properly. Sam was already overdue. She ran all the way to the kitchen, turned the gas up full under the big skillet, and threw in a square of butter and a slice of onion.

Sam walked in, smelling the browning onion and looking pleased. He was a tall, overly thin man with a long quiet face and too much gray hair for his age. She turned to him, remembering to smile, and stretched up for her evening kiss.

"Smells good," he said. "When will it be ready?"

"Twenty-five minutes."

"May I help?"

"Just get washed," she told him brightly. "Everything's under control."

When he had gone she snatched two quarts of frozen Italian meat sauce from the freezer, crammed them into the skillet and hid them with a top. As soon as she had the water for the spaghetti started she began frantically on the salad. She was tearing the last of the lettuce apart when she felt Sam's arms around her waist and heard his soft words.

"Is something wrong, Martha?"

She turned guiltily in the circle of his arms and looked up at him. "Nothing's wrong, dear! What makes you think there is?"

"There's a blanket of dust in the house. The beds aren't made." He looked over her head at the sink. "And the breakfast dishes aren't washed."

He looked down at her again and she dropped her eyes, staring straight ahead of her at the knot of his tie.

"I don't give a tinker's damn," she heard him say, "about the beds, the dust or the dishes. But I care about you." He held her closer and she pressed her face against his chest. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing now, Sam. Honestly," she said. "I've been distracted. I've been tired, but everything's all right now. Really it is!"

"Let's go on a long weekend together," he said. "Maybe Key West. Just the two of us. Get away from the rat race."

She nodded eagerly, but still she didn't dare look at him. He kissed her on the top of her head and turned away, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves to wash the dishes. To see him with all his dignity washing dishes she had forgotten added now to her failure. Yet confusion was so complete she could not stop him.

It was Billy, of course, who managed to get their dinner off to a poor start.

"Spaghetti!" he growled. "This is the fourth time in two weeks!"

"It's good for you," Sam told him in a heavy voice. "Eat it."

"But what about my diet?" Janice asked, and Sam turned on her the same steady look he'd given his son.

"The salad is delicious."

His voice was low, but it carried the weight of family law and the children accepted it gracefully enough. They shrugged and forked hungrily into their food as Martha listened to the distant rumble of airplane engines.

She knew by the tone that the throttles of the airliner were full forward for the take-off, and the deep roaring of the engines filled her with excitement.

"Hey, dad," Billy said as the sound of the engines passed over the house, "I'll betcha he took our chimney with him!"

"Oh, no," Martha told him. "He had eight hundred to a thousand feet altitude."

"Why do they have to fly over our house?" Janice wanted to know.

"Because the wind has changed to the northeast," Martha said, "and they have to fly off Runway Four."

It was a natural thing for her to say. Everybody on the flight line talked like that, and she didn't realize how nearly she had given away her secret until she felt the silence around her. They were just staring at her now. All three of them.

"How do you know so much about airplanes?" Sam asked finally.

She made a curtain of quick laughter and hid behind it.

At the beach you can usually tell a married man by his looks—they're quick and guilty.

HAL CHADWICK

"If you lived in this house all day, every day, you'd know about it too!" She'd made it sound as if it were nothing to notice airplanes, but they weren't satisfied.

"Clara Johnson has lived next door for five years," Sam said, "and she doesn't know a darned thing about planes!"

"Because Clara isn't interested!" Martha insisted desperately. "I—I am! I would—I would ——" She tried not to say it, but she couldn't stop talking. "I would love to be able to fly!"

She was sure now that Sam would see right through her. The children, however, saved her.

"Mom!" Billy was bubbling over with giggles. "You couldn't fly a kite!"

"Flying," Janice announced with all the wisdom of fourteen years, "is not for the timid housewife."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Sam said slowly, winding up a mouthful of spaghetti. "Your mother can do anything she puts her mind to." He looked directly at her and she saw the idea spring alive in his mind. "Martha," he said, "if you would like to fly why don't you take lessons? You could do it!"

"Oh, I could learn if I wanted to!" She lied and laughed with a bitter taste in her mouth. "But I don't really think I want to. Life is so full of such wonderful things, flying would be only a distraction!"

That night, however, she flew to thirteen thousand feet before she noticed that she had no airplane. She was just flying along in her blue nightgown, but oddly enough all the principles of flying still applied.

"Left aileron! Left rudder!" And around she went! Somewhere in the distance Mr. Gullison was shouting at her. "Bernoulli's principle does not work with nightgowns. You must have an airfoil!"

It seemed Sam was flying along beside her and he didn't agree with Mr. Gullison at all. "Don't listen to him," Sam said, as they went into a gliding ninety-degree turn. "You can do anything you put your mind to."

They were coming in for a landing now and in spite of what Sam had said she was captured by horror and foreboding.

"You know more about landings than anybody I know," Sam told her. "Remember how you used to put our babies down in the crib? You never dropped them. You didn't mash them down. You put them down gently."

She was still struggling with her fear, however, and her nightgown wasn't flying very well any more. It would drop her! She fought to keep her altitude, and in her struggle she fell down out of the world of her dream onto the mattress of her bed, and opened her eyes. Sam was still with her, across the room on his own bed, sound asleep.

She thought it through once more and slowly she became convinced that maybe she could—just maybe! If she —— Silently she put her feet in her slippers, picked up her housecoat from the foot of the bed and tiptoed through the house to get her textbook once more.

Sitting in the straight chair by the bridge lamp with the umbrella between her knees she was almost sure she could fly a landing. In the last month she had flown that chair a thousand miles around the Florida room; and she would never again be able to think of the sea-green umbrella as anything but a control stick. She had her textbook open on the floor beside her, although she didn't feel she was actually going to need it.

An imaginary control tower gave her clearance for take-off on an imaginary runway. She advanced the throttle that wasn't there, and she actually heard the fantastic engine increase its r.p.m. As she felt herself become air-borne the room around her disappeared. It was rather like her dream with only clouds, farms and lakes to be seen.

She flew around the pattern and came in for her landing. Even now the fear of that concrete runway was so real that she began to stiffen as she moved the umbrella forward.

"Put it down like a little baby!" she whispered, and even with fear jamming her nerves she had a new understanding. With her wheels inches off the runway, she pulled the umbrella back slightly. Nose up! Tail down! She cut the power and her plane touched down on all three wheels.

"Martha!" Sam's quiet voice hit her like a stone and the room around her snapped back into focus. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Just sitting here," she said weakly, playing with the umbrella now as if she had only picked it up idly. "I couldn't sleep. I was just thinking." And using the toe of her satin slipper she carefully shoved her instruction book under the coffee table.

"Come back to bed," he said in a worried voice. "I'll rub your back."

Mr. Gullison looked up at her from behind his desk and made a frantic grab for his pipe, which fell out of his mouth.

"I thought I told you," he said. "No flying!"

"Please, Mr. Gullison. Just one more chance." It was too early in the morning for him to have any composure. He could only eye her sourly. "Please, Mr. Gullison."

He took a long minute doing things like looking at his fingernails and knocking out his pipe.

"I guess my kids can work their way through college," he said finally, just as the telephone rang. "Go on out to the airplane." He picked up the phone wearily and as she left she heard him say into the mouthpiece, "Gullison. Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah."

She did three walk-around inspections of the airplane and still he didn't show up. She had just decided that he had lost his nerve when she saw him coming. He was walking reluctantly, a man going to the gallows for another's crime.

"Don't say anything!" she told him as he came up. "I want to do every single thing myself this morning!" He gave her a distrustful look, and they climbed aboard and buckled in without a word.

She went through her pre-start checks meticulously, the familiar fear rising slowly within her. By the time she had the tower's permission to take the runway her heart had climbed into the back of her throat again and she kept trying to swallow it. It wasn't the fear of the take-off. It was that every second brought her closer to the landing.

She let off the brakes, eased the throttle forward and they swooped down the runway, climbing and turning into a left-hand traffic pattern. On the down-wind leg she couldn't breathe. She was trying to remember how she used to put her babies down in the crib. Janice was so delicate, so tiny, she had to handle her so carefully!

She made her final turn and lined up with the runway.

Billy wouldn't go to sleep unless she rocked him . . . down! . . . down! . . . She had to put him in his crib so gently . . . down! . . . down! . . . If she wakened him . . . down! . . . down! . . . he'd scream like mad! . . . down . . . all the way down. Her wheels were practically touching the concrete. She eased back on the stick. The tail dropped gently and the little plane settled onto the runway.

Mr. Gullison, who hadn't said a thing, now yelled, "Do it again!" The throttle went forward. Up and around she went—then breathlessly down . . . down . . . down . . . touch.

"Do it again!"

Three, four, five landings and they were coming in for the sixth.

"I've got something to tell you," Mr. Gullison said in her ear. "Your husband phoned this morning. He said he found your textbook with my name and phone number in the front."

Surprise exploded within her. So she hadn't fooled Sam, after all! He must have seen her push the book under the coffee table last night! After he had put her to bed he had sneaked back and looked at it! She remembered the phone call in Mr. Gullison's office that morning, and she was instantly angry. Supposing she had failed again this morning?

She lined up with the runway.

"He said," Mr. Gullison went on, "that it explained a lot of things he hadn't understood before. He told me not to worry about you. He told me you could do anything you put your mind to."

She touched down for the sixth time and wondered where her fear had gone. It had just disappeared, the way her lap did when she stood up.

"He asked me to delay you until he could get out here to watch you fly," Mr. Gullison was saying. "He made it all right, and I see he snatched the kids out of school."

She taxied off the runway and headed for the hangar. At first she could barely see them. Sam in the middle looked tall even from a distance, and the children seemed so small by comparison. As she drew closer she forgot to be angry with anyone. There they were just the way she had imagined them—just the way she had wanted them to look—Sam with a smile that was wider than his face, and the children with their eyes popped out like marbles! THE END

Señor Shortstop of the White Sox

(Continued from Page 30)

He made plays that opponents at first viewed with amazement, and then gloomily came to accept as his normal performance. Before Lu had finished his first season, New York's Casey Stengel proclaimed that Aparicio was stopping balls Carrasquel never could have reached.

This season the White Sox professed their usual hope of taking the pennant away from the Yankees, but late July found them still down in the American League's pack of also-rans. In the spring, when the Sox were finding it difficult even to get out of the cellar, Aparicio was one of two players to be absolved of blame as Chuck Comiskey blasted the team for "complacency." The other exception was Lu's double-play partner, the seasoned Nellie Fox.

Aparicio is even smaller than Fox, who stands about five feet, eight and a half inches. Aparicio is only five-seven. This figure was verified by newspapermen who had Lu measured before their eyes at the White Sox training camp in 1956. However, Aparicio and the club both maintain he's five-eight. Lu likes to claim that he's taller than Yogi Berra, the squat Yankee catcher. Berra's height is listed at five feet, seven and a half.

"First time I see Jogi Beree he call me Shorty," says Aparicio, whose accent is even stronger than this rendering suggests. "I find out last year I taller than Jogi. Now I call heem Shorty."

It happens that Berra was the only catcher to throw Aparicio out stealing over a period that lasted nearly a year. Yogi accomplished this in a game last July, and then he did it again on June third this season. In between, Aparicio had run up a string of twenty-six consecutive stolen bases.

When Aparicio takes off, he is in full flight by his second step. He can come to a complete stop in one step, as if equipped with power brakes. Lu won't go into details about his base-stealing technique, saying he doesn't want to tip off the opposition. He says—with all due respect to Yogi Berra—that Baltimore's Gus Triandos has the best arm of any catcher he has come up against.

Lu has led the American League in stolen bases since breaking in. He had twenty-one in 1956 and twenty-eight in 1957. Although these figures hardly compare with Ty Cobb's total of ninety-six in 1915, or even Wally Moses' fifty-six with the White Sox in 1943, Aparicio's percentage of successful steals is phenomenal.

"Why don't you try to steal more often?" he was asked recently.

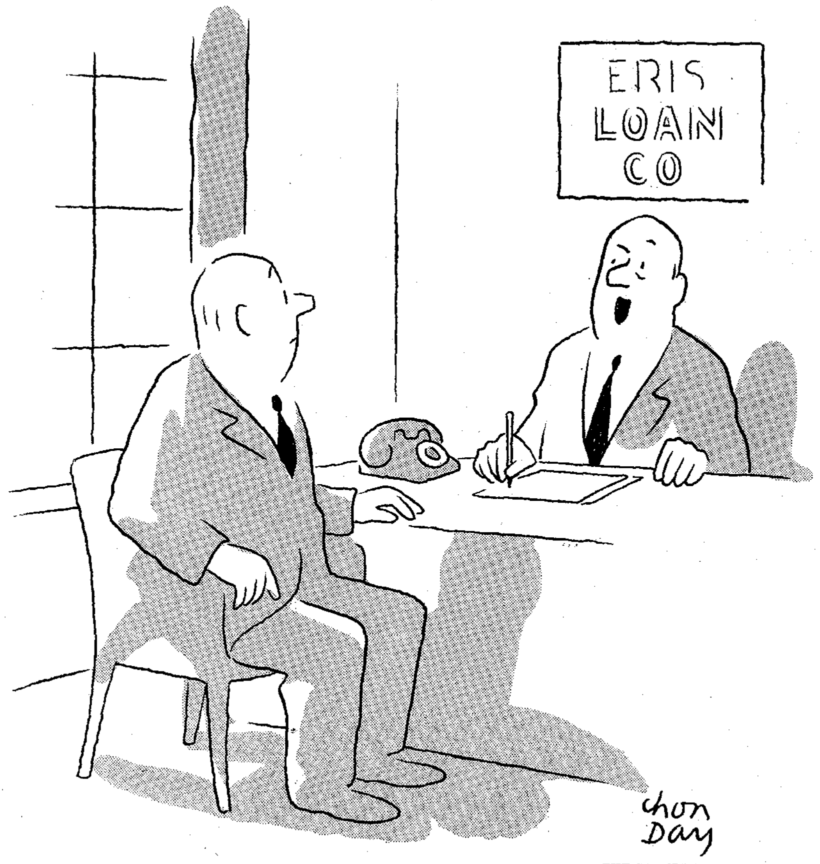
His brown eyes twinkled, and a smile spread over his boyish, olive-tinted face. "Have to get on base before can steal," he said.

Actually, Aparicio gets on base rather often—he had 148 hits and fifty-two walks last year. To rival managers, though, Lu's base stealing and his occasional clutch hitting are of secondary importance. Where he bothers them most is with his glove work.

"I think maybe he is—or will be—the best shortstop I've ever seen," declares Paul Richards, Baltimore manager, a man who thinks deeply before talking. "He's so quick getting the ball to second base that he often saves Fox from being blocked out on double plays. And some of his stops make you blink. He has fair power at the plate, too, and will improve as a hitter."

For all his slight physique—he doesn't look even as heavy as his official weight of 155 pounds—Aparicio has a powerful throwing arm. When he cuts loose, the ball goes like a pellet out of a BB gun. His charge for slow-hit balls is a thing of grace. And he darts to intercept balls back of second—and even on the first-base side of the bag—so often as to make it seem commonplace.

Aparicio's only fielding flaw, according to Manager Al Lopez, is "running" with the ball on plays in the hole near third base. "He takes a step or two toward third from momentum after reaching the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, about the payments. Do you want to take advantage of the long-drawn-out soul-shattering plan, or the short back-breaking one?"

(Based on Company File #35H55315)

I came to...in a cast

Only a tiny patch of ice. *Bang!* Down I went—shattering my elbow.

I woke up in this cast. Long weeks in the hospital, and then home—still in a cast. I couldn't do a thing for myself for *four months.*

It was a long and trying ordeal. Luckily we had the right kind of insurance. My husband had taken out a Hartford Family Major Medical Expense Policy only a few weeks before.

I'd have had a much more difficult time, I'm sure, if it hadn't been for the kind and considerate attitude of the Hartford people. Our Hartford Group Agent and the claim man were both so helpful. All my needs were well taken care of—they did everything they possibly could to see that I was comfortable.

My husband and I were concerned about having such a large claim so soon after taking out our insurance. But the Hartford's payments toward my medical bills were made promptly and without question. Altogether they came to $1,592—and what a wonderful help they were in saving us from financial disaster.

I guess you can see why my husband and I both think the Hartford is a pretty good company to be insured with!

You get all three when you're insured through the Hartford Group:

1. Peace of mind. The Hartford is a financially strong organization with a 148-year record for prompt and fair payment of claims.

2. Capable counsel. Hartford Group Agents and brokers of Hartford insurance are trained, experienced men, qualified to help you with your insurance problems.

3. Service that meets your needs. The Hartford has 33,000 Agents . . . more than 200 claim offices . . . a staff of 9,500. Wherever you may be, there is an Agent or a broker close by to provide the dependable Hartford protection you need for your family . . . your home . . . your car . . . your business.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company
GROUP

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey, *Hartford 15, Connecticut*
New York Underwriters Insurance Company, *New York 38, New York*
Northwestern Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company, *Minneapolis 2, Minnesota*

ball," Lopez explains. "We're trying to teach him to 'slide' on this play. That means putting on the brakes with the outside of your right foot, to eliminate any extra steps."

Although generally smiling and good-humored, Aparicio has some of the traditional Latin fire in his make-up. As will be related, this seems to break out more often in the Venezuelan winter leagues, where Aparicio got his professional start—and still plays during the off-season. However, Lu also has had his temperamental moments in Chicago, most of them during his rookie year of 1956.

Once when Marty Marion, then the White Sox manager, took Aparicio out for a pinch hitter, Lu viciously kicked the dugout steps and spat tobacco juice—he carries almost as big a wad in his cheek as Nellie Fox. Nor did Aparicio make any attempt to hide his displeasure on a later occasion when Marion had him bat ninth, behind Dick Donovan, a pitcher who takes great pride in his hitting. To add to Aparicio's sense of outrage that day, Donovan got knocked out in the first inning by the Boston Red Sox, and never even came to bat.

Another rap against Aparicio his first year was that he sometimes failed to turn out like the other players for good-will meetings with fan groups. His teammates decided to take him down a peg one day by giving him the silent treatment when he returned to the dugout in Kansas City after hitting his first major-league home run. However, Aparicio showed them that he could take a joke. He waited patiently and good-naturedly until they broke down and extended the customary congratulations. He has since settled into a home-run pace of exactly three a year.

All in all, Aparicio did a good job in 1956 of fitting himself into major-league baseball life in a foreign land. He needed no interpreter. He had begun studying English while still an amateur in Venezuela. By the time he played with the White Sox farm team in Memphis in 1955, he could read the box scores in the newspapers, and was familiar with the slang of the diamond. Within a few days of joining the White Sox in 1956, he was parroting Jim Rivera's favorite exclamation—a hearty, "Yas, suh!"

The White Sox brass were pleased to find that night life had no attraction for Aparicio—unlike some Latin-American ballplayers, who have been a trial to big-league managers. Lu had told friends before leaving his homeland that he was going to be an exception, and he lived up to this resolution.

Aparicio won the American League Rookie of the Year award in 1956. He had played in more games (152) than any other shortstop in the circuit, and had handled more chances (759). He batted .266, exceeding pre-season hopes.

Last year his batting average was off a bit, to .257, but he had a greater total of hits and walks—200, as compared with 176 the season before. Playing in ten fewer games, he again led the shortstops in chances accepted, with 715. And his errors were down from thirty-five—a respectable total for a shortstop who covers so much ground—to a mere twenty. He just missed being named Sophomore of the Year, losing out in a close vote to Boston's Frank Malzone.

In Venezuela's Occidental League where Aparicio was the star player and part owner of the pennant-winning Maracaibo Rapinos last winter, little Lu is an even bigger man. He was second in the batting averages, with .365. He also was spectacularly ejected from one game by an umpire—something that has yet to happen to him in the American League. Called out on a close play at first base by Umpire Manuel Baralt, Lu danced up and down in rage. Ordered out of the game, he snatched off his sunglasses, cap and shirt and flung them in Baralt's direction.

This strip tease cost him 250 bolivars (about $75). The winter before, Aparicio had wound up briefly in the Maracaibo jailhouse as the climax to a feud with a television sportscaster, Euro Fuenmayor Herrerra. The TV man had criticized Lu as a showoff. The next day, while Aparicio was backing out of a parking lot, he almost ran down Señor Herrerra, who charged it was deliberate.

Says Luis in his own defense, "I no see thees man when he get out of car he had just park. I tell the judge if he say I try to run heem down he wrong. The judge let me go."

A lot of maneuvering and intrigue was involved when the White Sox originally signed Aparicio in Venezuela. It is almost impossible to pin down all the facts at this date. Many people were involved, and memories have blurred. Venezuelan baseball affairs were then in a somewhat disorganized state anyhow.

On one central point, however, there is complete agreement. Young Luis Aparicio, Jr., was a rare baseball prize. He had been trained for the game by his father, Luis, Sr., who was considered Venezuela's greatest shortstop until Chico Carrasquel came along.

Luis, Jr., is the oldest of six children. The others are Carlos Luis—now an officer in the Venezuelan Navy—Adelina del Carmen, Maria Concepcion, Higdalia Rita and Rafael Enrique.

Their father played professional ball in Mexico and Puerto Rico as well as in his own country. He also had a chance in 1939 to go to the United States with the Washington Senators, who pioneered in exploring South America for baseball talent, but he turned down the contract they offered him.

His son enjoys poking fun at the ballplayers of his dad's era. Lu calls it, "*La época de los calzoncillos,*" which means, "the era of the long underdrawers." Actually Lu thinks his dad was good enough to have made any club in the American or National league.

Natives of Maracaibo, where Aparicio still lives, are known in Venezuela as *maracuchos*. They have a fierce regional loyalty to their city, which is more than 300 air miles west of the capital, Caracas.

Buck Canel, a Spanish-speaking New York sports writer and broadcaster, who beams much baseball news from this country to Latin America, says of Aparicio, "If Luey were an American, he probably would be a States' rights Southerner. In Venezuela he resents cracks about *maracuchos*, who are the butt of jokes having to do with slow wit and dumbness.

"Here's an example. A *maracucho* boarded a plane for the first time, and sat watching the propellers turn over before the take-off. It was a hot day. Turning to his seat companion, he said, 'How can they be so stupid? On a day like this they have the electric fans outside the plane!'"

Baseball was introduced to Venezuela some forty years ago by touring Negro professionals from Puerto Rico. The game caught on rapidly. In 1939—the same year Aparicio's father turned down a Washington offer—pitcher Alejandro (Alex) Carrasquel accepted, and launched on a seven-year career in the American League.

Alex is the uncle of Chico Carrasquel, who later became the baseball idol of Venezuelan kids when he made the grade with the White Sox in 1950. At this time young Luis Aparicio was in his third season as an amateur, playing for the Policia de Maracaibo. A year later, after he joined the Policia de Caracas, he was selected to play in the Venezuelan amateur world series.

When that tournament ended, Luis switched to a team called the Cardenales in Barquisimeto, about halfway between Caracas and Maracaibo. There he also worked as an accountant for a pharmacy—he had been graduated in typing, accounting and business administration from a business school in his home town, after two years at the Lico Baralt High School. In addition, he had studied English at the Professor Buller Holder School, where he was complimented as "a very intelligent youngster, always anxious to learn."

In November of 1953, Luis—now nineteen—was still playing with the Cardenales in Barquisimeto. Over in Maracaibo the senior Aparicio was shortstop and co-owner—with Lu's uncle Ernesto—of the professional Maracaibo Gavilanes, of the Venezuelan Association. They had hired as their manager Ralph (Red) Kress, then and now a coach with the Cleveland Indians.

Age was catching up with Luis Aparicio, Sr., at shortstop. It was agreed by all that a replacement was urgently needed. Kress had heard about young Luis, and said he'd like to give him a try-out at the position. The father and uncle said they were afraid the boy was too young.

"The younger they start, the quicker they get to the top," Kress replied.

Finally Uncle Ernesto set out in his 1949 car for Barquisimeto and returned with the boy.

"I talked to the kiddo and convinced him he had the ability to make good with us," says Kress. "You should have seen him dig those balls out of that desert infield. By the end of a game it would be churned up into a layer of sand several inches thick."

On the night of November 18, 1953, Lu made his first professional appearance, and his father made his farewell as a player. Olaf E. Dickson Bell, a Maracaibo sports reporter, described the event this way in an account he wrote in English: "His debut in Maracaibo marked a special act in which his father gave in the shortstop position his glove to his son and under a tight embrace gave him the last tip on the position. He hoped him very much luck in the future. Aparicio, Sr., that night cried when he saw his son playing with the Gavilanes uniform and in his position."

The lad made good in a hurry. It wasn't very long before a scramble for Lu's services got under way in the United States. Kress wired general manager Hank Greenberg, of the Indians, that he had a shortstop with big-league fielding ability.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

NEXT WEEK

I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY

By Althea Gibson

The World's Greatest Woman Tennis Player
Tells the Story of Her Progress
From Dead-End Harlem to Wimbledon

Tiger on My Back

Confessions of a Compulsive Gambler

Mitzi Gaynor, Star of South Pacific

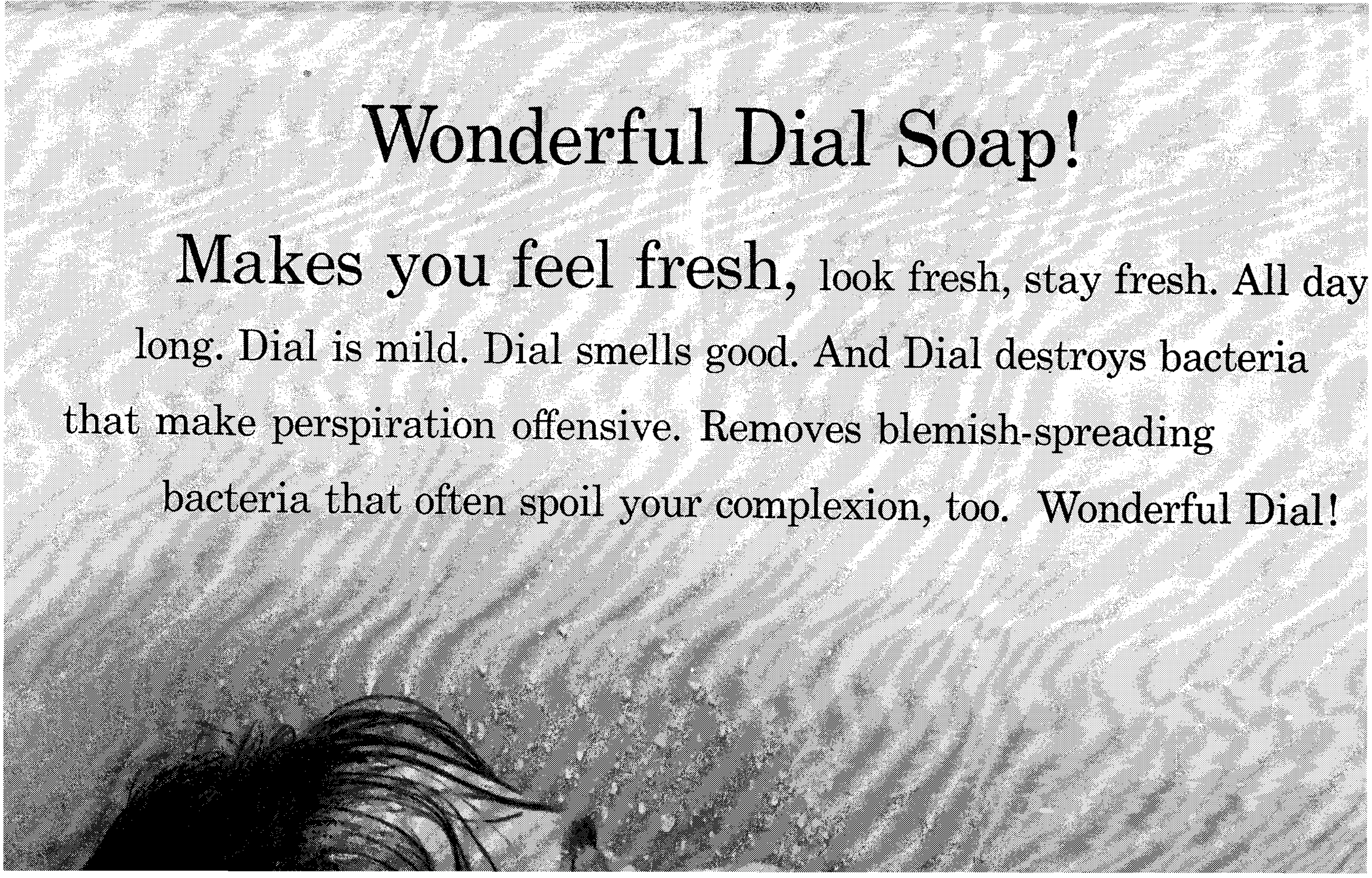
IN COLOR:

THE DOCTOR WHO RUNS A BIRD COLLEGE

San Francisco's Chinese-Americans

FICTION BY

Hugh B. Cave	**John De Meyer**	**Martha Albrand**
R. Ross Annett	**William Chamberlain**	**Edwin Lanham**



Wonderful Dial Soap!

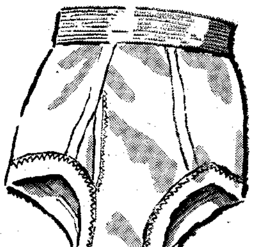
Makes you feel fresh, look fresh, stay fresh. All day long. Dial is mild. Dial smells good. And Dial destroys bacteria that make perspiration offensive. Removes blemish-spreading bacteria that often spoil your complexion, too. Wonderful Dial!

Millions of Mothers

have bought their boys 20 million pairs of

Sportie Shorties

. . . the briefs with knit seats and colorfast broadcloth fronts . . . *"Just like Dad's"*

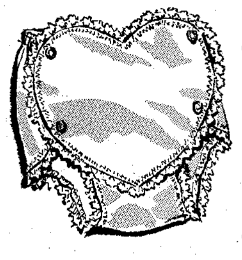


LITTLE FELLA

all-knit briefs of controlled knit quality.

FROSTY MORN

snow suits with features that mean ease to Mother, comfort to the child.



CHANGE OF HEART

the loveliest diaper covers you ever saw, and the handiest to use.

All are Owenby originations . . . see them all at your infants wear, variety and department stores.

THE Owenby MANUFACTURING CO.
MARIETTA, GA.

(Continued from Page 68) Early in February of 1954 Cleveland's ace scout, Cy Slapnicka, arrived. Before a game in Caracas, he met in the clubhouse with Lu's dad, Uncle Ernesto, Kress and Eduardo Moncada, a Caracas sports writer who was serving as interpreter.

"Uncle Ernesto did most of the talking," reports Moncada. "He asked for $10,000, plus $500 for tax expenses. Slapnicka said O.K., but first he'd have to contact Greenberg."

"They shook hands on it," says Kress. "I figured we had the lad wrapped up."

Slapnicka called Greenberg, who thought the price was high. He countered with the suggestion that the Indians would pay Lu's expenses to their farm-club camp in Daytona Beach in the spring. If Hank liked what he saw, he'd close the deal for $5250, half the asking sum.

All the time the White Sox thought they had Aparicio in the bag. General Manager Frank Lane had been working through Pablo Morales, owner of the Caracas club in the same league. Morales had two of Lane's White Sox on his team—Chico Carrasquel at shortstop and coach Lum Harris as manager. Although Aparicio was not Morales' property, it was understood that Morales would use his influence to steer Lu to the White Sox as a gesture of appreciation for being allowed to use Carrasquel and Harris.

Learning of Cleveland's offer to Aparicio, Lum Harris called Chicago and gave Lane the news.

"We let Caracas have Carrasquel, Venezuela's greatest ballplayer—and now this!" Lane stormed over the phone. "Tell Morales to call me."

Morales duly phoned. "It's too late," he told the wrought-up Lane.

"Has an agreement been signed?"

"No. I have his father here now."

"If the White Sox don't get Aparicio, you don't get Carrasquel next season," Lane thundered. "We'll buy Aparicio's contract for $6000 and give him $4000 to play for one of our farm clubs this season."

There was only a short pause before Morales came back on the line and reported that Aparicio, Sr., had accepted the offer.

"Send me a telegram that the Caracas club and Aparicio have agreed to it," commanded Lane. This was done.

Some baffling questions remain. How could the deal be made through Caracas when Luis was playing for the Maracaibo Gavilanes, a rival team? Did Caracas actually get the $6000 purchase price?

"All I know is that the White Sox sent that amount to Caracas," says Lane, who currently does his general managing in Cleveland.

According to the Maracaibo sports scribe, Olaf E. Dickson Bell, the explanation is that Lu's father needed money to pay off a mortgage on his home. The Caracas club lent it to him, with the purchase money for young Aparicio then being used to repay the loan.

Lu began his career in the White Sox system in 1954. It took him only two summers to reach the top—one with Waterloo in the Class B Three-I League, and another with Memphis in the Class AA Southern Association. Luis had arrived in the United States with one suitcase. Returning home after his first summer, he needed six to pack the ten suits and other gear he had bought during his travels around the Three-I loop.

> The nice thing about giving your children a portable phonograph is that they may carry it out of earshot.
>
> KEN & PAT KRAFT

In 1956 Aparicio came to the White Sox training camp earmarked as the man who was to take over Chico Carrasquel's job at shortstop. Manager Marty Marion, who had been known as Mr. Shortstop—and also as the Octopus—in his playing prime with the St. Louis Cardinals, found some weaknesses when he first saw Luis. The rookie tended to throw the ball before he had it. He wore an oversized, floppy glove which, Marty thought, contributed to his erratic start in intrasquad games. Aparicio got a smaller glove and improved.

In making the double play, Aparicio was inclined to give ground to the runner charging into second base to break it up. "There's only one way to stop that," Marty told his pupil. "Make 'em duck by aiming the ball between their eyes."

The White Sox had two other shortstops, Jim Brideweser and Buddy Peterson. Marion considered starting one of them in the first exhibition game, fearing that the pressure might set back Lu's development. He never regretted his ultimate decision to learn the answer without delay. Aparicio was the difference in a 4-to-3 victory over the Cincinnati Redlegs.

The winning runs came after one out when Sherm Lollar was safe on an infield error, Aparicio singled and Sandy Consuegra's safe bunt filled the bases. Then Jim Rivera forced Consuegra—for two runs batted in. Lollar scored, and right on his heels was Lu, coming in all the way from second.

After the game, Marion exulted, "As Paul Richards would say, that kid runs like a scalded dog!"

Back home after his first White Sox season, Aparicio was Venezuela's newest baseball hero, but his halo teetered later in the winter. His difficulties began with the fact that he couldn't return to his family's team, the Maracaibo Gavilanes, which had shifted to the Occidental League. Commissioner Ford Frick had ruled the circuit off-limits for major-league players because of troubles the previous season.

At a special benefit game in his home town, a reported $6800 was raised for Aparicio, so that he would have no reason to transfer back to the Venezuelan Association, which was still in good standing with American baseball authorities.

When his Uncle Ernesto subsequently gave the winter rights for Lu's services to the Caracas club of the rival league, Maracaibo fans were enraged. Lu's popularity was seriously impaired, and Uncle Ernesto was viewed as a villain. Aparicio's father, who said he had not been consulted, escaped the wrath.

The tempest finally subsided after Frick lifted the bars against the Occidental League. In a peace meeting between the warring circuits, Caracas abandoned its claim to Aparicio.

With his American dollars and Venezuelan bolivars, Lu has built a six-room stone house. He and his wife already have a small son, Luis Ernesto III, and a newly-arrived daughter, Sonia, who was born June thirtieth.

Lu has no thought of leaving Venezuela permanently, but he thinks the United States is wonderful. It has brought him fame, fortune, Kansas City steaks and his beautiful wife. On Aparicio's first trip to New York in his rookie season of 1956, Jim Rivera introduced Lu to a cousin, Sonia Llorente. She had come to the big town from Puerto Rico when she was a child.

Their romance blossomed during the White Sox' four visits that summer to New York. Sonia was in Yankee Stadium every time her boy friend played there.

"But I no see her," he says now. "I no look in stands when I play."

At season's end they were married in New York. Aparicio had gone through his first year in the big leagues without a sign of nervousness. Before the wedding ceremony, however, Lu stood off in a corner, pale and obviously shaken.

"How do you feel, Luey?" asked a guest.

The bridegroom attempted a grin. "Thees like trying to heet Herb Score with lights out," he said.

School for Young Waders

(Continued from Page 25)

principal of Benjamin Franklin High School in New York City. Meanwhile in the basement of the school a blond, Vassar-educated science teacher was helping chattering ten-year-olds arrange their own zoo.

It was the first week of classes for the Woods Hole Children's School of Science, Inc., a summertime project that has been quietly training hundreds of youngsters in zoology, entomology, botany, astronomy and a dozen other sciences for the last forty-five years.

Although the school is a recognized success, each year teaching science of almost college level to two hundred children between the ages of seven and fifteen, at first glance it would seem doomed to quick and quiet failure. In the first place, it is operated on a voluntary, part-time basis by the mothers of its students.

Mothers do everything except actually teach. They act as librarians, bus drivers, supply clerks and counselors; they take inventory and prepare the classrooms; they discipline the fractious; they do duty as school nurses, fund raisers and registrars. Most important of all, they set policy and hire teachers. Their approach to this last task is highly unorthodox by the standards of many a professional pedagogue. More often than not the teachers they hire have never taken a single course in education, and therefore would not qualify in thousands of our public-school systems. This troubles the mothers not at all. They merely insist that a teacher be fond of children and know his subject thoroughly.

If this unlikely situation is not enough to raise educators' eyebrows, the mothers long ago ruled out I.Q. tests, entrance examinations and prerequisites. They never ask and do not care about the occupation or education of a child's parents. To be enrolled, a child needs only to meet the age requirements, pay twenty dollars tuition for the six-week course, and attend class. To avoid expulsion, a child needs only to appear daily, for the mothers forbid examinations, reports to parents, and the assignment of homework.

But one sure way out of the Children's School of Science is to play hooky, for the mother-educators still practice a stern principle recorded by their predecessors in 1918, when the school was only five years old. It said, "Children need not be kept who regard the school as a pastime."

The result is a curious and wonderful paradox, for the children do regard the school as a pastime: they would rather pass their time there than in any other place. Fourteen-year-old Joel Rubinstein says, "Sure, I'd like to go to Boy Scout camp. It's lots of fun. But you learn more at Science School, and that's even more fun."

So much do the students enjoy the school, indeed, that, despite the no-homework rule, they frequently assign it to themselves, probing into the school's 2000-volume science library or collecting specimens during afternoons formerly spent at tennis courts or swimming pools.

The mothers, of course, are delighted—except when they open a refrigerator dish containing the partially dissected carcass of a frog, or reach for ice cubes and find instead a frozen weasel waiting for a few more lessons in taxidermy.

To understand the Children's School of Science, it is necessary to understand Woods Hole, a village in the town of Falmouth, Massachusetts. At road's end it is the ferry terminus for travel to the resort islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Its winter population is less than 2000, but an annual migration of summer residents and scientists swells it to more than 5000. At that time probably no other mile-square area of the world has so great a concentration of marine biologists.

Three hundred yards from the Science School is the world-famous Marine Biological Laboratory, where such scientists as Jonas Salk and Nobel-prize winner Albert Szent-Györgyi have worked.

Across the street from the MBL are the brick buildings of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, which for twenty-eight years has been studying ocean currents and sea life. Not far away are the research labs of the United States Bureau of Fisheries. As a result, each summer hundreds of university scientists and graduate students converge on Woods Hole to work or study during their vacation months, and many of these return in later years to teach at the Children's School.

Summertime Woods Hole breathes a rich and rare scientific atmosphere, with the population divided almost equally among natives, scientists and vacationists. Science School children reflect this division. This summer, for example, about one fourth of them have been the sons and daughters of year-round residents—fishermen, bus drivers and merchants—with the remainder split almost evenly between the children of scientists and those of summer residents.

Such a division is a natural result of the school's first-come, first-served enrollment policies, as pure and unswerving as the mothers' educational principles. Actually the school's biggest problem is its popularity. For the last decade it has had more applicants than space—thirty-seven children were turned away this summer. A few disgruntled parents attempt to use the names of visiting scientists or local school officials to pry their youngsters off the waiting list and into a classroom, but the pressure is always futile. The school is completely independent.

Although 141 mothers were involved in this summer's operation, the school is steered by a nucleus of thirty-two women, many of whom scatter across the nation when their home-town public schools open in September. This summer's president was Mrs. Joseph Lowengard, whose husband is a consulting economist in New York City. Mrs. Sears Crowell, second vice president and science chairman, is the wife of an Indiana University professor of zoology. The recording secretary is the wife of a zoology professor at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, each fall; the corresponding secretary to Chicago; the sustaining-fund chairman to Philadelphia.

But about a dozen of the key positions are held by permanent residents of Woods Hole. On the six-woman board of directors are Mrs. Herbert Graham, whose husband is director of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries Research Laboratories; and Dr. Mary Sears, a scientist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. The wives of two local physicians are treasurer and publicity chairman. Mrs. Homer P. Smith, wife of the manager of the Marine Biological Laboratory, is registrar.

By long-distance telephone and lengthy letters the women plan for school's opening throughout the winter. In April the course offerings, a four-page printed sheet that reads like a university catalogue, is mailed to prospective applicants—principally the past year's students. Registration forms are enclosed.

Then, on the first day of June, Mrs. Smith opens the applications and assigns twenty students to each of the school's ten classes. This summer, students could choose from Seashore Life for seven-year-olds; Seashore Ecology or Field Natural History for eight- and nine-year-olds; Ornithology for ten- and eleven-year-olds; Entomology for ten-through-twelve-year-olds; Botany or Marine Biology for eleven- and twelve-year-olds; Vertebrate Zoology for thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds; and Biology of Life Functions or the World of Plants for thirteen-through-fifteen-year-olds.

Mrs. Crowell, the school's science chairman, says, "We always have courses in birds and bugs—ornithology and entomology. The children demand them. But after that we hope the teachers will suggest their own specialties. The result is a broad spread of science with much of it in biology."

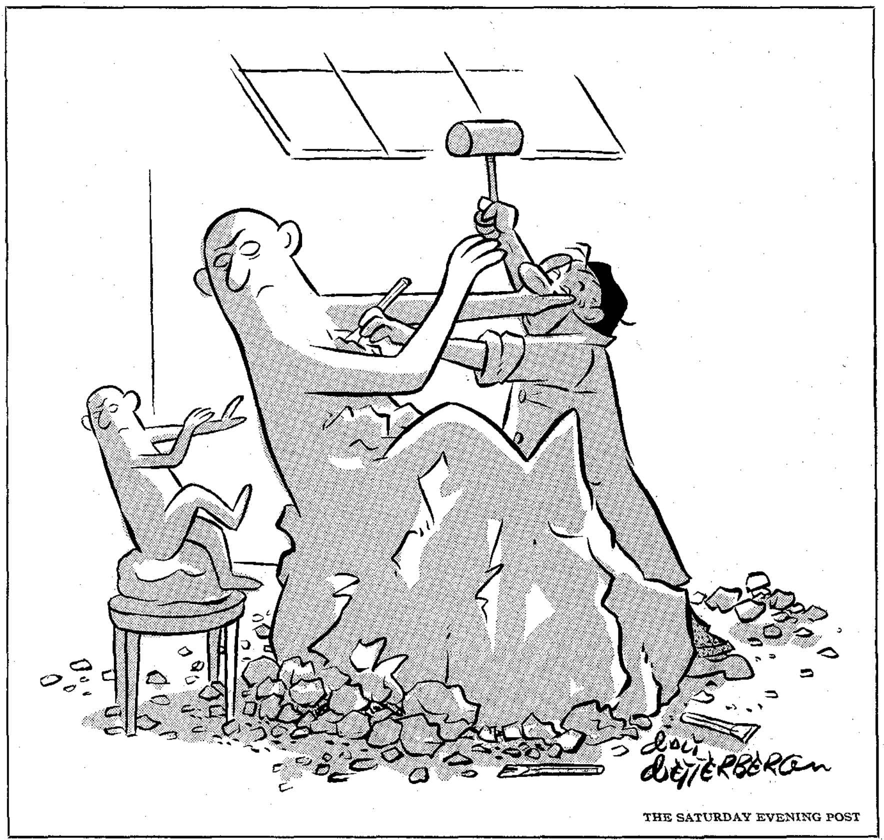
The science chairman hires the faculty—five teachers and five student assistants. There are always plenty of candidates for the latter. Each year dozens of fifteen-year-olds, many of them students in Science School for seven consecutive summers, realize that next year they will be too old to attend class—unless they can become a teacher's aide. In addition to continuing their science training and achieving an enviable social status, they earn ten dollars a week.

The hiring of inspirational teachers, however, is another matter. They are recruited from the science faculties of universities and high schools, and some come from as far away as California, undoubtedly attracted to Woods Hole as a science center. Many of them are recommended by former instructors who have been lured away to nonteaching jobs with higher salaries. "We want to keep good teachers," Mrs. Crowell says. "But we can't pay what we'd like to. We don't want to raise tuition, and we don't want to dilute by increasing the size of the classes."

Larger classes, the mothers fear, will make it difficult for a child to pick the brain of a specialist. The teachers agree. Doctor Abbott, a serious, soft-spoken man with two summers of Science School experience, said, "My job here is something like being a talking library. Sometimes I feel like a book that is plucked from a shelf, thumbed through to see if I'm interesting, and read at random. But sometimes," he laughed, "I'm suddenly slammed shut. Then I know I've been boring."

Almost every year the registrar receives letters from parents who have heard about the school and want to enroll their children, but do not plan to go to Woods Hole themselves. "Is it possible," they write, "for the school to board my son, or will you be so kind as to suggest some nice nearby home?" The answer is always no. The school is not interested in becoming a boarding school; its students live with parents or relatives; the mothers are too busy organizing a science school to be bothered with the baby-sitting problems of casually interested parents.

By the time the first summer visitors begin to straggle into Woods Hole, the school's command staff has already done months of full-time duty on a part-time job. Already they have written for and received permission from the Falmouth school board to use the Woods Hole schoolhouse—a protocol matter they follow each year. They have arranged for teachers' housing and, when needed, salary advances. Even before the teachers arrive, mothers begin to unpack and sort microscopes, binoculars, scalpels and stuffed birds that have been stored away all winter. Now there is a shuffling of furniture, a filling of cancellations from the waiting list, a briefing of the new teaching assistants.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the schoolhouse porch Mrs. Lowengard dusts a sign that reads Children's School of Science. She says, "Everyone is wonderfully helpful. When we needed this sign last year I got a friendly carpenter to make it, and found a tall scientist to hang it up."

In the front hall a mother telephones her husband at the Marine Biological Laboratory. "Don't forget the sea water for the aquariums, dear. We'll need it Monday." In a classroom a committee chairman checks a list of women who have volunteered as desk mothers at the information center on the first floor. Another adds to a roster of drivers for field trips too far away for walking.

Dr. Ralph Wheeler, a vacationing medical professor from Tufts University, walks in to offer two chinchillas to the school zoo; he is sent to a basement room where Miss Katharine Wagner, newly hired teacher of vertebrate zoology and ornithology, is unpacking her private collection—a turtle, a chipmunk, a young catbird fallen out of its nest, a twenty-inch ribbon snake and a box of animal skulls.

In the schoolyard a young father offers a jar of polliwogs for his son's class, is told he's too early and to take them home again. He stands watching and then says softly, "It won't work. It's the sort of thing that women just can't do. Any man knows that. I know it. And I also know I'm standing in the middle of a grand mirage that has existed since before I was born."

Then, on Monday morning at 8:45 a desk mother climbs to the second-floor hall to tug the bell rope and ring the school into its first ninety-minute session. At the front door, mothers are sorting out a hundred children into their proper classrooms, dispatching some to fields two miles away, distributing two snakes, sixty gallons of Atlantic Ocean, or a tub of sea urchins to the correct instructors. Ninety minutes later the first session is dismissed, and the second wave of a hundred children surges into the building.

The caliber of these students sometimes comes as quite a shock to new instructors. When school opened this summer I attended the first class in the Biology of Life Functions, a laboratory course for the oldest group, ages thirteen to fifteen, many of whom had attended the school for several summers. There Maurice Bleifeld, the New York City high-school principal and an experienced science teacher, was conducting his first Children's School class.

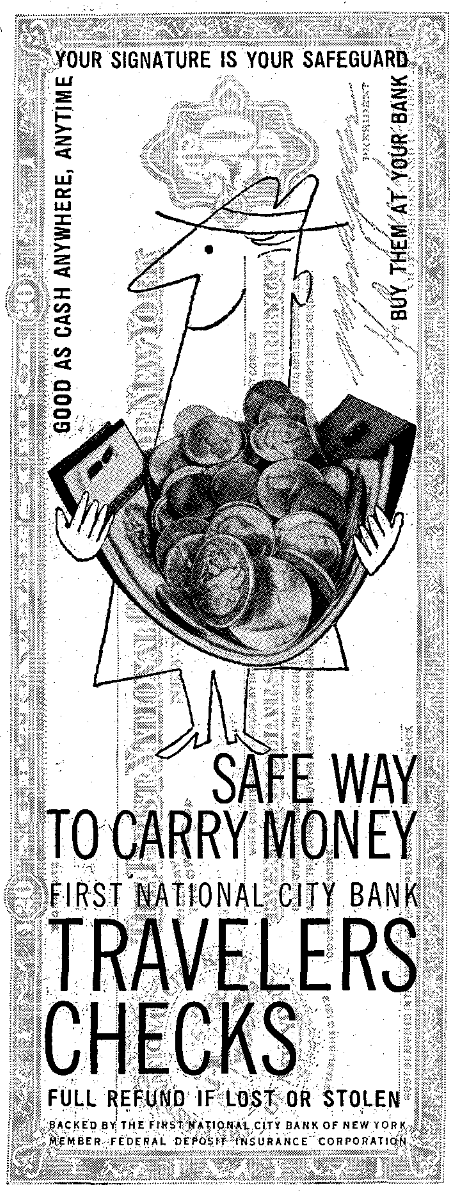
Attempting to measure the level of his students, he asked, "What makes animals different from rocks?"

Within two minutes the slightly startled but delighted instructor had chalked down a dozen precise, scientific answers including "respiration," "ingestion," "digestion," "assimilation," "circulation" and "reproduction."

When the introductory class was over, we had heard a thirteen-year-old boy discuss Hugo De Vries' theory of mutation and the natural-selection theory of Darwin. Bleifeld, coauthor of a handbook on microscopic techniques, was still mildly awestruck.

"I asked one of them," he said, "where he'd learned that, and I guess I hurt his feelings, because he answered, 'Out of a book, of course,' and he was a little indignant." Bleifeld shook his head. "When Mrs. Lowengard told me they would be interested, I guess I really didn't believe her. Not really."

FAST . . . 8-HOUR
SERVICE
WHEN YOU BUY
KRAFT®
SYSTEM
RECAPPING
When you recap
your passenger tires the
safe and sound KRAFT
way, you get quick,
courteous service. Every
KRAFT recap is
unconditionally guaranteed
. . . definitely superior.
available only
through your
GENERAL
TIRE DEALER
drive in today



YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD
GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME
BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK
SAFE WAY
TO CARRY MONEY
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS
CHECKS
FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN
BACKED BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Over the years, the school has acquired more than $5000 worth of equipment, although there was a time when it depended on a vacationing New York City college professor who each summer would borrow twelve microscopes from his university so he could lend them to the school for six weeks. Now the school owns twenty microscopes of its own, eighteen pairs of binoculars, a telescope, fourteen aquariums, two record players and a motion-picture projector.

The present school, with its waiting list and annual budget of about $6000, has come a long way since 1913, when it started with a mere twenty students and $850.

That year a group of mothers met in the lecture room at the Marine Biological Laboratory to solve a problem familiar to every parent during summer vacation: how to channel a child's eternal energy into some healthy and useful, yet enjoyable, activity. The result was the formation of the Woods Hole Summer School Club, which offered courses in singing, painting and dancing—and only incidentally in science.

Three years later the school decided to abandon the arts and limit itself to science. Classes were to be held outdoors as much as possible, but only if consistent with effective teaching. Except in size, it has changed little since then, and almost none in its stern educational philosophy. Classes have always been held on the Fourth of July, for instance, and rain has never been a reason for canceling a field trip.

Until last summer, no male had ever served on the staff except as a teacher; the Children's School was strictly a woman's operation. But last June, Eugene C. Phillips, a Latin instructor at nearby Falmouth High School, was hired as executive secretary. The administrative work had reached a point where the mothers could no longer handle it alone and still maintain the standards they had set for themselves.

Even with Phillips' help, a huge amount of routine still must be done by mothers. Daily, the desk mother on duty checks each field trip in and out, and must know exactly where it will be. She telephones about absentees, warning that students will be dropped from school for unexcused absences, and points out the long waiting list of children eager to fill a vacancy.

There are committees on hygiene and safety, on inventory, library, movies, equipment, supplies and field trips. One committee each year grants half-tuition scholarships—twenty-eight of them in 1958—to children who are year-round residents of the town. The mothers want to show their gratitude for the rent-free use of the Woods Hole schoolhouse.

Last summer Mrs. S. Edward Sulkin and Mrs. Paul Warner, of the transportation committee, made arrangements for about 180 field trips to places requiring automobile transport. Each trip involved twenty students, two instructors, and at least four voluntary drivers. At summer's end they had dispatched more than 700 automobiles loaded with children headed for Gifford Bog or Sippewisset Beach or Cahoon's Pond.

For years the mothers have been adding to a sort of common-law safety code, based on years of experience. Swimming is forbidden on all field trips; students *must never be barefoot, either on the* beach or in a field; they must wear sneakers to protect their feet from barnacles. Because of poison ivy, long pants must be worn in the fields; Eel Pond is off limits because it is contaminated by sewage; parents in automobiles must deliver or pick up their children on only one side of the street.

Many youngsters now in school are second-generation students. Both Mrs. E. Langdon Burwell, the school's treasurer, and her sister, Mrs. Howard A. Reed, studied there. Three of Mrs. Burwell's children have attended Science School, and the fourth will enter next year. Mrs. Reed's nine-year-old son, Seth, was enrolled this summer in Field Natural History.

Dr. Sears Crowell, husband of the school's science chairman, was once a student, and admits that Science School influenced him in selecting zoology as a career. Today his twelve-year-old son studies there, as have both his daughters.

Occasionally parents are so enthusiastic about the school that they spend their summers in Woods Hole because that is where Science School is. For two years Mrs. Edwin Firestone, wife of a Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, jeweler, vacationed with her children at the Cape Cod resort town of Dennis. She heard of the Children's School and now rents a cottage in Woods Hole each summer so her nine-year-old son, Joseph, can attend science classes. A year ago a Boston mother entered her child in the school while vacationing at Woods Hole and became so convinced of its value that last summer, when she could find no rentals in the village, she leased a cottage six miles from the school and drove her son to class every day.

The climax of the six-week course is Exhibit Day, the last day of school, when the young students display some result of their learning. One year students in a botany class poured sassafras tea for hundreds of visiting parents, and in addition served a mixed salad composed of wild, but edible, vegetation they had gathered in nearby fields while collecting the sassafras. Mothers insist it was delicious. Recently a thirteen-year-old boy gave an illustrated lecture explaining how gills evolved, over millions of years, into lungs in certain sea life.

In a way, the Children's School of Science is an educational phenomenon. Its students contradict a common American attitude that kids aren't really kids unless they say they hate school, and that only odd balls really like to study. But these youngsters really like school; if they don't, they leave to make room for someone who does. The mothers see to that.

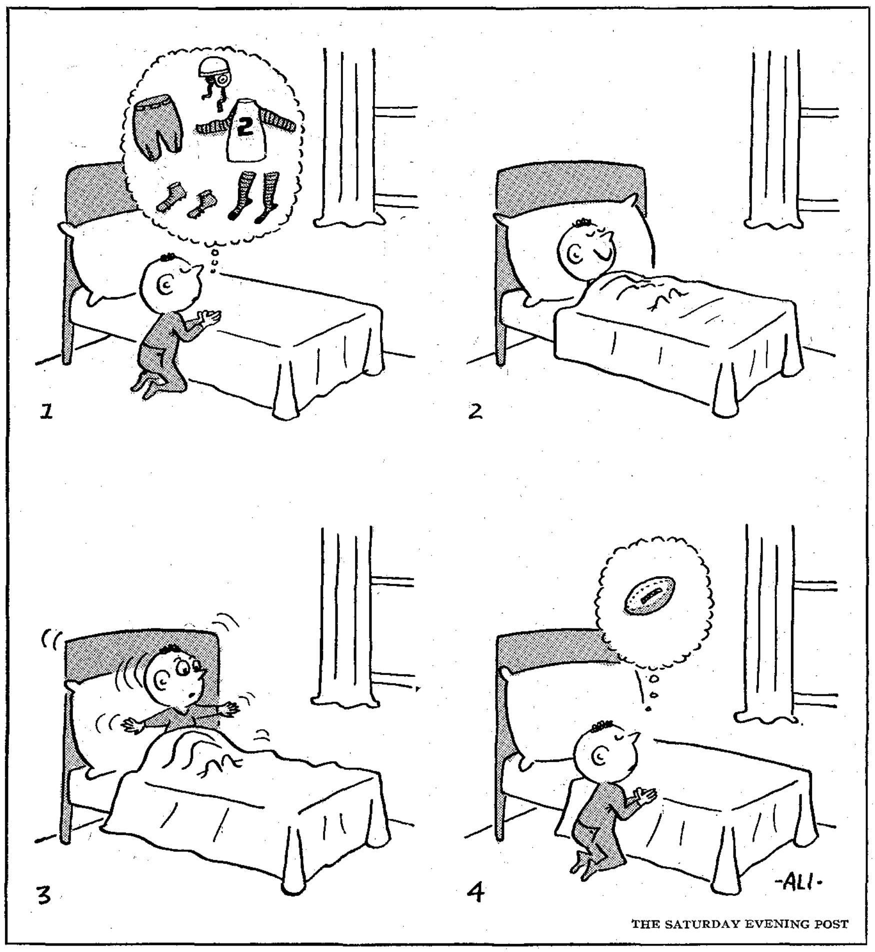
One college professor whose three children have gone through the school, said, "It is one of the few institutions dedicated to the idea of teaching rather than worrying about educational methods and other such extraneous matters."

One of the school's greatest admirers is Harry S. Merson, superintendent of the local public-school system. Although he has no connection with Science School—other than permitting use of the Woods Hole schoolhouse and occasionally lending it furniture—he watches its activities with interest. "These mothers," he says, "have never confused the symbols of education with education itself. Look at the names of the courses. They don't sugarcoat; they teach vertebrate zoology to thirteen-year-olds and call it by that name. They teach ornithology, not something called How Our Birds Live. And where else will you find eight-year-old children studying seashore ecology and knowing exactly what ecology means?"

Merson sees no reason why other United States communities cannot have similar schools. He says, "The impetus must come from the parents, for this is the sort of project that a school board is rarely equipped to originate. If the local area is attractive enough, or the school is made attractive enough, there should be little problem in obtaining teachers. Good teachers are in short supply only during the academic year. During the summer the country abounds with them. They may be waiters, or tending swings at playgrounds or just marking time. Some of their competency—in the arts as well as in science—should be diverted to interested boys and girls."

One happy mother with two teen-age boys in the school expresses her admiration much more enthusiastically. She says, "They come home from school absolutely glowing. And when you have fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys wanting, actually wanting, to go to school in summer, you really have something."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Botts and the Day the Dam Broke

(Continued from Page 34)

"If you would just lay off of him for a few days," said Hank, "maybe I could persuade him to let you take his machine."

"I'll never lay off."

"Then I'll just have to order a new Earthworm shipped in, but I don't know when it will arrive."

"You make me sick," said Mr. McDonald. "For months you've been after me to buy Earthworm tractors. Now that I want one you can't deliver it. Fortunately, the Goliath tractor dealer has told me he can deliver one of his machines in two or three days. So I'll just have to do business with him."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I am Alexander Botts, sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. If you will sit down and let us discuss your problems, I am sure that I can help you."

Reluctantly Mr. McDonald took a chair. I did likewise.

Hank gave me a brief explanation. "Rock City," he said, "is located on the rim of Rock Canyon, which is several hundred feet deep. About five miles upstream from here is the Rock River power dam, holding back the waters of Rock Lake. Just below the dam there is a break in the canyon wall, with a road which leads down to the canyon floor at a point where Mr. McDonald has been drilling a wildcat oil well. Incidentally, I should explain that Mr. McDonald is one of our leading businessmen and a promoter of many large enterprises."

"I'm in a hurry," said Mr. McDonald. "Do I have to listen to all this stuff?"

"My only desire," I said, "is to be of service. As sales manager of the Earthworm Company I may be able to provide you with a tractor sooner than you think. You say you are in a hurry to move your oil-drilling equipment out of the canyon?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts. A few days ago we had a mild earthquake. It did no damage here in town, but it has so seriously weakened the foundations of the Rock River dam that it may go out at any time."

"And this would let the water from the lake wash away your drilling equipment?"

"Not only the drilling equipment but a lot of supplies and machinery, including two thirty-ton Goliath tractors."

"Why don't you use the Goliath tractors to move your stuff?"

"They have both broken down, and it will take a couple of weeks to get the parts to repair them. And I don't have any other large tractors available in this neighborhood."

"Mr. McDonald," I said, "you are indeed lucky that I am here. I am going to help you in two ways. In the first place, I am going to work on the problem of getting your valuable machinery out of the way of this potential flood. In the second place, I am going to prevail upon you, for your own good, to shift your patronage from the almost worthless Goliath to the peerless Earthworm."

"Mere words," said Mr. McDonald, "do not impress me. What I want is action. If you get that hardware out of the canyon before the dam lets go, I'll buy nothing but Earthworm machinery from now on. If the Goliath man gets there first and does the job, I'll keep on buying from him. And I'm planning to place some big orders before long for an Oklahoma highway-construction job that I have just bid in. If you want to get in touch with me, I'll be in my office across the street. Good-by."

As soon as Mr. McDonald had left, Hank turned to me anxiously and said, "Do you really think you can get a new XX9 Earthworm in here within a couple of days?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "This model has been so popular that we're way behind on our deliveries. I doubt if there is a single machine anywhere in Texas or the whole Southwest that has not been already promised. So the only thing to do is go after the tractor that is already here in town. I think you said it belonged to somebody called Pike?"

"I just told you he won't let us have it."

"We can always try. Is Mr. Pike really a crook?"

"Not really. You see, he owns a cave with a waterfall in it. The entrance to the cave is at the bottom of the canyon at the edge of Rock City, here. The only way to reach it is to drive five miles upstream along the state highway, then down the road into the canyon, where Mr. McDonald has his drill rig, and finally another five miles along a rather poor gravel road in the bottom of the canyon."

"Which brings you to the cave entrance in the canyon wall just below the edge of Rock City?"

"Correct. Mr. Pike has started to advertise his cave as a tourist attraction. He has signs all over this region: Visit Pike's Cave—See the Great Underground Waterfall. He charges fifty cents' admission, but he doesn't make much money because people don't like that rough five-mile drive along the gravel road on the floor of the canyon."

"Couldn't he install an elevator to take his customers straight down into the canyon?"

"It was going to cost too much. So Mr. Pike petitioned the commissioners' court to have the county improve the road in the canyon with a black-top surface. And he started a big campaign with advertisements in the local paper, claiming that his project would benefit the whole town by bringing in more people and more business."

"And Mr. McDonald did not like this?"

"No. He began putting advertisements of his own in the paper, charging that improving the road would bring more business to Mr. Pike, but to nobody else. He said it was just a crooked scheme to rob the taxpayers for the benefit of Mr. Pike."

"And I suppose Mr. Pike came back with more advertisements of his own?"

"Yes. And last week Mr. McDonald stopped publishing advertisements and rented some sound equipment from a local radio store. He recorded a lot of speeches on tape, with interludes of band music. He put the sound equipment on a truck, which has been driving all over town blaring forth Mr. McDonald's opinions, and announcing that he will run for county commissioner for this precinct in the next election on a platform of 'Millions for the people of Rock City, but not one cent for Pike's Private Promenade.'"

Hank led me over and opened one of his office windows. From far down the street we could hear the sound truck.

"Isn't he starting his campaign pretty far ahead of the election?" I asked.

"When a man like that goes into politics, Mr. Botts, he works at it twelve months out of the year."

"Hank," I said, "I thank you for giving me such a clear account of the situation. I now repeat my suggestion that you go home and climb into bed. While you are taking care of yourself, I will call on Mr. Pike and try to make him understand that he is completely wrong in refusing to lend us his tractor."

Hank explained how I could reach Mr. Pike's home and wished me luck. "I don't know if you can get anywhere with Mr. Pike," he said, "but at least you are not as crazy as this thing." He picked up from the desk his copy of your pamphlet, The Customer Is Always Right. "It doesn't make sense, Mr. Botts. Here I have two customers—both of them stubborn, opinionated and quarrelsome. I say they are both wrong."

"And I agree with you."

"Then why does Mr. Henderson say the customer is always right?"

Note. At this point, Henderson, I decided that the title of your pamphlet really is a bit silly. But I am happy to report that I sprang to your defense at once.

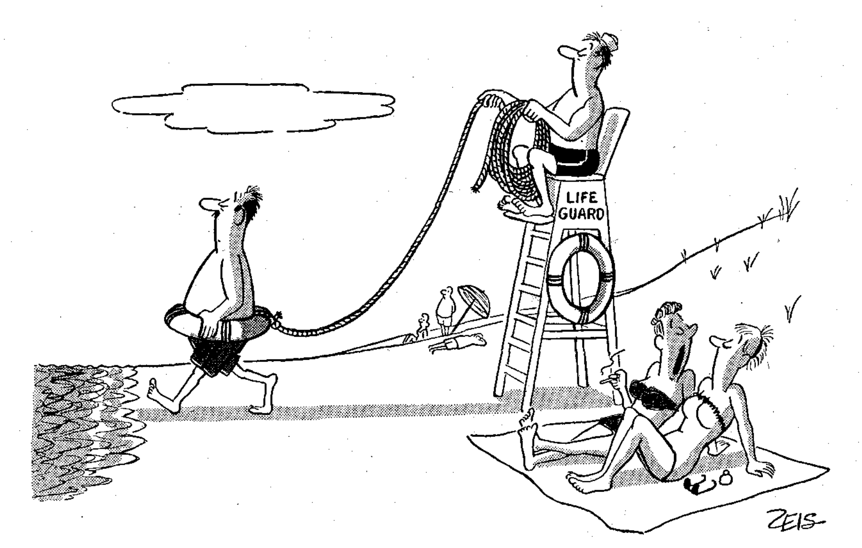
"What Mr. Henderson was probably trying to say is that a good salesman can often gain the good will of a customer and thus promote a sale by making the customer think the salesman thinks the customer is right, even though the salesman knows the customer is wrong."

"If that is what he meant, why didn't he say so? And what does he mean on Page One, here, where he urges us dealers to become 'emotionally mature' and cultivate a feeling of 'empathy' and 'togetherness' with our customers? I tell you, Mr. Botts, these tough customers are not interested in inspirational drivel like that."

"You are perfectly right," I said. "But we should not blame Mr. Henderson. I don't think he wrote this foolish pamphlet. Probably he never even read it."

"I don't understand."

"It's very simple. Mr. Henderson is far too busy with the important problems of the business to waste his time on a mere pamphlet. So he turns the job over to some bright young college graduate who has a good flow of language and knows a lot of important-sounding words. The young man writes the pamphlet. The president signs it."



"Broderick isn't much of a swimmer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I never heard of such a thing."

"It's done all the time. When you read a foolish statement by some big shot in business, don't blame him. Blame his ghost writer. And if you think some decision by the United States Supreme Court is foolish, don't blame the justices. They can't possibly have time to wade through all the evidence and write all the decisions in all the cases that come before them. So most of the work has to be done by bright but inexperienced young law clerks just out of law school."

Having thus defended your reputation, Henderson, by comparing your behavior with that of the august United States Supreme Court, I got Hank started for home. I myself drove to Mr. Pike's residence, which turned out to be a comfortable house set in a spacious and well-kept lawn. Mr. Pike, an elderly gentleman with a thin, suspicious-looking face, greeted me politely.

After introducing myself, I steered the conversation away from controversial matters by launching into a veritable rhapsody on the subject of caves. I explained that I was a lifelong lover of caves in general, and of underground waterfalls in particular. This started him off on a description of his own spectacular cave and waterfall. I then told him of my visit to the waterfall in the great Secret Caverns in New York State. Before long we were swapping experiences in a most cordial manner. And I listened spellbound while he told me of his thrilling adventures in exploring his own cave.

He then took me out onto a terrace at the rear of the house, and we peered over a stone retaining wall into a deep and awe-inspiring chasm. "This is Rock Canyon," said Mr. Pike. "At this point it is deeper than the Washington Monument is high—almost six hundred feet. It is about a hundred feet wide and, as you can see, the walls are practically vertical limestone. The entrance to the cave is directly beneath us, under a slight overhang which makes it impossible for us to see it from here."

While Mr. Pike was speaking, I had noticed the steady roar of an Earthworm motor coming from the depths of the canyon.

"You have a tractor working down there?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I have an XX9 Earthworm with a bulldozer blade smoothing up a section of the canyon floor to make a parking lot for the hordes of tourists that I expect to visit my cave. This parking lot is just around that first bend in the canyon, so you cannot see it."

"I have been told," I said, "that you are advocating an improved black-top road in the canyon. In my opinion, this would bring in a great many tourists—which would be a splendid thing for the businessmen of this entire region. However, I have also been told that this very desirable improvement is being opposed in a very unethical manner by a man called McDonald. Incidentally, I think I hear his sound truck right now."

We both listened. From the direction of the downtown section of Rock City we heard the distant strains of Stars and Stripes Forever, followed by Mr. McDonald's recorded voice, bellowing his campaign oratory: "Shall we permit this grasping crook to use the taxpayers' money for his own selfish advantage? Are we going to permit this barefaced raid on the public treasury? No! A thousand times no!"

"Is it possible," I said, "that he actually thinks he can get by with such underhanded methods?"

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Pike, "he has so much money and so much influence that he may succeed in blocking this whole road project. And I don't know what to do about it. Hank Harper, your Earthworm dealer here, has weakly suggested that I might back down and try to make a deal with him. But I'll never do that."

"Good for you," I said. "What you should do is force Mr. McDonald to back down."

"How?"

"I think I can help you, Mr. Pike. I have had a lot of experience with disreputable characters like Mr. McDonald. I know just how to handle them. If you will let me represent you, I will go to Mr. McDonald and say, 'Mr. Pike and I have you right where we want you. You have hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of equipment down in the canyon just below a dam that is rapidly falling apart. The only way you can save your property is to haul it out of there with a big tractor. The only big tractor around here belongs to Mr. Pike—so he can make his own terms, and here they are. If you will shut down that sound truck right away and completely abandon your campaign against his road, he will lend you his tractor.'"

"But that's almost the same deal that Hank Harper was talking about."

"It's entirely different," I said. "Hank was bargaining from weakness. He wanted you, first of all, to lend your tractor to Mr. McDonald. Then, after he had saved his machinery and you no longer had any power over him, you would make a feeble attempt to appeal to his gratitude, hoping he might give up his campaign against the road. I am going to make the man shut down his sound truck and give up his campaign first. Then and only then do we lend him the tractor."

"The way you tell it, Mr. Botts, it sounds pretty good."

"Incidentally," I said, "if that dam goes out, it would wash away your tractor as well as Mr. McDonald's machinery. So I would advise that you get your machine and your operator out of the canyon right away."

"I'm not worried, Mr. Botts. I don't think that dam will wash out, so I'll risk the tractor."

"And the operator?"

"He could escape into the cave."

"Maybe so," I said. "But in the meantime, do I have your permission to force Mr. McDonald to accept your terms?"

"Certainly, Mr. Botts."

I drove down to Mr. McDonald's office. "Sir," I said, "I bring you good news. Mr. Pike has agreed to lend you his tractor right away, so you can save your valuable equipment. All you have to do is shut down your sound truck and give up your campaign against his road improvements."

"Not a chance," said Mr. McDonald. "I'll wait for that Goliath machine."

I argued; I used persuasion; I even tried to appeal to his better nature, but I got nowhere. Finally I walked out. But I was not licked yet.

Having exhausted all direct methods, I decided to use an indirect, or strategic, approach. I looked up the only radio-and-television shop in town. By this time it was five in the afternoon, and the sound truck, which had been bellowing through the streets all day, was now parked in silence in front of the shop. I interviewed the proprietor and found that the truck and sound equipment belonged to him and were rented out to Mr. McDonald on a day-to-day basis.

"Would you rent the stuff to me for a few days?" I asked.

"I'd like to, but as long as Mr. McDonald rented it first, I kind of have to go along with him. Of course, if you wanted to buy it ——"

"I do not need the truck," I said. "How much do you want for the sound equipment?"

"Well, it's several years old, but it's in very good shape. How would five hundred dollars be?"

"Do you have any other sound equipment that could be used in a truck like this?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you know of any more that could be bought anywhere in town here?"

"No."

"All right," I said, "I will give you five hundred dollars for your outfit."

The radio-shop proprietor took the apparatus out of the truck and loaded it into the rear seat of my car. I paid him with traveler's checks. Then I drove back to Mr. Pike's house.

"Sir," I said, "I am happy to report that our bold approach to Mr. McDonald has met with complete success. The poor man thinks that the dam has shifted a little more. He has no flood insurance on any of his equipment. He is so anxious to get hold of a big tractor and move his property out of danger that his former insolent manner has changed to an attitude of abject surrender. The man was as putty in my hands."

"What happened?"

"He agreed to abandon his entire campaign against your road. Tomorrow morning you will be able to enjoy your breakfast in peace and quiet, completely free from the hideous noises of Mr. McDonald's insulting campaign speeches. No longer will the peace and quiet of Rock

Jockey
brief

Jockey® BRAND UNDERWEAR feels better because it fits better...

It stands to reason: underwear that fits better feels better, and Jockey brand is made to fit far better than any other underwear. Coopers invented the Jockey brief to suit a man's taste and need. Discover how comfort-tailored Jockey brief helps you feel at your best all day long. Only Jockey brief is tailored from 13 individually shaped pieces to insure a perfect fit—not just at the waist but all over. Only Jockey brief feels better because it fits better!

Jockey® BRAND briefs

made only by Coopers®

Known the world over by this symbol. ® Sold in 98 countries. Cooper's, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

City be disturbed by that despicable sound truck."

"That's wonderful! Did you tell Mr. McDonald that he could borrow my tractor?"

"Yes."

"But that may not be possible, Mr. Botts. My operator has come down with the flu. He quit this afternoon and drove past the house here to tell me he was going home to bed and was afraid he might be laid up for several days."

"Mr. Pike," I said, "I am sorry your operator is incapacitated, but this need not interfere with our plans. I would not want Mr. McDonald to think we are backing down on our end of the bargain; he might be tempted to back down on his. I will therefore take charge of your tractor tomorrow morning. I will drive it up to Mr. McDonald's pathetic dry oil well. I will haul his equipment up out of the canyon, a job which I think I can finish in three or four hours. By tomorrow evening I will have your tractor back working on the parking-lot job at the entrance of your cave. You need have no fears. I am one of the best tractor operators in the country. And, as sales manager of the great Earthworm Company, I hereby pledge all the resources of this great organization to make good any and all damage which might occur to your machine while it is in my charge."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Botts. I accept your offer."

I drove back to the hotel, where I have been spending the evening writing this report. As you can see, Henderson, I have handled this situation with my usual skill. By following the principles which you undoubtedly wanted your ghost writer to set forth in that pamphlet, I have caused each of these quarrelsome customers to think that I am on his side. And I have accomplished this happy result, not by resorting to falsehoods or fraud, but merely by slanting the truth so as to make each of these people think he is coming out on top. In the end, of course, each of them actually will come out on top. Mr. Pike will be free—at least for a while—from the annoying uproar of that sound truck. Mr. McDonald will have his equipment moved to a place of safety by an Earthworm tractor. And, most important of all, he will buy Earthworm machinery from now on, thus acquiring a superior line of equipment and providing Hank Harper, our dealer, with a very nice addition to his business. This also means more business for the Earthworm Company.

I am sure you will agree that all of these advantages more than make up for the somewhat exorbitant price I was forced to pay for the sound equipment, and I would appreciate it if you would tell our comptroller that he is to forget his annoying habit of objecting to expenses which he does not understand, and is to pass without question this $500 item which I am including in my expense account.

It is now almost midnight. I will therefore turn in for some well-deserved rest. And I will send you this report by air mail early in the morning. Yours,

Alexander Botts

P.S. Next morning, Tuesday, January 7, 1958

Since I wrote you last night there have been a couple of developments which I can only describe as definitely disturbing. About half past six this morning, while I was still in bed, Mr. McDonald—who seems to be an early riser—called me by telephone. He was so angry as to be almost incoherent, but I finally gathered that he had heard from the radio man of my purchase of the sound equipment. And he accused me of making an underhanded attempt to shut down his righteous campaign for the taxpayers, so that I could borrow Mr. Pike's tractor, move his—Mr. McDonald's—equipment out of the canyon, and thus sufficiently ingratiate myself with him so that I could sell him a lot of Earthworm equipment. He went on to say he was through with me and with the Earthworm Company forever, and that he had just telephoned to a radio dealer in a town twenty miles away and arranged to have a new sound truck operating almost at once—even if he had to start out by riding around in the truck himself, broadcasting his speeches live. He then hung up.

As I could not, at the moment, think of any good answer to his tirade, I refrained from calling Mr. McDonald back. I got dressed. At about eight o'clock, as I was enjoying a hearty breakfast, I heard a sound truck going by in the street, blatting forth a statement that "the Pike conspiracy to rob the public treasury has now conspired with the Earthworm Tractor Company in an attempt to silence all criticism. But the forces of righteousness must and shall prevail!"

Almost at once I had a telephone call from Mr. Pike. He said, "I thought you told me that Mr. McDonald was going to shut down his sound truck."

"Obviously," I said, "the man has double-crossed us."

"Then I won't lend him my tractor."

"And you are quite right, Mr. Pike. Believe me, sir, I am as disappointed about this as you are. We'll just have to figure out some other way to shut him up. In the meantime, as long as your operator is laid up with the flu, I will be very glad to operate your tractor for you and continue the work of grading your parking lot."

"I don't know that I quite trust you, Mr. Botts. After all, you deceived me. You told me Mr. McDonald was going to shut down his sound truck."

"I was deceived as badly as you, Mr. Pike. But, even so, I feel guilty for having unintentionally misled you. It is for this reason that I want to do everything possible to make up for my fault."

"All right, Mr. Botts. If you will come over here to the house, I will drive you down into the canyon. And I will stay with you all day to make sure you get along all right."

"O.K.," I said and hung up. Since then I have put in ten or fifteen minutes writing this brief postscript to my report.

As you can well understand, Henderson, the difficult situation this morning, although it is in no way my fault, has me somewhat nonplused. If I were the kind of man who gets discouraged easily, I would, at this point, almost be discouraged. I do not have the faintest idea how I am going to get out of this mess. So I will merely continue my plan of co-operating with Mr. Pike in the hope that I can find some new method of persuading him to let me use his tractor to help Mr. McDonald.

I will now mail this report and proceed as planned to the house of Mr. Pike.

Hastily,
A. Botts

Earthworm Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois
Office of the President
Wednesday, January 8, 1958

Dear Botts: I feel that your so-called "defense" of my pamphlet is most unfortunate. Please tell Mr. Henry Harper that I wrote that pamphlet myself, and I am at a loss to know where you got the idea that I use a ghost writer or that I resemble in any way the justices of the United States Supreme Court.

From your own account, I gather that your purchase of sound equipment has been worse than useless. Such being the case, I am instructing our comptroller to disapprove your $500 expense item. Furthermore, the Earthworm Company can assume no responsibility for any damage which may occur to Mr. Pike's tractor while in your charge.

As I have often told you in the past, your job as sales manager is to co-ordinate and advise—not to rush out in the field and take charge of operations. In the present situation you have succeeded only in antagonizing a very important customer, Mr. McDonald. And you have quite obviously failed to impress Mr. Pike with your offer to work as an ordinary tractor operator.

I would suggest, therefore, that before you get into any more trouble you turn everything back to Hank Harper and return to your more normal activities as sales manager.

Very truly,
Gilbert Henderson, President

TELEGRAM

ROCK CITY, TEX.
JAN. 8, 1958
6 PM

GILBERT HENDERSON
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

ROCK RIVER DAM WENT OUT LATE THIS AFTERNOON. RESULTING FLOOD WASHED AWAY MCDONALD DRILL RIG AND PIKE TRACTOR. PIKE REPORTS HE HEARD BOTTS OPERATING TRACTOR RIGHT UP TO MOMENT WHEN TREMENDOUS WALL OF WATER CAME RUSHING DOWN CANYON AND OVERWHELMED HIM. BOTTS OBVIOUSLY HAD NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE INTO CAVE, SO MUST BE PRESUMED LOST. ALL HERE SEND REGRETS AND SYMPATHY. HENRY HARPER

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
JAN. 9, 1958
9 AM

HENRY HARPER
ROCK CITY, TEX.

ORGANIZE RESCUE PARTIES AT ONCE TO EXPLORE CAVE. TAKE ANY OTHER MEASURES WHICH GIVE EVEN SLIGHTEST PROMISE OF FINDING BOTTS ALIVE. SPARE NO EXPENSE.

GILBERT HENDERSON

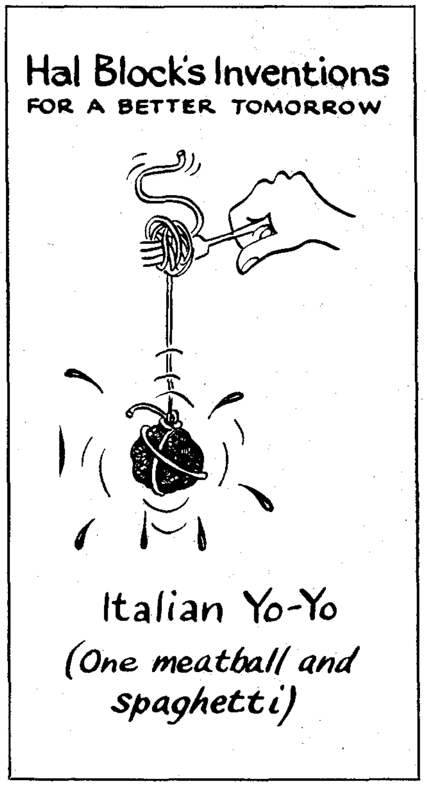
TELEGRAM

ROCK CITY, TEX.
JAN. 9, 1958
11 AM

GILBERT HENDERSON
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

DISREGARD FORMER WIRE. BOTTS O. K.

HENRY HARPER



Rock City, Texas
Friday evening, January 10, 1958

Dear Henderson: I am sorry that you were misled by Hank Harper's alarmist telegram, but I am pleased that you think enough of me to promote all-out rescue operations. And I particularly appreciate your expression, "Spare no expense."

It will no doubt interest you to know that, in spite of Hank's telegram, I was never in any trouble at all. On Tuesday morning, after mailing my report to you, I called on Mr. Pike. He drove me down into the canyon, where I spent the day grading his parking lot with his tractor. Mr. Pike, who seems to have a very suspicious nature, stayed around the whole day, watching me. For some reason he just did not seem to trust me. But, by the end of the afternoon, he had apparently decided I was on the level. And, after we had driven back to his house, he told me he would not go with me the following day.

"However," he said, "I will be listening at the top of the canyon to the noise of that tractor. If you try any funny business, I will know about it."

At this point I had a very definite feeling that he was afraid I might want to borrow the tractor to drive up and help out Mr. McDonald. And, by a strange coincidence, that is exactly what I had in mind. I also had a plan for allaying Mr. Pike's suspicions. After leaving him, I called on the radio man from whom I had bought the sound equipment. I arranged for him to help me.

The next morning we both drove down into the canyon. We unloaded the sound equipment and, while I operated the tractor from eight until noon, he made a four-hour tape recording of the sound of the exhaust. I then drove the tractor up the canyon. The radio man, after setting up his machine at the site to play back the recording, followed in the company car.

When I arrived at Mr. McDonald's drill rig, I found that the new Goliath tractor had not yet showed up, so I got to work.

It took me only about two hours to move Mr. McDonald's drill rig, the two Goliath tractors and the miscellaneous equipment up out of the canyon. All the time I was working, the dam seemed to be cracking and crumbling. And finally, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole thing let go all at once, and a stupendous wall of water went roaring down the canyon.

When I got back to town, I was so tired that I merely paused to eat a hearty dinner before going to bed. It was not until the next day that I saw the various people concerned.

I am happy to report that Mr. McDonald is so pleased at the way I saved his valuable equipment that he is heeding my request and giving up his campaign against Mr. Pike. Also he is placing a large order for Earthworm machinery. Mr. Pike is so pleased at the way I saved his tractor and persuaded Mr. McDonald to lay off that he has forgiven me the slight deception I practiced on him. And Hank Harper, slowly recovering from the flu, is very happy about Mr. McDonald's big order.

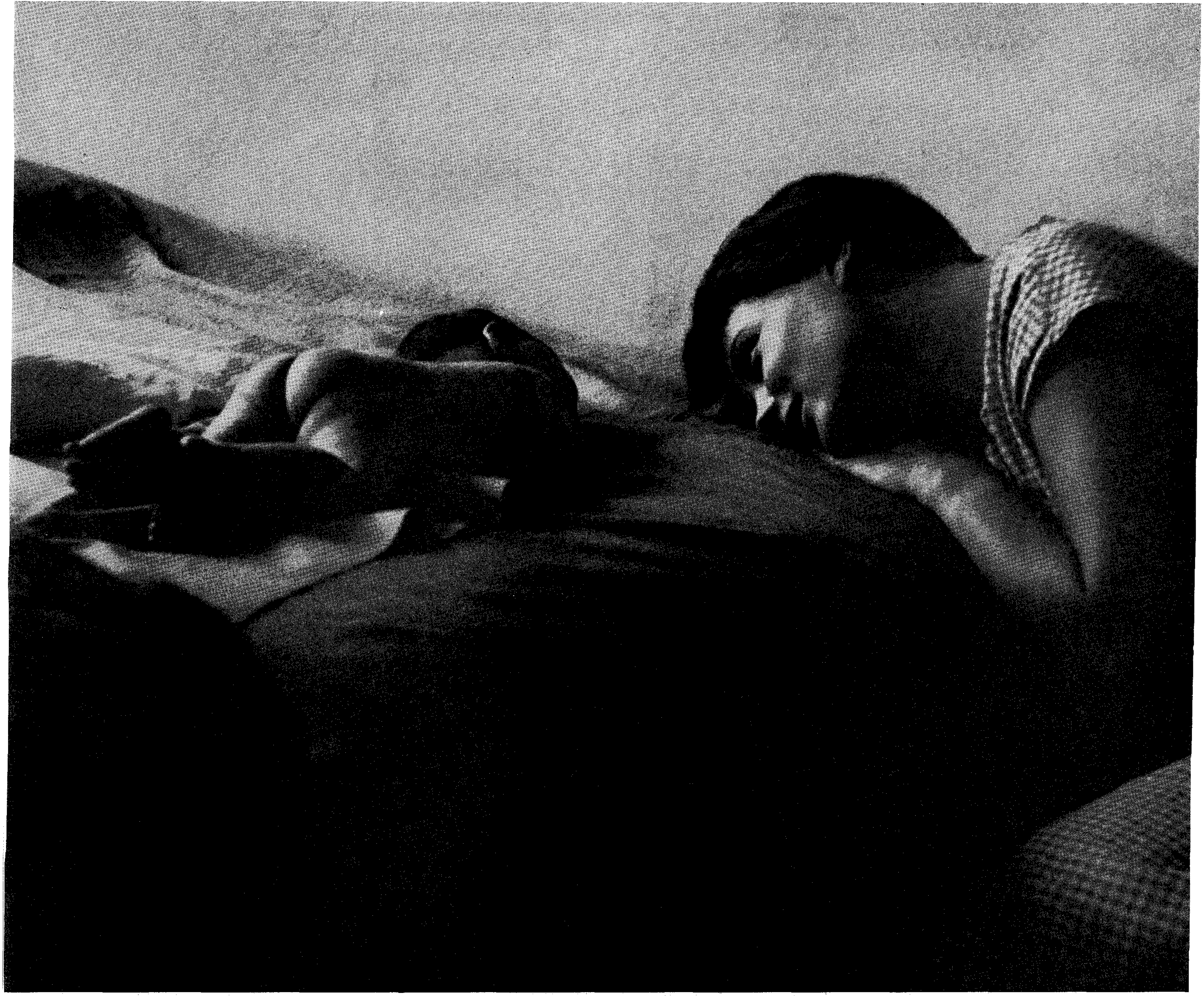
Both customers, instead of being wrong, are now completely right—thus lending an air of plausibility to your pamphlet. So I feel that you should be happy enough to carry out your "Spare no expense" philosophy by telling the comptroller to allow my $500 item for the sound equipment that perished in the flood while carrying out such a useful mission.

And, finally, one of the happiest people around here at present is your highly competent sales manager,

Alexander Botts

THE END

Look into a child's eyes...



Look into a child's eyes, it has been said, and you will see the future. And if you could but glimpse into the wonderful world that awaits our children of today, you would see life with a new dimension and abundance . . . where disease and pain will give way to health and comfort . . . and where the human body and spirit will grow with a new strength and vigor. This is the world for which we strive at Pfizer—and its dawn has already been hastened by Pfizer's creative accomplishments in research and production. Already, the new miracles are being placed into the hands that guide our lives—into the hands of our physicians . . . and of our pharmacists . . . and of our agriculturalists . . . and of our scientists. And they will come with ever-increasing speed. For wherever there is a margin for progress in human health and happiness . . . there you will find Pfizer—advancing through research . . . devoted to integrity of manufacture . . . and dedicated to our new world.

Science for the World's Well-Being

Pfizer

Since 1849

Pharmaceutical,
Agricultural and
Chemical Products

I Married Murder

(Continued from Page 47)

"Do you know Lieutenant Gray, of the state police, Mr. Stewart?" Ned Peck asked. "Lieutenant Vernon Gray."

We shook hands. The lieutenant was a tall, solid man with a relaxed and pleasant face and his voice was muted and sympathetic as he asked, "She's your wife's sister, you said?"

"Her stepsister, actually."

"She lived with you?"

"No, she's been staying at the Hotel Westbrook in New York. She was on her way out here last night to spend the night, but she never showed up. I called her hotel until a late hour, but she didn't answer. We decided she had changed her plans."

"Tell me, Mr. Stewart," he said. "Do you know of any reason why she'd do a thing like this?"

I hesitated, then said, "She wasn't well, lieutenant. We were afraid she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

"Had she seen a doctor?"

I shook my head. "We were talking about it, though."

"Did she have any love troubles—anything like that?"

"No."

"When was the last time you saw her alive?"

"In New York yesterday afternoon. We had lunch together at her hotel."

"How did she seem to you then?"

"She seemed troubled," I said, "and very unhappy."

"Did she say anything that might lead you to think she'd take her own life?"

I considered and said, "No."

"This breakdown you spoke of, did it come on suddenly?"

"I'm afraid she had always been emotionally unstable, lieutenant," I said.

"But you didn't call in a doctor?"

"It didn't seem that serious."

He nodded. "I guess it never does. Well, O.K. Sorry to have to put you through this, Mr. Stewart."

I said to Ned Peck as I turned away, "Will you notify the funeral home and have them take charge?"

"Yes, sure," he said. "As soon as the body is released, Mr. Stewart."

"Released?"

"The medical examiner is in charge," he said. "And in a case like this I have to notify the county coroner. But don't worry, I'll take care of the details. You go on home, Mr. Stewart."

I went back to my car and drove slowly home. As I braked in the driveway I saw my mother on the lawn next door. It was up to me to tell her, and I dreaded it. I knew that she had been deeply fond of Mousie; this would be a shock.

She had on gardening gloves and a pair of shears in one hand as she knelt by a flower bed. She looked up as I approached, smiled and got to her feet.

"Mother, I have bad news," I said. "Very bad news about Mousie."

She looked at my face, saying nothing, and began twisting the gloves into a tight roll.

"Mousie is dead," I said. "She drowned herself."

"Mousie drowned herself?" My mother stared at me. "Oh, no, Mike! That's impossible."

"Over there in Oyster Creek," I said. "I had to go over and make the identification."

"That lovely, enchanting creature —— You really mean it, Mike? Can't there be a mistake?"

"I saw her, mother."

"It just isn't possible," she said. "It was an accident, of course. Mousie wouldn't drown herself. Why would she drown herself?"

"As I told the police," I said, "she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

"You told the police that?"

"I had to."

"Mike, you should be ashamed," she said. "You shouldn't have done that. Why did you, for heaven's sake?"

"It was true," I said. "The poor kid had lost touch with reality."

"True?" she cried. "Mousie having a breakdown? That's the most fantastic thing I ever heard. Mike, you seem to have lost touch with reality, not Mousie. What gave you that idea?"

"Mother, let's not discuss it now."

"Why not discuss it now? The poor child is dead and you ran to the police and told them she was having a nervous breakdown. That was gratuitous, wasn't it? That was rather extreme, wasn't it? For heaven's sake, son, what was in your mind?"

"Look, mother," I said. "I know Mousie, and I ——"

"If it comes to that, I think I know Mousie better than anybody," she broke in. "Mousie confided in me. Mousie was like a daughter to me. I don't think I ever knew a sweeter, healthier, more normal girl. Mike, what is all this?"

"Mother, I'd rather not ——"

"How did it get into your head?" she demanded. "Who put it in your head? Did Stella think ——"

"Mother, please," I said. "Come on in the house. Don't get all worked up."

"I am worked up," she said. "I'm very considerably worked up. I'm shocked right down to my toes. I think this thing is vicious and unforgivable, and I'm simply shocked. I'm ashamed of you, Michael."

"Mother, you don't know what was going on!" I burst out angrily. "Just take my word for it!"

"That I will not," she said.

"You think you knew Mousie," I said. "You didn't know Mousie at all. And you liked Mousie in direct proportion to your dislike of Stella. Isn't that true?"

"Now, Mike," she said.

"You never approved of my marriage, I know," I said. "I thought you took it pretty well, all considered, but you certainly never approved."

"I made my son's wife welcome. I did the best I could."

"You did," I said. "You were most sympathetic. You told me she was just a little bird with a broken wing and needed our help. Like that little phoebe that died. You made rather a point of favoring Mousie. Of course you saw nothing wrong with Mousie. The faults were all Stella's."

"You know very well there was nothing wrong with Mousie," she said stonily. "She's lying over there dead and you're talking like this. I'm ashamed."

"I was stating the facts," I said. "I'm terribly sorry about Mousie. It's a dreadful, tragic thing and in some ways I blame myself. If she had only had medical help in time."

"Medical help?" my mother cried. "She isn't the one who needs medical help."

I faced her, cold with anger, as she went on, "You chose to keep it a secret, but I know what happened Sunday night. I know there were orchids in the refrigerator. Bernice saw them. Bernice told Margaret. I've kept silent, Mike, but I know what happened and I must say I'm alarmed. Don't forget I saw Stella with that gun in her hand!"

"Mother, you're so entirely wrong," I said. "It was Mousie who fired that shot."

She simply stared at me, and her lips moved wordlessly. In the bright sunlight of this summer morning it did sound fantastic, even to my ears; it sounded unbelievable. I felt sweat on my forehead and my mouth was dry.

"Now who persuaded you of that?" she asked at last.

"Nobody persuaded me of it. The facts persuaded me. Mousie bought an orchid corsage and planted it in our refrigerator. Mousie took my gun off the Kiewieden and fired that shot Sunday night."

Her voice was calm. "Why, Mike?"

"To turn me against Stella, of course."

She gave her head a shake and murmured, "Mike, I'm worried about you. I'm terribly worried. If a thing like that doesn't convince you, what will? You can't be that blind. You must see what you're doing. You're turning every doubt and fear against that child, that poor child." Now for the first time I saw tears in her eyes. "Can't you see that, son?"

I said stiffly, "I'd rather not talk about it, mother."

"Are you afraid to talk about it?"

"No," I said. "Of course not."

"But you're willing to defame poor little Mousie," she said. "You're willing to do anything except face the truth."

"Mother, it's you who won't face the truth," I said. "Because you hate Stella you ——"

"I don't hate Stella," she broke in. "I feel sorry for Stella. I want to help Stella. But the help she needs neither you nor I can give her. You've twisted it in your mind until you've decided that Mousie needed medical attention, when you know in your heart that your problem is Stella."

"Mother, that's enough," I said, and abruptly turned away.

My hands were clenched as I strode back into the house and the sweat was still profuse on my face, gathering in the hollow of my throat. When I opened the screen door I found Stella waiting on the porch and I took her in my arms and kissed her.

She whispered, "It was really Mousie?"

"Yes."

"Mike, I blame myself," she said. "I keep thinking that I could have saved her somehow. If we could only have talked to her and shown her our love. Oh, Mike, the poor little mouse."

The telephone was ringing and I went to the library to answer it. As soon as he heard my voice, George Duncan asked crisply, "Any word from Mousie, Mike?"

I said it bluntly. "George, Mousie is dead. She drowned herself."

Lawyers tend to take calamity in stride, but George's voice showed the shock of surprise and disbelief. "You can't mean that, Mike! When? Where?"

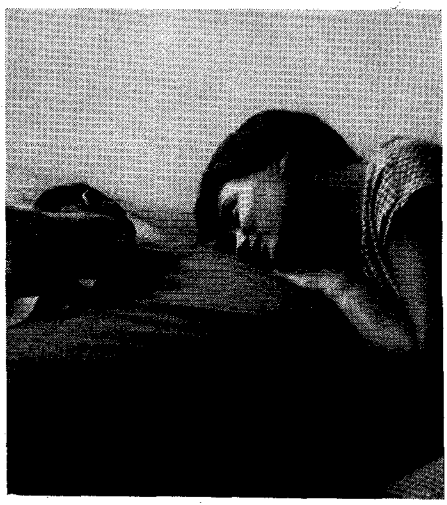
"I'm ashamed of what we did last night," I said. "Locking doors and windows and all that, as if she were a monster. She was just a pathetic lost soul, George. The poor kid came out to Menasset last night and apparently didn't have the nerve to face us. She went over to that tidal creek that enters the harbor next to the yacht club and jumped in."

After a long pause, he said, "Well, she had carried it too far. She took the final step over the threshold and she couldn't live with herself. Regardless of whether we were wrong last night, Mike, she was a paranoid personality. I guess she's better off this way. Poor kid, let her rest in peace. Made arrangements about the funeral?"

"Thursday morning, I expect. I'll let you know."

"Tell Stella to try to relax," he said. "Tell her it's all over now; everything will be all right."

Antibiotics That Act More Swiftly



Ever since the first antibiotic was discovered, science has tried out many hundreds of agents in the hope of finding one which would persuade the human organism to absorb these "wonder drugs" faster and better. At Pfizer alone, research workers had tested 84 compounds before they discovered the remarkable "antibiotic speed-up" action they were seeking in a substance called glucosamine... currently incorporated in many of Pfizer's wide range of antibiotics.

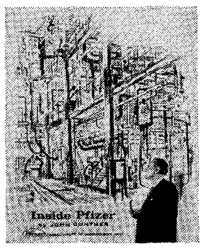
Fermentation Triumph

The Pfizer development of faster-acting antibiotics through glucosamine is a triumph of fermentation chemistry—an intricate process that is today playing a vital part in creating raw materials for human betterment.

This is but an isolated example of Pfizer's constant contribution to progress in the fields of medicine, agriculture and industry.

Today the world leader in fermentation chemistry and in the production of the life-saving antibiotics, Pfizer will this year alone invest more than ten million dollars in creative research.

John Gunther has written a special report entitled "Inside Pfizer". It is a fascinating tour of a new world of science. For your free copy, send your request to Dept. 20 at address below:



Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.
11 Bartlett St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Science for the World's Well-Being

Pfizer
Since 1849

"She's pretty broken up," I said. "She loved Mousie, you know, in spite of everything."

"Yes, of course," he said.

As I hung up, Stella met my eyes miserably and turned away toward the stairs. Almost immediately the telephone rang again; it was the first of a series of calls that went on through the day. First Molly Downs called; then Gladys, gently solicitous; then Elaine Wharton; Joe Downs from the brass foundry—a dozen others.

I remained in the library near the telephone, and I was there a little after noon when I heard the sound of tires on gravel outside, the sound of two cars braking. I looked out the window and saw Chief Ned Peck getting out of the first car, and from the second, which a state trooper was driving, stepped Lt. Vernon Gray. They started around the house on the flagstones that led to the front door and I went to meet them.

"Sorry to disturb you again, Mr. Stewart," Lieutenant Gray said. "That's the trouble with police work. We're always moving in on people, breaking up lunch, spoiling appetites."

"Come in," I said. "We haven't started lunch yet."

"There are some points I want to clear up," he said. "You told me the girl was having some kind of nervous breakdown, but you said it wasn't love troubles, nothing like that."

"Not that I know of," I said.

"But it could be she had a boy friend you didn't know about, is that it?"

"It could be," I said, "but I doubt it."

"But she lived alone in New York, in a hotel. You didn't exactly keep close watch on her, did you?"

"Indeed not," I said. "But what's the point, lieutenant?"

"I was wondering if she was involved in anything, if she had any enemies."

The meaning of the question struck me hard, and I asked sharply, "What happened, lieutenant?"

He shrugged his relaxed shoulders. "It seems she wasn't drowned, after all, Mr. Stewart. The medical examiner says she was strangled. She was already dead when she was dumped into Oyster Creek."

I sat down heavily in a creaking, rush-bottomed chair. I sat down with my palms spread on my knees and stared up at the lieutenant's calm face.

"I wonder if I could talk to your wife, Mr. Stewart?" he said. "She may know something you don't know. Women are more apt to confide in other women, and they were sisters."

Mousie had been strangled. The impact of it had struck me like a weight that remained crushingly on my chest. She had been threatening to go to the district attorney and reopen the whole tragic case, and now she was dead—murdered. Her voice had been silenced, and not by the engulfing volume of salt water. Human hands had killed her.

"I see this is a shock," Lieutenant Gray said. "I'll tell you how it was. A car drove down back of the yacht club last night and backed into the marsh, toward Oyster Creek. There were Road-Roller tires on that car; that's all we know about it. Then the girl's body was dragged or carried to the bank of the creek. It's a muddy, shelving bank—you saw it; you know that. We found marks in that soft mud where she was slid down into the water—marks below the high-tide line. The tide was full a little after eight last night, so those marks in the mud were made after the ebb began—at least an hour after. If we'd found the place sooner, we could have fixed the time closer than that. But we do know it happened after nine o'clock last night and some time before she was found at half past six this morning."

I stared up at him and murmured, "I was over at the yacht club between nine and ten last night. It could have been happening then, only a couple of hundred yards away."

And Stella also, I thought. Stella had told me that she had driven past the yacht club and, not seeing my car in the parking area, had not gone in. Stella had gone out alone last night—to escape my mother, she had said.

"Could I talk to your wife now?" the lieutenant asked.

I nodded and went slowly up the stairs. I found Stella standing in the hall, her eyes huge. I whispered, "You heard what he said?"

She nodded, and I took her hand and led her into the bedroom, closing the door behind us. Still holding her hand, I said in an oddly flat tone, "So it was murder."

She sank onto the bed, her eyes never leaving mine, and I heard her draw in a deep breath, heard the low, sibilant exhalation.

"Brutal, inhuman murder," I said. "They found the marks where she was shoved down the bank into the water, already dead, already strangled."

Stella put one hand to her throat, the delicate, tapering fingers pressing the side of her neck; I could see the throb of her jugular vein, and the thought kept pounding in my head—Mousie had been on the point of going to the district attorney and crying murder, Mousie had been on the point of accusing Stella.

"Honey," I said, "don't tell the lieutenant you went out last night. Don't tell him you were over by the yacht club."

She stared at me, drew in a quick, quivering breath and said in a tone of utter shock, "Mike, you believe I did it."

"No," I said quickly. "Oh, no, Stella."

"You're thinking that there was no other reason for anyone to kill poor Mousie," she said. "Absolutely no other reason."

I said firmly, "There has to be another reason, honey."

"Mike, look at me," she said, and held up her hands, the fingers spread. "Do you think I could take these two hands and —— Mike, I'm your wife. I love you. Darling, if you really think that ——"

"I didn't think that," I said sharply. "Damn it, don't talk like that."

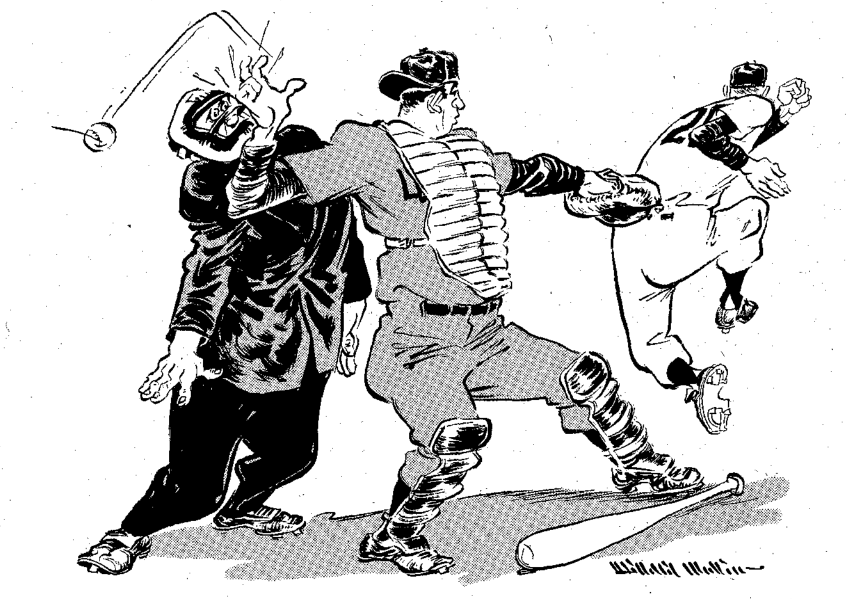
"I couldn't go on living," she said. "I'd destroy myself. Darling, I swear I've always been truthful with you. I've never lied. I wouldn't want to hold your love with lies. Could I kill someone and go on living? I'd be dead now if I had. I'd have broken the lock of that drawer and taken out your gun and shot myself."

I pulled her up from the bed and into my arms. I held her close, patting her shoulder, murmuring in her ear, "Let's have no more of that kind of talk, Stella. I believe you. I trust you. Look, sweetheart, I trust you."

"Do you mean it, Mike?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I'm not afraid any more," she said. "Darling, I was in a panic. I thought that even you had turned against me."



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Sometimes the umpire must decide a play in which he himself is involved. Here, hypothetically, is such a case.

Say Philadelphia and Los Angeles are tied, 3–3, as the Phils bat in the bottom of the sixth. With one out, Wally Post sends a double into right center. Stan Lopata runs a two-two count, then fans on a knuckle ball. But the ball gets away from the Dodger catcher.

Lopata promptly breaks for first. The catcher quickly retrieves the ball. Just then, the umpire moves up too close. The catcher's throwing hand comes in contact with him. The ball bounces to the backstop.

Post rounds third and attempts to score, but is nailed at the plate on a throw from the catcher to pitcher Freddie Kipp. Lopata meanwhile moves to second.

If you were umpiring, what would you do about all this?

See page 80 for answer

I stroked her hair with my palm, kissed her lips, her cheek, and felt the moisture of her eyelashes as she pressed my hand against her face.

She whispered, "Mike, you'll help me?"

"Don't worry, Stella. Of course I'll help you. I'm going down now and send that lieutenant away. He wants to talk to you, but that can wait. Maybe you'd better lie down, honey. I'll have Bernice bring you up some lunch."

"All right," she said. "But you're coming back, Mike?"

"Yes, I'll be back."

"I need you, Mike, so much," she said. "My life was nothing until I met you. If you ever turn against me ——"

"How could I turn against you, Stella? We'll lick this thing somehow, you and I."

I went down the stairs, rubbing the lipstick from my mouth with a moistened handkerchief. I was choked with emotion—this protective, sheltering emotion that I had felt for Stella from the first. The heart could not be wrong, I thought. The emotions, the instincts, were the surest guides. If I was wrong I felt as Stella felt—I would be ready to destroy myself.

"Lieutenant," I said, with as much composure as I could, "my wife has been prostrated by all this. I'm afraid she's in no condition to talk to you now."

"Sure, I understand," he said. "I'm sorry I had to ask it in the first place. Maybe tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow," I said.

"We've been dragging Oyster Creek," Chief Ned Peck said. "We haven't found her handbag yet."

"You didn't tell me her handbag was missing," I cried, and felt a flooding relief, felt the pressure on my lungs abate; I drew in a deep breath. "Then she was robbed, lieutenant. She was killed for the money in her purse."

Lieutenant Gray gave me a steady look and said, "That was my first thought, Mr. Stewart."

"All kinds of people come in off the Post Road," I said. "Of course. Some hoodlum waylaid her."

"I'm wondering why he took the trouble to dump her into Oyster Creek, though," the lieutenant said. "Why didn't he leave her at the roadside? Why would he push her into the water and make it look like a case of drowning? And maybe he took that handbag away to make it look like robbery was the motive, in case we figured it wasn't a drowning." The lieutenant's eyes still watched me steadily. "What I'm curious about is how she got out here. I called Al Hall at home and he said she didn't take his taxi last night. If she came by train, she must have started off afoot from the station."

"She liked to walk," I said, and the uneasiness had returned. "She was an active girl."

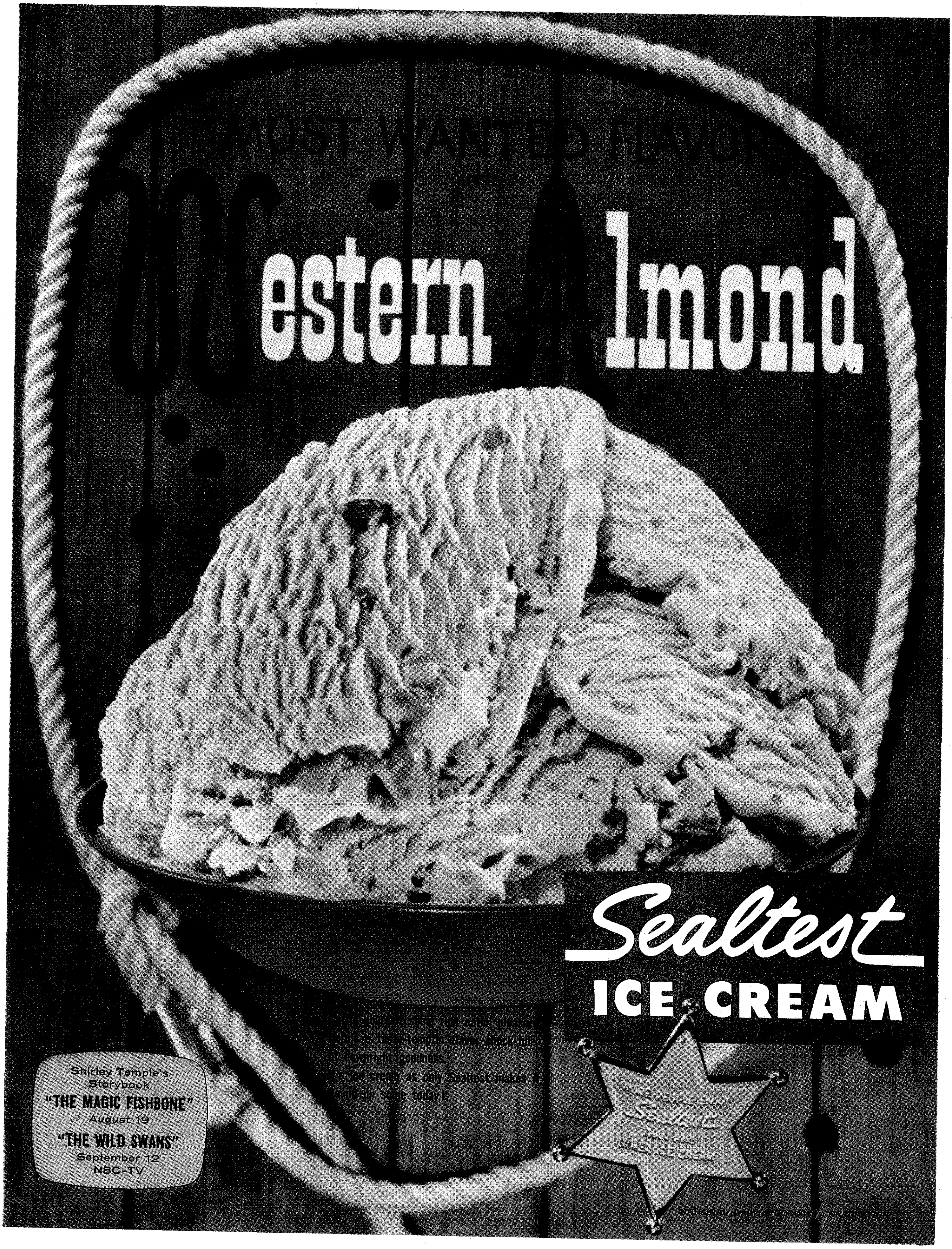
"Unless, of course, somebody gave her a lift," he said. "We're working on that. Sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Stewart."

I watched them from the library window as they went away. Lieutenant Gray glanced at my car in the driveway and kicked at the rear tire as he passed. They drove away, and after the two cars had passed from sight on the winding road that led out of the estate, I telephoned George's office in New York. He had just returned from the morning session of court and his voice sounded strained and hoarse.

"George, this is serious," I said. "Mousie didn't drown herself. She was murdered—strangled."

There was a long pause as George assimilated it, and when he spoke again, it was in his

(Continued on Page 80)


MOST WANTED FLAVOR
Western Almond
Sealtest
ICE CREAM
MORE PEOPLE ENJOY
Sealtest
THAN ANY
OTHER ICE CREAM

yourself some real eatin' pleasure.
Here's a taste-temptin' flavor chock-full
of downright goodness.
It's ice cream as only Sealtest makes it.
Round up some today!

Shirley Temple's
Storybook
"THE MAGIC FISHBONE"
August 19
"THE WILD SWANS"
September 12
NBC-TV

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

(*Continued from Page 78*) professional lawyer's voice, "Have the police talked to you about it?"

"They just left here."

"What did you tell them?"

"That she must have been killed by a robber."

"Of course," he said. "That must be what happened. She was wandering around in the night, half out of her head. Some mugger found her, and she would have been easy game. Yes, that has to be it, Mike."

"When can you get away today?"

"I'll come out there as soon as court is adjourned this afternoon," he said. "Meanwhile keep Stella in her room. Call a doctor if you have to. Just see to it that the police don't badger her."

"I've already stalled them off," I said.

"Good for you, Mike," he said. "You're a rock, a real rock. Stand by until I get there."

I had hardly hung up when the telephone rang again; this time it was a New York newspaper calling. The voice on the telephone was elaborately polite. "Mr. Stewart, we have a report from the Associated Press that your wife's sister was found dead in Menasset. Eleanor Wheeler was your wife's sister, wasn't she?"

"That's correct," I said. "She was robbed and killed. Her handbag is missing. Apparently she was waylaid on the way here from the railroad station last night."

"But she was your wife's sister, Mr. Stewart. Right? When were you and Mrs. Prescott married? I can't find any mention of it here in the clips."

"A couple of months ago," I said, and hung up.

Now the deluge, I thought. Now the old photographs would come out of their folders, the headlines would scream like eagles which once had missed their prey. Orchid Wife's Sister Murdered. The whole story would be rehashed and every incident reported anew. And I didn't care. The publicity I once would have found intolerable did not bother me at all. There had been a great change in Michael Stewart in the past two months; this present Michael Stewart was another man altogether; this present Michael Stewart didn't give a damn what people thought or said; this present Michael Stewart had other worries—worries that shook the foundations of his life.

There were many more calls as the day wore on. Several times I went up to look in on Stella, but she was lying in a shaded room and neither of us felt like talking; I only brought her up to date on what was going on. I remained downstairs near the telephone. I could have left the receiver off the hook, but I didn't. I answered all calls. There was the persistent hope that some ring of the telephone would bring good news—the capture of some hoodlum off the Post Road.

Late in the afternoon my vigil was interrupted by reporters. I stood in the driveway and answered their questions while flash bulbs glared in my face. It was a wise move. Although I told them that Stella was in bed, prostrated, and would talk to no one for a day or so, I answered their questions freely, and when they went away they posted no sentries at the gateposts.

When I returned to the house I found Stella up and dressed, looking pale, but more sure of herself. "I heard an awful lot of telephone calls, Mike," she said.

"People saying how broken up they are about Mousie, mostly," I said. "George is on the way out here. He ought to be here pretty soon. He said to tell you not to worry. Mousie was surely killed by a mugger."

"Of course I'm not worried," she said in a low voice. "But, Mike, I've been through all this before—waiting for the police to catch a robber. It's hard to go through it all again. I'm like someone who was struck by lightning and sees the flash of another bolt. I look around and there's no place of refuge. It's like a bad dream that never ends."

"It will end," I said, "and you have a place of refuge right here." I took her in my arms. "You won't be struck by lightning, honey. I promise you."

Through the window I saw my mother coming over, walking slowly and bent over in the late-afternoon sunlight. For the first time she seemed to have lost the quality of youth she had preserved so wonderfully. Her face seemed lined and old; she looked her years. I went to meet her and she stopped to wait.

When I reached her, she said firmly, "You see how wrong you were, Michael. Mousie didn't take her own life. She was killed."

"So you know that," I said.

"Lieutenant Gray told me. He called me on the telephone to ask me some questions about Mousie and I was happy to have the opportunity to correct a false impression. How is Stella?"

"She's in her room," I said. "What false impression, mother?"

"About Mousie's having a nervous breakdown," she said. "I told him she was as sane as you or I."

"When I told him that, I thought she had drowned herself," I said.

"It still makes me wonder," she said. "Why would you blurt out a thing like that, even if it had been true? And it wasn't true. I made that plain to Lieutenant Gray."

"Mother, let's not talk about it," I said. "I've been answering the telephone all day. I've talked to reporters. Let's not discuss it any more."

"As you wish. But I came over to ask what you've done about Mousie."

"Thursday morning at ten o'clock," I said. "Congregational Church. Mr. Hopkins will conduct the service."

"How about music, flowers—all that?"

"Mother, will you take charge of it?" I asked. "Will you call up Mr. Hopkins and talk it over with him? Please."

"Certainly," she said. "I'm glad you asked me, son. Mr. Hopkins has a weakness for Tennyson's Crossing the Bar, and we certainly don't want that. Yes, I'll take care of it."

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 78

Send Post back to second, and Lopata back to first.

The ball became dead when the umpire interfered with the catcher's throw. (Section 5.09b: "The ball becomes dead and runners return to their bases when the umpire interferes with the catcher's attempt to throw.") Lopata is entitled to first base as a runner when the catcher failed to hold the third strike.

When I returned to the house the telephone was off the hook and Bernice said, "Call for you, Mr. Stewart."

I picked up the receiver and Lieutenant Gray said, "Say, Mr. Stewart, if you're not too busy, I wonder if you could come over here to the barracks and talk to me."

"Have you caught that man?"

"No, nothing like that," he said. "When can I expect you?"

"Say in fifteen minutes," I said.

I hung up and looked at Stella. "The lieutenant wants to see me again."

"Maybe they've ——" She moistened her lips. "Have they found the robber, Mike?"

"No."

I kissed her, squeezed her hand and went out to my car.

The state-police barracks was on the outskirts of Menasset not far from the Stewart Brass Foundry—a gray, barnlike structure set back from the road, with ample parking space around it. The desk sergeant directed me to Lieutenant Gray's office and I found him seated at a large, glass-covered desk. His office was furnished with chairs and a sofa upholstered in brown leather and on the walls were clusters of framed photographs showing the lieutenant at banquets, with the governor, surveying the flood damage of a few years ago, and in the football uniform of the University of Connecticut. Probably an end, I thought; he had a rangy build.

"Glad you could make it, Mr. Stewart," he said genially. "Sit down."

Electric lights had already been turned on in the office and the lieutenant's bland face was clearly lit, as was mine.

I asked as I sat down, "Anything new?"

"Nothing exactly new," he said. "But there are a few facts that don't quite fit the picture. Maybe you can shed some light."

"I'll help in any way I can."

"Good," he said. "First, about that train. Miss Wheeler wasn't seen getting off any train at any time yesterday. She was a pretty striking girl. She'd be hard to miss, wouldn't she? I also checked with the bus drivers. Result negative. So the question is: how did she get out here from New York?"

"I'm afraid I can't help you on that," I said.

"Of course, in the dark she could have got off the nine-ten without being seen," he said. "She could have dropped off a rear coach and started off afoot. You were there asking Al Hall about it. You didn't happen to see her on the road after you left the station, did you?"

"If only I had," I said.

"I get your point," he said. "Say, Mr. Stewart, I'm curious about something else. You were asking Al Hall whether she caught the milk train Sunday night, but your mother says she went home Saturday, not Sunday. How about that?"

"I wasn't here Saturday, lieutenant. I was at Block Island. I had been on the yacht-club cruise with Miss Wheeler and my wife, and they came home by ferry and train Saturday. I sailed home Sunday and got in pretty late that night."

"But still, I'm wondering why you thought she might be on that milk train when she wasn't even in Menasset."

"I don't see why that's important, lieutenant."

"Had she been with you Sunday night?"

"No; as I told you, I got in quite late."

"There's another contradiction here," he said. "You told me this morning that the girl was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. That was when we thought she had drowned herself, of course."

"I still think she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown," I said. "As you know, my mother disagrees. I believe you questioned her about it."

"I expect you knew her better than your mother did?"

"Yes, I'd say I did."

"You knew more about her emotional make-up, would you say?"

"Yes."

"And she was pretty emotional, I gather."

"Yes, she was. She lived her life in a rush. Someone said once that she was like a monkey swinging from tree to tree, making death-defying leaps; and I think that's pretty accurate."

"When was the last time you saw her, Mr. Stewart? Before this morning, that is."

"We had lunch together in New York yesterday."

"At the Hotel Westbrook, that was—in the grill. She ordered chicken salad and you went for the roast beef. Is that right?"

I moistened my lips, meeting his eyes across the desk. "Yes, that's correct."

"The food there isn't too hot, is it?"

"It's not bad."

"But yesterday you didn't eat," he said. "She didn't eat her chicken salad and you didn't even touch your roast beef. In fact, it was a pretty emotional lunch, wasn't it? She jumped up and flounced to the door, and you went after her, and the waiter had to chase you to get the dough for the check. Right?"

"You seem to have made a thorough check, lieutenant."

"It's my job to check," he said, "and I get excellent co-operation from the New York police. In this case they checked for me. They report that you and Miss Wheeler had quite an argument. What was it about, Mr. Stewart?"

"It was nothing that concerns you," I said. "It was a personal matter."

"In a murder investigation, Mr. Stewart, personal matters have a way of becoming public business. What did you and Miss Wheeler fight about?"

"We didn't fight," I said.

"You define it, then. Whatever it was that you two did, why did you do it?"

"As I told you, it was a personal matter."

"You're sticking to that?"

"Yes, I'm sticking to that."

"After you left the restaurant, where did you go?"

"We walked along Park Avenue and then I put her in a cab. She had an appointment to be interviewed about a job."

"Where?"

"She didn't tell me where."

"By the way, how was she dressed?"

"She was wearing the same clothes—what she was found in. Except that she had a cloche hat and a brown leather handbag."

"We found the hat," he said. "Curious how that handbag has disappeared. By the way, what brand of tires do you drive?"

"I expect you already know the answer," I said. "Road-Rollers."

"A very common tread," he said. "You see them everywhere. On your wife's car, too, for that matter. . . . Now, after you put Miss Wheeler in a cab, what did you do?"

"I drove home."

"So you drove home," he said, "and Miss Wheeler was never seen again. She never went back to her hotel. She kind of dropped from sight until we fished her out of Oyster Creek, wearing the same clothes she was wearing when you saw her in the afternoon."

I remained silent. I could not tell him that she had made an appointment with

George Duncan, which she had not kept; that would have led to more questions, more suspicions. I kept silent.

"But when you got home, you didn't stay," the lieutenant said. "You went out again in your car, didn't you? You passed by the station last night and asked Al Hall if she had got off the nine-ten."

"Yes. She was expected at my mother's, but she hadn't showed up."

"And the next thing that was seen of you," he went on, "you turned up at the bar of the yacht club, asking Henry for a good stiff slug of whisky."

"My usual Scotch-and-water, lieutenant," I said.

The lieutenant leaned back in his swivel chair, hands clasped behind his back. His manner still remained deceptively casual. He did not raise his voice; his blue eyes seemed as guileless as ever.

"You were pretty attentive to Miss Wheeler, I understand," he said. "It was a gay whirl, wasn't it? Sailing on the bay for hours together, cruising aboard your yacht, tennis, badminton, dancing at the yacht club, kissing on the sea wall."

I looked up quickly, and he said, "Well, you did snatch a little kiss on the sea wall, didn't you?"

"A friendly kiss," I said. "She was my wife's sister."

He brought his hands down from behind his neck, he brought his torso forward and settled his feet solidly on the floor, with an ominous creaking of the swivel chair. His voice was low and confidential as he asked, "Was she making trouble, Mr. Stewart?"

"Trouble?" I said.

"Threatening to go to your wife," he said. "Threatening to blow the whole thing wide open. Is that why you had the big scene at lunch yesterday?"

This was a macabre joke, I thought, but I did not relish it. I said quietly, "There was nothing to blow open, lieutenant."

"Now look, Mr. Stewart," he said. "Don't take it wrong if I point out that you married a lady under a cloud, as it were. You brought her back here to Menasset and your friends were pretty standoffish, I'm told."

"I don't know who told you that," I said. "You couldn't be more wrong."

"But you were left pretty much alone with the lady."

"By our own choice."

"Yet you took to going around with her sister," he said. "You must have realized that there was bound to be some talk. You were seen with Miss Wheeler many places, without your wife. You took her to dances at the yacht club, but your wife never showed up there—not once. You had meetings with her in New York and at least one emotional scene. What did your wife have to say about all that? Didn't she object?"

"There was no reason for her to object," I said.

"But she had eyes."

"Not a policeman's eyes, lieutenant."

He grinned affably. "Sure, I've got a policeman's eyes," he said. "And I've got a policeman's cynicism to go along with them. I'm a real hard man to convince. I just can't believe that your wife didn't utter, say, one little word of reproof. In fact, my guess would be that you two had a real hot argument."

I shook my head.

"And maybe a hysterical shot was fired in the night," he said. "Did she wave a gun at you and did it happen to go off? Is that how that bullet hole got in your refrigerator?"

"So you saw that?" I said, and my heart was pounding with alarm.

"Indeed I saw that. This afternoon, while you were upstairs with your wife, I stepped out to the kitchen to talk to the cook and I saw that bullet hole. I think that was a signpost pointing out the road, Mr. Stewart."

"I was greasing my gun and it went off," I said. "If you had asked me at the time, I would have told you that."

"Well, your mother told us all about it," he said.

My muscles tightened and I felt the hot rush of blood to my face. "What did she tell you?"

"She heard that shot Sunday night, she said, and she said you told her you were cleaning your gun."

"I had been on a cruise," I said. "I wanted to protect the barrel after its exposure to salt air and I was greasing it."

"You came back from the cruise Sunday night and later you were asking Al Hall if Miss Wheeler made the milk train O.K. Sunday night," the lieutenant said. "The next day you rushed into New York to have lunch with Miss Wheeler, and the first thing we know Miss Wheeler is dead—strangled and dumped into Oyster Creek. There's a chain of events there, Mr. Stewart. You come home Sunday night, Miss Wheeler catches the milk train or doesn't catch the milk train, a shot is fired, you have lunch with Miss Wheeler and she gets emotional, then Miss Wheeler is murdered. The noise of that shot rings out like a cannon in my ears. That shot seems to say, 'Angry wife. Showdown. Kid sister running out to catch the milk train. Husband ducking a bullet.'"

"I was greasing my gun, lieutenant," I said.

"That's still your story?"

"That's the fact."

"Mr. Stewart," he said, "of course you realize that I know the story of your wife's first husband and how he was shot, and I know she's a pretty emotional woman—like her sister was."

"I don't care for the tone of this inquiry, lieutenant," I said. "I'm willing to answer any questions relating to the facts, but I refuse to sit here and allow you to exercise a tabloid imagination and defame my wife's name."

"Tabloid imagination?" he said. "That's pretty good. Yes, I guess that's what I've got, for sure. The way I imagine it is that your wife blew her top, and the next day you went to have lunch with the kid sister and she said she was going to see your wife and tell all. She said you had to make a choice then and there—the chicken salad or the roast beef. And that tabloid imagination is still working; it's imagining that you went pretty far with Miss Wheeler. It's imagining that there were complications—real serious complications—and something had to be done about it. I'm expecting word from the coroner on that."

I got abruptly to my feet, controlling my anger as I looked down at his placid face and bright, taunting eyes.

"You're pretty touchy, Mr. Stewart," he said. "You know what I think about you? I think you're a man who couldn't stand a scandal. I think you're a man who's pretty conscious of his standing in the community. Am I right?"

"Is that all, lieutenant?" I asked stiffly.

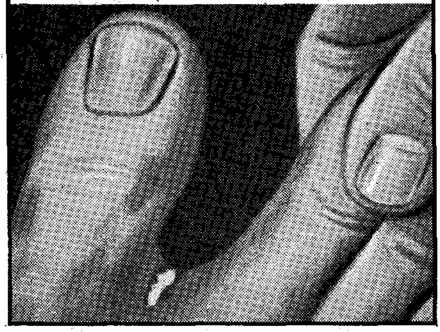
"That's all for now," he said. "But I'll be around in the morning to talk to your wife."

I had never realized how circumstances could stand together, all pointing fingers. I went away from the barracks with considerable respect for Lieutenant Gray's ability and with a heavy weight of helpless dread. He was getting perilously close to the truth.

TO BE CONTINUED

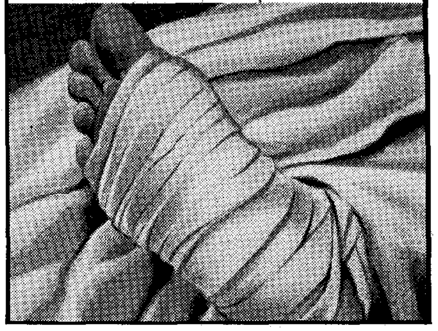
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

BEFORE THIS—



Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread—may even get into your blood stream. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your doctor

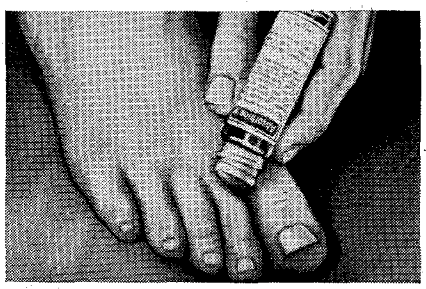
Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in laboratory test tubes in less than 5 minutes!

That tingling sensation you feel tells you *liquid* Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches—even in tiny cracks.

For a famous laboratory grew millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes and reported *every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.!*

And in carefully controlled clinical tests on patients, doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Absorbine Jr. also comes in familiar family and hospital size bottles. At all drug counters.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



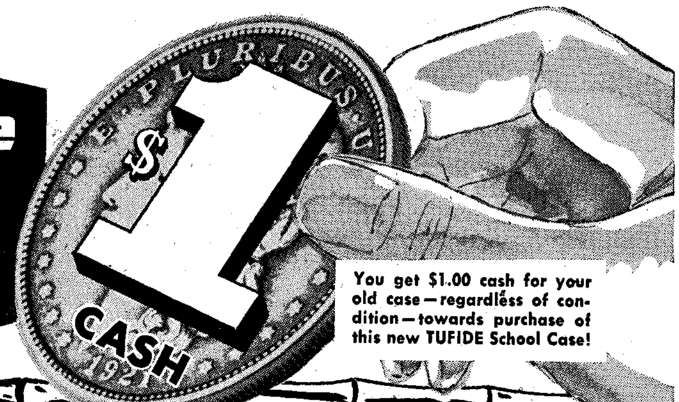
New bottle ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot. Simply dab Absorbine Jr. on infected area with sponge tip. No drip . . . no mess . . . you treat Athlete's Foot without touching it with your hands

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

Absorbine Jr

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

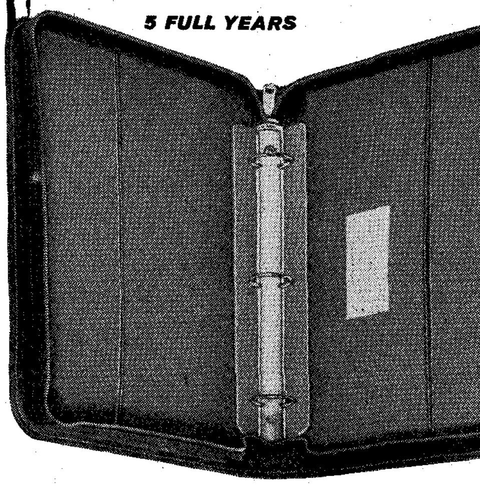
Tufide DEALERS WILL PAY YOU



You get $1.00 cash for your old case—regardless of condition—towards purchase of this new TUFIDE School Case!

Stebco
Tufide
"TRADER"
RING BINDER

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED
5 FULL YEARS



Regular Low Price............$5.99
Less Trade-In Allowance.. 1.00

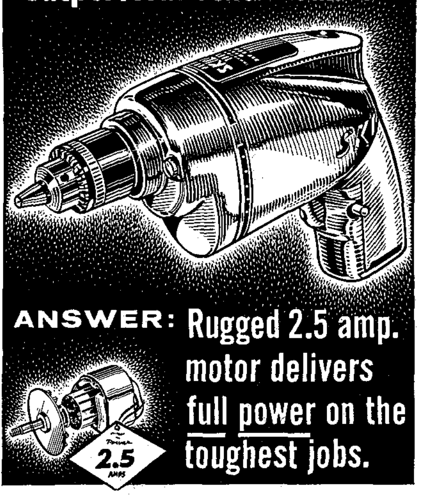
You Pay Only $4.99

Extra-roomy 14" x 11½" x 2½", heavy-duty binder with two or three 1½" rings. Holds 11" x 8½" sheets. Has two vertical pockets plus identification card pocket. Heavy-duty zipper. In London Tan and British Brown. At Stationery, School Supply, Luggage and Department Stores.

LOOKS like leather . . .
FEELS like leather . . .
OUTWEARS leather 5 to 1 . . .

OFFER LIMITED . . . Visit Your TUFIDE Dealer Today!

Stebco (since 1918)
Chicago 7, Illinois



SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP

How does a SKIL drill outperform other brands?

ANSWER: Rugged 2.5 amp. motor delivers full power on the toughest jobs.

Compared to any other brand, the SKIL Model 549 drill is an outstanding performer. It has more power for every drilling job or to run any attachment—buffer, grinder, or sander. Its light weight with positive-grip pistol-type handle makes it amazingly easy-to-handle. Ask your hardware or lumber dealer to show you the SKIL drill with 2.5 amp. tag on it. Price—$24.95

Skilmanship means...
SKIL TOOLS DO MORE
SKIL
Made only by SKIL Corporation, manufacturer of famous SKIL and SKILSAW products, Chicago 30. In Canada: 3601 Dundas St. W. Toronto 9, Ont.

SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP

foot comfort
for all...
for FALL!
all purpose sport socks

casuals in colors
thermal hunting sock

Wigwam SOCKS

Anytime... any season ... all year 'round — enjoy snug, airy, cushioned Wigwams. STA-SIZED to hold their shape. At sporting goods and department stores.

WIGWAM MILLS, INC.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
In Canada: Hanson Mills Ltd., Hull, Quebec

for every sport.. and everyday wear, too!

The Coming Exploration in Space

(Continued from Page 33)

just as the keys on a piano can be. Compare them to a piano.

A piano can strike notes through a range of seven octaves, each octave setting up vibrations at twice the pitch or frequency of those of the octave below. A child's toy piano has, in comparison, a range of only one octave and is virtually useless as a musical instrument because of that.

But the electromagnetic spectrum spreads through not seven, but over sixty octaves! What we see as visible light, however, takes up just one octave in the middle of this giant span. This is about all that, until very recently, the astronomer could use as his key to the universe. He was in a far worse position than that of a concert pianist forced to perform on a child's toy piano.

To be sure, we have developed instruments that will take us up and down the entire radiation range in the laboratory, but this doesn't help us get through the atmosphere to radiations in empty space. Rather, it increases the sense of frustration, since except for a short section including visible light and another section at the radio-wave end, the atmosphere is opaque. Our life-giving air interposes a firm barrier between ourselves and the octaves of knowledge.

Since World War II, we have at least begun to take advantage of the radio waves that reach us from various points in the universe. By the use of special telescopes designed to receive and focus radio waves, we have initiated the science of radio-astronomy, and a flood of new knowledge now reaches us through a second chink in the curtain.

But no other chinks exist. The next advance must be to thrust the curtain aside altogether and rise above the atmosphere. In a small way, this has already been done. High-altitude sounding rockets have given us momentary glimpses with primitive equipment from above this opaque protective layer. Miniature scientific laboratories have been set into temporary orbit as artificial satellites of the earth. Soon, if we but choose to make the effort, larger laboratories, whole observatories, even manned observatories, can be set into orbits that will be as permanent as we wish to make them.

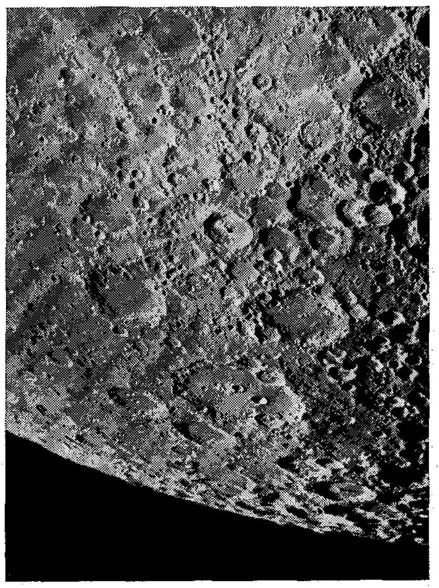
Great telescope mirrors can focus ultraviolet or infrared radiations on television pickups, to send back pictures of the universe that the human eye will never see directly. Radio-telescope antennas a thousand feet across can be pointed in any direction to hairline precision. Under orbital weightlessness, giant structures need little cross bracing, of the flimsiest type, to keep their shape accurately.

Already our rockets can read more than a hundred space-borne instruments simultaneously and radio the readings back to earth several times a second. A hundred men in a rocket could match neither the speed nor the accuracy of these electronic elves. Men will only be an expensive luxury in space, except possibly for maintenance work and actual exploration of the moon and planets. Telepuppets, with TV eyes and remote-controlled fingers, may even excel man for these duties. Board and room are horribly expensive in space, not to mention travel costs, while telepuppets enjoy vacuum, disregard cosmic rays, rarely become ill or bored and need not be fed when off duty.

But if we do this; if we place eyes in space, what can we really hope to see that we don't already see? Consider the moon, for instance, the astronomical body closest to earth and its faithful companion in all their age-long travels. Is there anything about the moon we could learn better from space than from a mountain top?

Well, how thick is the dust layer covering much or most of the moon's surface? Something like a dust layer does exist because during an eclipse of the moon, when the earth passes between it and the sun, the temperature of the moon's surface, as measured by our instruments, drops a hundred degrees in only a few minutes. This could happen only if the moon's surface were an insulator. A dust layer would be insulating and is a quite logical explanation of this phenomenon. If the moon's surface consisted of solid rock or of giant boulders, there would be a more rapid conduction of stored heat through the rocky substance.

The source of the dust is fairly obvious. Meteoric particles, traveling with speeds of a mile a second up to over forty miles a second and ranging in size from microscopic dust particles to small mountains in space, have been bombarding the moon from its beginning. Furthermore, each impact produces an explosion, whether microscopic or colossal, and sprays more dust over the moon. There is no ocean to bury the dust or wind to disturb it or living organisms to do anything at all to it, so it stays put; an age-long unchanging record of lunar history.



Moon, showing mountainous profile of limb and, lower center, 140-mile crater, Clavius.

So far, all astronomers are about agreed. But now, here comes a subtler point. How much dust is present on the moon? How thick is the dust layer?

I, myself, have argued that the moon actually loses material as the result of meteoric bombardment, since the explosions would hurl much of the dust outward at a speed great enough to escape the comparatively feeble gravitational attraction of the moon. If this theory is correct, the layer of dust remaining on the moon would be thin, and, regardless of this theory, since dust tends to stick together in a vacuum, there is probably no loose dust at all.

On the other hand, Dr. Thomas Gold, Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Massachusetts, has arguments to show how the dust on the moon may fill the craters made by huge meteorites and may even be responsible for the great dark areas on the moon, which are large enough to be visible to the naked eye and show as the features of "man in the moon."

Gold believes that the dust layer is so thick, at least over much of the moon's surface, that a spaceship, landing in the wrong place, might sink into a hundred feet of dust to the discomfiture, if not the destruction, of both vessel and crew.

How, then, settle this disagreement without actually sending a spaceship to the moon to see if it would drown in dust or not? Well, we have already sent short-wave radio radiation to the moon and back. It has penetrated some—or all—of the dust layer and brought back information about the surface. Radio telescopes by ultra-short waves observe that the radiation is hardly changed at lunar eclipses, indication that the temperature is nearly constant a short distance below the surface.

However, such radio waves have had to penetrate our atmosphere. From space, radio-wave bombardment of the moon could be conducted with other radiations to which our atmosphere is completely opaque. Then we should be able to measure the exact thickness of the dust and a great many things about it. So you see, our eyes in space would see more clearly even with respect to our close neighbor, the moon.

The moon is so close that even in the immediate future we need not restrict ourselves to merely looking. We ought to be able to land on the moon before many years.

Once we are on the moon—assuming safe landing—the nature of the moon's surface can be determined easily. Furthermore, its building materials—cosmic green cheese—can be sampled below the dust layer. Additional information about our natural satellite's composition and structure can then be obtained by setting off artificial explosions or by observing the natural explosions that would result from the fall of moderately sized meteorites. The manner in which waves travel through the substance of the moon as a result of these "moonquakes" will tell us much of the moon's inner structure.

But one warning should be mentioned here. In studying the moon we must not deface it so as to destroy its precious ancient records. Exploding nuclear bombs on the moon, for instance, would produce radioactive fallout and contaminate its surface. We would like to measure the past effects of cosmic rays on the moon by means of radioactive atoms the cosmic rays transmute in the surface material. Since these atoms are relatively few in number, nuclear fallout could ruin our measurements. The moon is a unique international monument which should be preserved against vandalism, whether in the name of science or of exploration.

A harmless way of obtaining additional information is to circle the moon with a small subsatellite, or moon's moon. Its motion will tell us the moon's mass and density with far greater accuracy than we know today, besides disclosing possible irregularities of internal structure.

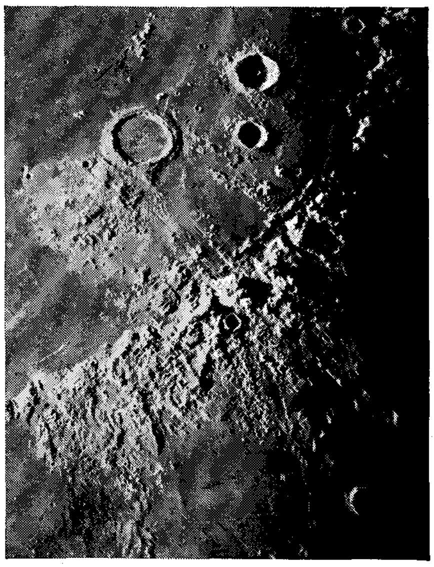
Artificial satellites sent up to circle the moon would give us additional information. With knowledge so gained about the moon's surface, near surface, and interior construction, we should be able to establish the manner in which the moon grew from some primordial cloud of particles, dust or gas. We will have determined the origin of the moon. And whatever applies to the moon may well apply to the earth as well. Earth and moon have been companions since birth and must have originated and developed together and in similar fashion.

Ordinarily, we might expect that the history of these two bodies would have left its mark in ways that science could read and interpret. In the case of the earth, however, those marks have been hopelessly blurred. During the molten stage of its early history, the earth separated into two liquids: a heavy one composed mainly of molten iron with some nickel, and a lighter one composed mainly of silicate rock. The heavy nickel-iron sank to the center and today this "core" extends from the center of the earth more than halfway to its surface. Around it, like egg white about yolk, is the rocky silicate mantle.

Only the silicate portion of the earth can be studied by us directly, and even that has been so hammered and transformed by the action of wind and water; so often buried by the sea and exposed again; so built up into mountains and slowly worn down again; that trying to find tell-tale traces of the earth's early history is like looking for a particular footprint in a trampled bog.

But the moon which has shared the earth's developmental history has not undergone the earth's catastrophes. For one thing, being smaller, it may have lost heat to space more easily and never have become molten through radioactive action. Dr. Harold C. Urey, of the University of Chicago, thinks it never has, although some astronomers disagree, including particularly Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, director of the Yerkes and McDonald observatories.

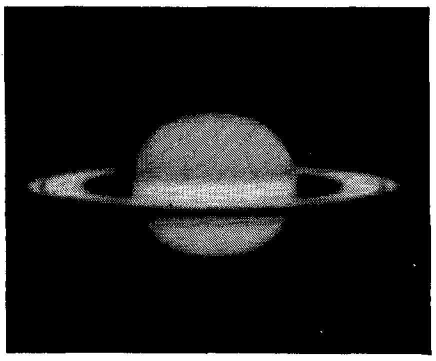
Whether or not the moon has been molten, we have definite evidence that it lacks a nickel-iron core such as that possessed by the earth. The material near the surface of the moon is therefore more likely to be typical of the original material that made up the moon and probably the earth than is any material we can reach on earth.



Moon craters and mountain range, with peaks 12,000 feet high.

Furthermore, there is neither atmosphere nor ocean on the moon to obscure the clues we seek. Except for the possibly blurring effects of meteoric bombardment, the moon's history is kept for us in cold storage and we can learn much information which our own lively, active world has been far too busy to keep for us.

But the moon is only a tiny part of what interests the astronomer. Suppose our eyes in space turn toward the planets. What would they see? Two planets, Mercury and Venus, circle the sun within the earth's orbit. Then comes Mars, wheeling nearly 50,000,000 miles beyond. At much greater distances come the giants, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune; and, finally little Pluto, some 3,600,000,000 miles out.



Saturn with its rings. Planet's surface is vaporous, its rings are minute particles.

Mars is a dusty desert ball, half the earth's diameter, with thin polar caps of snow or frost that grow and shrink with the Martian seasonal changes. Is Mars an old and wizened planet that once abounded with oceans and with plant and animal life? Or has it always been a forbidding desert with night temperatures falling 100 degrees below zero?

Mars may support life. Eyes in space will determine whether dark areas are vegetation.

Mars has a thin atmosphere of its own and perhaps part of the answer may lie in a knowledge of the exact composition of that atmosphere. For instance, the Martian atmosphere contains practically no free oxygen, but contains carbon dioxide in greater quantity than does the earth's much thicker atmosphere.

The amount of carbon dioxide in our own atmosphere is held down by plant life, which makes use of the gas to build up the giant molecules of starch and protein, on which all animals, including man, feed, either directly, by eating the plants, or indirectly, by eating animals that have eaten plants. The carbon dioxide is restored to earth's atmosphere by animal respiration and by the decay of both plants and animals after death.

Does a high carbon-dioxide level in the Martian atmosphere prove conclusively that there is no vegetable life on that planet to deplete its supply? Or is the plant-animal arrangement such that the final carbon-dioxide balance happens to be at a higher level than here on earth? Or can some other type of life survive on these planets; life not so intimately involved with the oxygen/carbon-dioxide cycle?

Perhaps we would know more if we knew the composition of the Martian atmosphere in greater detail. The clues to that composition come from the nature of the light that has been reflected from Mars and has reached us after passing through the Martian atmosphere. The trouble is that light, in order to reach our telescopes, must pass through our atmosphere as well. The effects of small quantities of water vapor and oxygen on Mars are drowned out in the greater quantities of these same substances in our own. In the case of nitrogen, the major constituent of our own atmosphere, we have to study what happens to the ultraviolet radiation passing through the Martian atmosphere, and this is also true of the rare gases such as argon and neon. Yet only the near ultraviolet radiations get through our own atmosphere at all.

So our conclusions as to life on Mars are, so far, based on inadequate data; and it will be on the eyes in space that we must depend for better information.

Furthermore, our atmosphere distorts what light we do get from the planets so greatly that, putting atmosphere questions to one side, we cannot even see the fine details of the Martian surface that our telescopes could easily see if they were located in a vacuum. There are waves and currents in the earth's atmosphere, as there are in the ocean, and these are so magnified by the great telescopes that the atmosphere begins to resemble the shaking, quivering air over a hot stove.

We cannot, therefore, hope for much luck in seeing the fine details that might indicate artificial structures—the famous but discredited "canals"—no matter how large we make our telescopes, until we get outside the atmosphere. Nor can we hope to study those parts of the electromagnetic range that might give us certain news about the presence of the kind of complex organic molecules on Mars that could mean the existence of life.

The first real evidence of the possibility of Martian vegetation, for instance, comes from recent work by Dr. William M. Sinton, formerly of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory and now at the Flagstaff Observatory, in Arizona. He found evidence, not conclusive but still promising, from the manner in which sunlight is absorbed on the surface of Mars, that suggests the presence of complex organic molecules of the type necessary for life as we know it. His work suggests plant life, of course, not the little green men with big ears so often imagined.

Perhaps this November, when Mars is rather close again, he can make new observations to settle this matter conclusively, but certainly an observatory in space could give us the answer without mistake or hesitation and tell us whether or not we might plan our eventual voyage to Mars with that special excitement that would come of knowing that we would find life when we arrived, even if only very primitive life.

Venus, the earth's sister planet, in size and mass, has an atmosphere even thicker than the earth's and far more obscuring. Venus is perpetually cloud-covered so that although it is the closest of the planets—closer even than Mars—we know less about it than about any other planet but far-distant Pluto.

The problem of the Venusian clouds is one of the most baffling in planetary astronomy. First, the clouds make the planet itself a mystery, because we still cannot be sure whether the clouds are made of dust, of ice, or of what.

By studying the planet from an observatory in space, it is almost certain that we could penetrate the Venusian clouds by the use of either long infrared waves or extremely short ultraviolet. Even if it turns out that the clouds cannot be penetrated by any form of radiation, we could still find out what the clouds are made of and measure the size of the particles composing them.

This information, which we can't get as long as our own atmosphere keeps us blinded, would go a long way to answer the question of whether Venus has a dusty, desert surface like that of Mars, or an entirely oceanic surface.

If it should turn out, indeed, that oceans cover Venus, then it would be particularly interesting to send a landing rocket there, with exploratory equipment, to find out whether life exists in those oceans.

A very intriguing question revolves about the possibility of a completely oceanic life. Could intelligence develop under such conditions? On earth, the most intelligent marine life, the dolphins, are really mammals that developed on land and then returned to the sea. The highest forms of purely aquatic life are fish and squids, and they are not particularly intelligent. Is this just chance or is it that intelligence is simply not useful in the ocean?

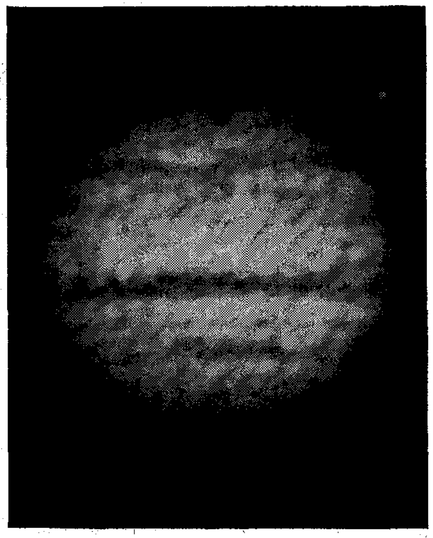
Ought we to cross out the possibility of intelligent life on Venus then? Perhaps Venus, whatever its present condition, once had both oceans and dry land. If so, and if intelligent life had then developed on dry land, might it have survived to the present?

The turbulent shaking of our atmosphere keeps us from accurate measurements of even the very diameter of Mercury, the smallest planet—about 3000 miles in diameter—and the closest to the sun. This helps create uncertainty as to its density and, therefore, to its composition.

Some scientists are certain that the materials of this small planet are, on the average, denser than the materials that make up earth. If we could know whether this was so or not—and an observatory in space would go a long way toward telling us—that would fill in some missing bits in our theories about planetary evolution.

The probabilities of life on the distant giant planets or their satellites are quite small even in comparison with the chances of life on Mars and Venus.

But the giant planets are of enormous interest, if only because they are so different from the earthlike planets. They are tremendous objects that dwarf earth. Jupiter, for instance, is eleven times the size of the earth in diameter and is made up of 300 times as much material. We would dearly like to know why Jupiter and the other outer planets are so different, and so large.



Jupiter emits powerful radio waves. Notice shadow of satellite Ganymede cast by Sun.

And yet, studying them through the one-octave chink in our atmospheric shroud, we cannot even prove what all astronomers are convinced must be the truth: that the atmospheres of these planets are made up mostly of hydrogen and helium, with ammonia and methane as small-scale impurities.

Any water that exists on the outer planets is completely frozen out because of the low temperatures. Even the warmest of them, Jupiter, is at a temperature of 200 degrees below zero. But of their solid surface, if there is a solid surface, we can observe nothing. All we can see are the upper regions of the thick and turbulent atmospheres of these planets. Here again, data obtained from an observatory in space would help greatly in our reconstruction of the internal construction and evolution of the planets.

Marvelous aesthetic experiences will also be the rewards of observations from space. Our sun will be a magnificent and unbelievable sight from a space observatory. The sun's corona—an envelope of ultra-thin gas surrounding its globe and stretching outward in all directions for millions of miles, perhaps as far as the earth itself—is at a temperature of a mil-

here's the value story that really holds water!

Don't miss the boat on the greatest 5-door Estate Wagon value ever to hit our shores. This British beauty is TR3 engineered . . . averages 60,000 miles without a major overhaul . . . does up to 78 miles an hour . . . gives 40 miles to the gallon . . . seats the whole family with plenty of room . . . or fold down back seats for 38 cu. ft. of space, with full rear door access. Be crafty, guest drive the Estate Wagon (or 4-door Sedan at $1699*) today. *Write for our Overseas Delivery Brochure.* STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR CO., 1745 B'way, Dept. PS8, N.Y.C. 19.

TRIUMPH

*5-door estate wagon $1899**

*at U. S. ports of entry plus taxes. White walls extra (slightly higher West Coast).

EXTRA MONEY FOR THIS YEAR!

HOW would you like to have money to buy some of those "extras" you've been wanting so long? You can increase your income quickly, easily, pleasantly.

You will earn generous commissions by forwarding magazine subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, Jack and Jill,* and other popular publications. Thousands of our most successful representatives got their start by asking for our plan. Why don't you decide now to join our staff of independent representatives?

Subscription selling of this type can be carried on right in your own home. YOU are the boss. You may work full time or part time, day or evening, whatever time is most convenient for you. And, as an independent representative, you may sell wherever you find customers. Orders may be accepted for new and renewal subscriptions.

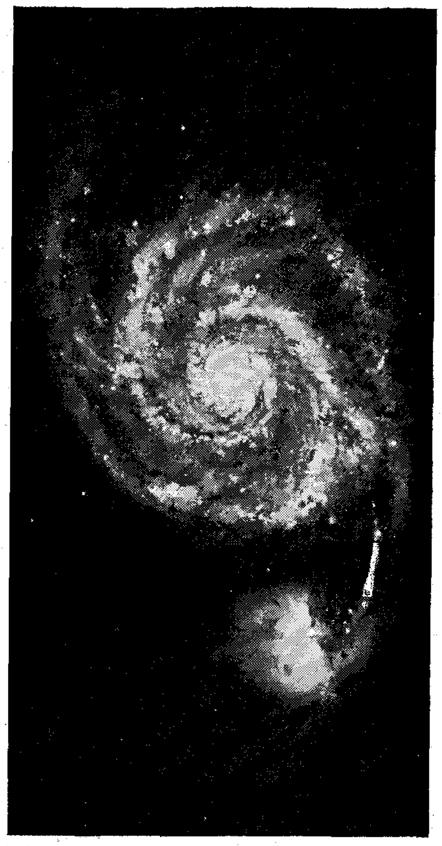
For details and starting supplies write to the address below. We will send you full information without obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
397 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Penna.

lion degrees or more. Much of the ordinary light it radiates is scattered and absorbed by our atmosphere, so that the corona is not visible except during an eclipse. In space, however, the corona will always be conspicuous and the sun's mantle will seem to fill the sky.

With our electronic eyes we shall be able to watch clearly the far ultraviolet radiations of the sun—those gigantic solar storms that explode subatomic particles in all directions at velocities of 2000 miles per second. We can observe those particles that are hurtled in the direction of the earth, and be able to predict when they will strike our atmosphere and produce the remarkable Northern—and Southern—Lights, hundreds of miles above our planet's surface. These storms hurl great currents of electricity around the earth, so that huge magnetic fields are set up. We cannot sense these fields in any way, but our everyday instruments can and are disturbed by them. Radio communication is disrupted and our modern electronic world is seriously affected.

This solar explosion, 140,000 miles high, will create magnetic fields around the earth.



Island universe in space. This spiral nebula shows rotational forces common to galaxies.

Lifting our sights above the solar system to the distant suns that make up the great universe of stars, gas clouds and galaxies, these last being great clusters of hundreds of billions of stars—what a change in our viewpoint once we are above the atmosphere. In the far ultraviolet, in the X-ray region, and possibly even in the gamma-ray region, we shall be able to study radiation messages that will be far more useful guides to the physical state of the material universe than those afforded us by our one-octave span of visible light.

The sky presented to us by our equipment will look completely different. In the ultraviolet only two stars, for instance, will remain conspicuous in the Big Dipper. Almost all the stars that are bright in the ultraviolet will be concentrated in the Milky Way, which is the galaxy of which our sun is part. The Milky Way itself will be remarkably different in appearance because we shall be able to see electronically great glowing clouds of helium and nitrogen as well as the conspicuous hydrogen clouds that are now apparent.

Most of these brilliant clouds surround extremely hot stars that have been newly formed; say within the last few millions of years. Some clouds of cool gas are undoubtedly condensing even now and are in the process of forming new stars and new planetary systems, perhaps in the same way that our sun and planetary system were formed.

Much has been learned in recent years about these systems a-borning, even through the narrow chinks in the airy curtain. With the curtain torn aside, however, fundamental new information is bound to flood in upon us and we shall see the birth of worlds for ourselves so that we need no longer merely conjecture about the matter.

Furthermore, we can hope to see through the great clouds of dust and gas in our rotating Milky Way. By choice of the right radiations, we shall be able to see clearly distant star systems that now lie obscured and hidden by interstellar dust clouds.

We shall have a better chance, then, of happening to catch a supernova; a star that suddenly explodes violently and becomes as bright as ten billion ordinary stars. We shall be able to see and study more cases of great galaxies colliding in space at velocities of a thousand miles a second. In these collisions of island universes the individual stars of the galaxies slip past one another, with actual collisions very unlikely. However, the great masses of gas in each galaxy collide and penetrate, liberating incredible quantities of radio-wave radiation in the process. By studying that radiation closely, we can learn much about the intimate structure of galaxies.

But what of the universe itself? Does it have an edge? Is it an infinite system with matter being continuously created and with its boundaries stretching beyond any limits we can set? If the universe has no end, it may have no beginning either. It may always have existed.

Or was the universe created all at once in a cosmic explosion of such colossal magnitude that we lack the words to describe it? Is our expanding universe of today only an echo of that original explosion? In that case, when did the explosion happen and was that the true beginning?

The great 200-inch Palomar telescope, the largest in existence, can see into space some two billion light years. At its extreme range, it sees galaxies as they existed some two billion years ago. Thus far, at least, there seems little change; the galaxies look like ordinary galaxies.

But two billion years is not enough. We have pretty good evidence that our own solar system is some five billion years old, so that the universe as a whole is certainly older than that. What then if we could peer five billion or ten billion years ago? Would we then begin to see signs of a beginning universe—and of the beginning of time?

THE END

TV's Midnight Madness

(Continued from Page 21)

response, the home-town ghouls far outstripped the Hollywood ones. It became a pure case of the tail wagging the dog. Many of the monsters of ceremonies became civic celebrities.

San Francisco, for example, has a character called Terrence, an ex-disk jockey, who one day, as a gag, announced that a meeting of his fans from the "University of Ghoulifornia" would be held at a specific hour in Channing Circle. To his amazement, a roaring mob of 1200 University of California students, dressed in sheets, came pouring into the circle at the appointed time. The police had to be called out to handle the crowd.

In Chicago, a million viewers a week faithfully watch a chilling comic called Marvin introduce movies with such remarks as: "This is the story of Frankenstein, a story that poses the question: Can a monster over thirty-five find happiness with a playmate?"

Gorgon, Fort Worth's gift to the ghoul set, has developed a slow, staccato cackle which has become the rallying cry for a good portion of the Texas high-school crowd. And Baltimore offers Doctor Lucifer, a mad scientist with a sadistic sense of humor, who once created a stew of baked bats and got hundreds of letters requesting the recipe.

But of all the cities that have flipped for Frankenstein, none has done so more completely than the staid and proper city of Philadelphia. A mad, bumbling, but somehow charming, ghoul by the name of Roland (pronounced French style, with the accent on the second syllable) has so completely captivated the City of Brotherly Love that it's probably a good idea to take a closer look at him and see how such things can happen.

Last fall, when station WCAU screened the batch of old horror films it had just bought, vice president Charles Vanda experienced some real horror. Aside from four or five, he was sure the pictures couldn't hold an audience by themselves. He sent for one of the station's writers, Ed White, who dreamed up a creep with the innocent-sounding name of Roland. The latter set up housekeeping in a studio built to resemble a subterranean crypt, complete with test tubes, torches and a laboratory bench. Since the budget could support only one actor, the cast included several characters who were never seen—Roland's vampire wife, My Dear, who lived in a coffin to which she was nailed by a stake which her husband always seemed to be adjusting; and a faithful sidekick, Igor, who was constantly growling, rattling his chains and devouring mailmen, whom he hated. Another character was an amoeba named Thelma (actually a large batch of gelatin tied in a cheesecloth), who was very high-strung, cheated at checkers and was trained to heel.

Each performance Roland and his companions were involved in some preposterous situation more or less allied to the movie being played. He interrupted the film half a dozen times during the commercials, and was often "cut into" the movie to make a brief but surprising appearance as a member of the cast, generally during some particularly nefarious bit of business. At the end of the evening, Roland always signed off with a farewell, "Good night, whatever you are!"

The station ran this macabre nonsense on Monday and Tuesday nights, and for the first month or so had no idea how the public was taking to it. Letters were few, and the ratings were low, but the station refused to believe the program had such a small audience. Finally, to test the reaction, Roland tried a gimmick. He announced that My Dear needed a new pillow in her coffin (she hadn't had one in thirty-five years) and asked each viewer to send in three hairs from his head. To his and the station's astonishment, 23,000 letters poured in. Eight persons had to be hired to handle the mail. People not only sent in hair, but also rope, wire and mops. One bald man sent in an I.O.U.

The monkey business mushroomed like a cloud over Eastern Pennsylvania, and, in the words of Vanda, "Suddenly we had a big batch of Roland!" At football games, thirty-foot banners proclaiming ROLAND—OUR LEADER were unfurled in the stands, and crowds began chanting, "We want Igor." Buttons stating I LIKE ROLAND or I LIKE IGOR or MY DEAR blossomed on the lapels of Philadelphians, and no fewer than eight hundred fan clubs sprang up, some as far away as Brown University in Rhode Island. One out-of-towner, driving through the city, was puzzled by an inscription on the truck in front of him. On the left, or passing side, were the words: ROLL ON. On the right, or no-passing side, was: ROLAND. Colleges staged Dracula Drags, and bars began serving Dracula Fizzes.

Roland was switched to Friday and Saturday nights, and his rating soared. Last February, due to popular demand, the station decided to hold an "open house," during which people could come and see Roland "live" for the first time. They expected 2000 people. A total of 13,000 persons descended on the studio, which is on the edge of town, and traffic was blocked for miles. The principal casualty was the station's newly planted shrubbery, which was trampled to a mulch.

That they might have gone a little too far in building their own Frankenstein was even more apparent to station officials a few weeks later when they got into a dispute with Roland over a personal appearance. Roland was off the air for the weekend. His supporters immediately rallied around him, inundating the station with phone calls, letters, telegrams and any other means of persuasion they could lay their hands on. One small boy, thinking Roland had had a salary dispute, sent in two pennies. "I understand you're not paying him enough," he wrote management. "Maybe this will help."

The station bowed to public demand, and next week Roland was back in his crypt again. The City of Brotherly Love was quiet once more.

Like most local monsters of ceremonies, Roland is played by an unknown actor, John Zacherle. Except for a hitch in World War II as an Army captain, Zacherle has spent most of his time since being graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1940 acting in summer stock and little-theater groups. Last fall, WCAU, remembering his tall, gaunt appearance as an undertaker in a TV program, chose him for Roland. Suddenly, out of the depths of obscurity, he became one of the most talked-of personalities in Philadelphia.

A thirty-nine-year-old bachelor who has a flair for gardening (he once won first prize at a Philadelphia flower show), Zacherle has worn the mantle of celebrity well. However, it's been hard on his quiet, gray-haired mother, with whom he lives in a modest house in one of the city's suburbs. The phone has been clanging day and night for almost a year now, and his mother has gotten used to young neighborhood girls with a crush on Roland knocking on the door and asking if they can do her shopping for her.

On one occasion, a young man showed up late at night and insisted on seeing Zacherle. "I have a skeleton in a coffin outside," he told Mrs. Zacherle. When her son went to look, the young man had not only a bona fide skeleton in a coffin in his car, but fourteen skulls as well. As soon as Zacherle had taken a look, the man appeared satisfied. Before driving off, he shook Zacherle's hand, turned to his startled mother, and said: "I knew his hand would be cold."

Although Roland has achieved more notoriety than other local monsters of ceremonies, all enjoy solid followings. And despite the fact that a good many people watch the chillers with a tongue-in-cheek attitude, there is also plenty of evidence that, along with the laughs, people like to be scared out of their wits.

Curiously enough, few people who watch these live and cinematic monsters looming in their TV sets realize that the whole chain of horror movies was unknowingly set off almost a century and a half ago in the brain of a lovely, nineteen-year-old girl off on a summer holiday. Mary Godwin, who later became the wife of the poet Shelley, was spending some weeks in Switzerland with him, as well as with Byron and another girl. One evening, in front of a fire, the conversation turned to the supernatural. Someone said: "Let's think up some ghost stories!" Mary, who had just visited a medieval castle called Frankenstein, dreamed up one about a man who created a monster. Later, she expanded her tale into a full novel which was published in 1818. Frankenstein was of moderate renown for its first 100 years. But it really wasn't until the Universal Picture of 1932, with Boris Karloff wearing forty-eight pounds of make-up to give the public a clear picture of what the monster looked like, that Mary Shelley's summer prank became a household word. As a result, the word Frankenstein shifted meaning slightly to become not the name of the creator of the monster, but the monster itself.

To the average girl the man who fills the bill is the one who pays it.

ROBERT FITCH

But although the current cycle of Hollywood horror films can be traced back to this classic, and also to such later ones as Bram Stoker's turn-of-the-century novel about a Transylvanian vampire called Count Dracula, the general fascination of the public with frightful things goes back much further. Greek theater had its masked horrors, and Aristotle held that one of the functions of drama was to purge the emotions by filling audiences with terror. Shakespeare had witches and ghosts of every description, and Goethe's Faust is really a shock play. Down through the ages, both audiences and playwrights have realized that one of the simplest ways of exorcising personal ghosts is by having them hauled out in public in a spine-tingling play. It is perhaps for this reason that a truck driver, recently interviewed by a New York newspaper as to why he liked horror films, answered: "Because I can always get such a good night's sleep afterwards."

Mummers' parades, the grotesque masks of Mardi Gras, and even the department-store parades are the direct lineal descendants of the public love of shock entertainment. And in primitive societies, people still go into trances, or states of shock, at the sight of monsters or witch doctors, later emerging calm and refreshed.

Although science acknowledges that man's need for a certain amount of horror is universal, there are quite a few TV viewers at the moment who would swear that they are getting a bit too much of a good thing.

Dr. Margaret Mead, the eminent anthropologist, when queried on the subject, offered the opinion that the current preoccupation with shock entertainment and movie horror may represent an escape from the real horror all around us.

"Today," she says, "people are exposed to more actual crime and horror than ever before in history because of the tremendous advances in modern communication—on-the-spot radio and television, Wirephotos and so on. The monsters and mummies of the screen, which are always destroyed in the end just as the heroine is saved, are a relief from everyday horror. And, in my opinion, people are better off with this kind of fiction than with factual accounts of how actual murders were committed. The latter, in effect, can become step-by-step recipe books on how to commit a crime."

Another student of horror films, Dr. Lawrence S. Helfer, New York psychiatrist, finds their popularity is the result of man's need for a legitimate outlet for the subconscious, hostile side of his nature.

"Man is essentially ambivalent," he says. "One side of our nature—the love and affection side—is accepted, and no one minds our expressing it. On the other hand, society does not approve our expressing the other side—the hatred and hostility one, although this is a normal part of a person's personality too. Consequently, we react favorably to any outlet for a legitimatized expression of these traits, like watching a horror movie. The latter becomes a vicarious expression of the forces within ourselves, doing the things we'd subconsciously like to do.

"In the same way, jokes are funny because they are an unconscious expression of things we'd like to have happen. Humor disguises our hostile impulses and legitimizes them. Hence, the 'sick joke.'"

Squarely lined up with scientists Mead and Helfer, is a Texas housewife, Mrs. Martha Nell Cline. She recently startled Bill Camfield, Fort Worth's popular Gorgon, by sending him a fan letter praising him for "doing a very noble and humanitarian thing by attempting to scare us out of our wits every Saturday night on your Nightmare program.

"In each of us," she wrote, "there remains from childhood a bit of subconscious fear of the bogeyman. And by showing him to us as a thing with shape and form, you are reassuring us that he is not more than we can cope with after all, that he is only a figment of the imagination, or, more profoundly construed, a victim of human ignorance and misunderstanding."

With science and at least one American housewife, therefore, lined up behind these horrid creatures in your living room, it is not too much to conclude that monsters—like vitamins—are good for you. And so, if you happen to be one of those people partial to the current crop of creeps, you can now sit back, relax, pass the wolfsbane, and enjoy the whole bloody business.

One final word of caution, however. Don't get into costume to watch the programs. One man in Denver, donning a fright wig for a nightmare party, got bitten by his own dog. The pet, which apparently had *his* hostilities too, nipped him squarely in the calf, drawing blood. It was more horrible than anything on the screen. THE END

The Terrible Secret

(Continued from Page 24)

charts—he got them the day he came, and you should see them now. Red ink from top to bottom, with the tide channels he's drawn in, and the bottom rocks in blue. No catch-as-catch-can with him. You know what? I bet there's not another fisherman in the port that's got books on fish. I know the Dancer has. He asked me to buy him one last week. Yet there's not another man puts in so many hours at sea."

"Oh, books," sneered Mick, and moved away.

Thirty miles away, at noon, the tide eased, and concurrently the restless agitation of fish at the sea's bottom, thirty-five fathoms down, changed its rhythm. From behind the submerged island of rock that squatted fifteen feet high above the level plain of sand, the gropers poised in the backwater moved out in twos and threes, and cruised southward into the tide. As they did so the pigfish and the parrotfish emerged from crannies and crevices, and timidly, and with a wary eye for the remaining gray leviathans of their world, began to browse the weed.

This intelligence was immediately transmitted to Dancer Martin, standing alone on the deck of his Julio. It was telegraphed through the hard brown hemp of his two handlines, and no more than sixty seconds after he felt the change, he cleated the lines, climbed out over the mass of fish that nearly filled the cockpit, and went forward to the bankline. He moved quickly, like a cat, co-ordinating his actions to the tossing of the ketch. He payed out five or six more fathoms of bankline to the anchor and returned, uncleating his fishlines and feeling them as the ship eased back.

A mile and a half to starboard a tall tree grew on a cliff, and fifteen miles beyond was a notch in the mountain range. The two had been exactly in line; the easing of the tide had caused an infinitely small discrepancy, and now with the extra bankline they were exact again. At the bottom of the sea the fishing lines shifted again from the face of the rock to the level plain where they had been before, but the activity of the gropers was finished. There were no more bites.

The Dancer hauled up and changed the baits, and fished again for no more than two minutes. Then he started the engine, and headed the ketch to the northwest, where the port lay.

He was like a monkey, this man. He looked not unlike a monkey: thin, small, agile, with short, coarse black hair; a monkey in long thigh boots, a knee-length oilskin shirt that had no buttons to snare the lines, and a black beret. He was as active as a monkey, quick and busy, moving with speed but apparently without effort. He scooped a bucket of water from the tumbling sea, washed his hands and wet his face, produced an oilskin-covered packet of sandwiches and ate his lunch, washing it down with draughts from a beer bottle filled with cold tea.

The moment he was finished he ran lines to the tiller, stepped over the thwart into the cockpit, piled waist-high with the silver bodies of gropers, and began to clean them. From time to time he cast an eye on his heading, and by tugging at one line or the other kept the Julio on her course. She never wandered far from it; he could feel her direction by the action of the seas.

He was quick, alert, searching, never entirely committed to the task in hand; at all times conscious of his surroundings: the sea, the air, the living creatures, the response of his boat, the noise of the engine, the work in hand and the quality of his catch.

The fish were poor, for it was November and they were returning from their winter excursion to the spawning grounds somewhere in the unrecorded depths. Yet the catch was enormous: ninety-five gropers averaging twenty-six pounds cleaned, as he estimated; more than a ton of high-priced fish; a better return for the day than many a month had shown him. The knife flashed, piercing, slitting, chopping, dissecting out the blood vessels.

When that was done he brought fish cases from the forward cockpit, two at a time. Then he took plugs and set them in the holes at the water line where the self-emptiers drained the cockpit, and threw in water with the bucket until it sloshed six inches deep over the deck. He laid the fish out one at a time in the water, scrubbed their scaled and shining sides with the deck broom, and stacked them in the cases, vents downward so they would drain. He stacked up sixteen large cases of fish and finally with the broom he scrubbed the decks, sluicing them down from the sea, until not a fish scale, not a thread of blood remained anywhere.

Four hours after he left the fishing grounds he pulled in to the punt below the fish wharf. A little crowd of fishermen stood around. The one they called Shiner took a stern line for him. He had already set the moving stairway going, and as soon as Julio was fast he lent a hand with the heavy cases. About twenty more fishermen stood silently at the edge of the wharf, looking down, massive in blue

It's easy to see who shoots a MODEL 70

We wouldn't want to come right out and say that *every* successful hunter shoots a Model 70, but we'll say this: If you do carry a Model 70, your chances for a trophy are much greater when your big opportunity comes. Why? Because the Model 70 is the most accurate rifle made. Since its introduction in 1936, a Model 70 has won the 1000 yard event at the National Rifle Matches more times than all other rifles combined. But there's more to it than that—you get a choice of calibers and styles that isn't equalled by *any* other rifle. Simply by selecting from our catalog, you can practically make yourself a custom rifle suitable for anything from woodchucks to Cape buffalo. That means you can match game and gun to a degree unknown by other makes. Prices start at $129.95, and you can buy a Model 70 for only $12.95 down with 20 months to pay.

WINCHESTER FIREARMS TIME PAYMENT PLAN

(prices subject to change without notice)

- **Choice of stocks—Standard, Monte Carlo**
- **Choice of Featherweight, Standard, Super Grade, Varmint, Target rifles.**
- **Choice of 9 calibers—220, 243, 257, 270, 30-06, 308, 300 or 375 H & H Magnum, 458 African**
- **Low scope mounting**
- **Three position, side lever safety**
- **Hinged floor plate**
- **Famous Winchester bolt action**
- **Winchester Speed Lock—twice as fast as '03 Springfield**

WINCHESTER
TRADEMARK
WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, NEW HAVEN 4, CONNECTICUT

knitted jerseys and rolled-down thigh boots. The Dancer rode the stairs to the top of the wharf where the clerk was taking the tally, and stacked his fish inside a rail wagon, branding each case by slapping a slip of paper printed with the word "Julio" in big letters against the wet side of the groper at the top of the pile.

Inside the rail wagon the catch from earlier boats was already stacked. It was meager; and the Dancer took a mental note of the fish taken by each of the other craft. By the type and the condition of the fish he could guess, fairly accurately, where each of the other boats had been operating; he knew, too, that hardly one of them had more than paid expenses.

When he was through, the Dancer took his receipt from the clerk, stopped the moving stairs and ran down them back to the ship. He hauled up water and scrubbed the deck where the cases had been standing; and as he did so he kept an ear cocked for comments from the men on the wharf. He knew them all, but only as acquaintances, and he felt their animosity. He wanted to get away before they trapped him into giving a clue where he had been; yet his pride made him determined to carry out his usual tasks in a normal way before he left.

"What watter had ye?" a voice boomed suddenly. That was Dave Crisp, an ex-North of England trawlerman and, like himself, new to this community, yet accepted by them as he was not.

"Couple of lines. More. Two and a half, maybe." That put the depth at seventy fathoms, just double what it had really been.

"As much as that."

"Might be less. There was a big tide."

"Oh, aye."

"You were inside the Baby Farm, then?" That was Taffy Jones.

"The Shiner was on the Baby Farm," said the Dancer easily. He had seen the Shiner's fish, a case and a half, averaging no more than five pounds a fish. The clerk slid sixteen new cases down the chute, and Big Jim Edwards trotted down to the punt.

"I'll put them aboard for you, Dancer," he said. He stacked them on deck, near the bankline. When he was through the Dancer cast off and set out for his home moorings.

"Look at the little stuck-up runt," said Mick the Bull. "Wouldn't it gripe you? Half the fish wagon to himself."

"He's a good man," the Shiner said stoutly. "Here no more than three months and he's got the rest of us left for dead. You're a bit green-eyed, Mick. The lot of you."

"I don't mind a man doing all right. He's a bit too cocky. He's such an unfriendly little devil. Something queer about him."

"There was screaming, something awful, from his place one night we seined Oak Valley beach," said Cole. Cole was no deep-sea man; he did odd jobs and caught a few fish and liked to associate with fishermen, who tolerated him. "Pretty near went up and busted in to see what went on. It was bad, I tell you."

"He's unsociable," said Mick the Bull.

"He was never near the Baby Farm today, and that's for sure," said the Shiner, watching the Julio go upchannel.

"No, that's rock in there," Mick agreed. "His fish came off the sand. Look at the color of them."

Jim Edwards had a fragile stem of seaweed in his giant mitt. He was turning it over and over. It was light tan in color, very soft and ferny, with tiny seeds at the junctions of the fronds. "From where would you say, Mick?" he asked. "It's off his bankline, a couple fathoms from the anchor."

Mick the Bull took it from him. "Hard sand or mud. Forty fathoms," he said.

A young fellow had another idea. "There was a ship beyond us, on the North Reef," he suggested. "Maybe that was him out there."

Big Jim shook his head. "His set lines weren't wet. He was on hand lines."

"He wasn't east, then. I was on Gordon's Patch and nothing passed me," said Hugh James.

"You wouldn't see him if he ran you down," scoffed Mick the Bull. "I'll find him though. I'll find him if it takes a week."

Dancer Martin put the Julio on her moorings in a small bay two miles from the wharf. He took the dinghy that waited him there and rowed with short, sharp strokes to a boat shed fronting the only habitation on the bush-clad hills. He pulled the dinghy up a steep ramp into the shed, unlocked a door from the inside, and climbed a narrow brick-stepped path to the cottage nested against the face of the hill above. His wife was busy in the kitchen. He paused a moment at the door.

"How did you go, Danny?" she called.

"Pretty good," he admitted. "Sixteen cases."

"Why, that's wonderful." She came to the door, wiping her hands in her apron, a pale tired woman with a lined face. Her straight hair was strained back; she had only one beauty, and that lay in her eyes.

"It looks as if we might make a go of it," the Dancer said. "The debts we piled up shifting here had me scared."

"You'd never have got out of the red at the other place," she agreed. "You're sure of your money here. You're not sitting watching the catch go rotten. You've got the big market."

"True enough," he said. "I hope I can keep it up."

Another door opened on the same yard. Behind it was a laundry with a shower recess in it. The Dancer went in, stripped off his clothes, sluiced down the boots and the oilskin in a tub, and got under the shower, soaking the ingrained salt from a grateful skin, then soaping vigorously. There were soft dry clothes stacked neatly on a chair, flannel shirt and jersey, flannel trousers, and warm, high-sided slippers, and he put them on.

His wife looked up and smiled when he went into the kitchen.

"Sixteen cases was a good catch, Danny. Where did you go?"

"Never mind," he said, not ungraciously. "It's a place I found for myself. They'll all be after me tomorrow. They'll get on to it soon enough."

"How did the others do?"

"Poor. A couple of cases, the best of them. They'll be living on the petrol rebate this month. Makes them all the hungrier. They'll be waiting down the channel in the morning."

"There's some could use the money, I suppose."

"Well, let them find the fish. Three freights like mine together and the market would be swamped. Then a man would be working for peanuts, or freighting fish from the market back to sea because he couldn't sell them. We had enough of that where we came from. One day's catch fed the district for a week."

"That nice fellow they call the Shiner, the one who helps you—he could use a bit of money, for one. You could do with some friends, Danny."

He turned on her. "All right. Only he hasn't the wit to keep the place to himself if I led him there. To hell with the Shiner."

After a pause, he said, "How was He, today?"

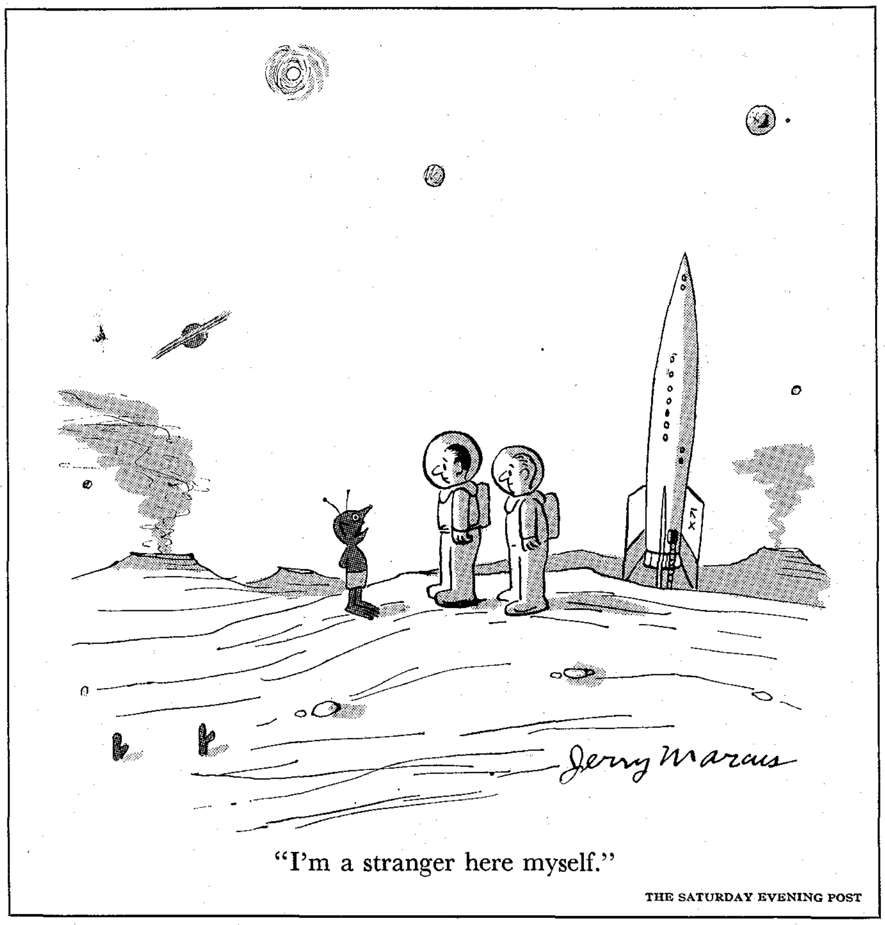
Instantly her tired face seemed more lined.

"He was good. Good as he knows how to be, the poor thing. No tantrums."

"I'll pop my head in and see him."

"Do that. He's quiet now. He was restless earlier."

The Dancer went, almost on tiptoe, to the room nearest the kitchen. It was a big bright room, the biggest room in the house, and it was painted, surprisingly, with a gaiety that made light of convention. The floor was bare but colorful; like the walls, it was all checkered with big three-foot squares of yellow and white, and the red and green of riding lights. The son, enormous and flabby, lay spread-eagled on a bed in the center of the room, and so low it was almost flush with the floor. When the door opened he turned toward the sound, uttering baby cries in a voice curiously strong and thick.



"I'm a stranger here myself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He had first seen the light twenty-five years before. It had been an instrument birth, badly bungled; so he was still a boy, but larger than a baby; a grotesque, enormous caricature of a boy that no one could have accepted as normal. When he was happy like this it was not so bad; the Dancer, opening the door, smiling and calling to his son, could have been any other father in any other family. But when he had his bad times the boy seemed to call upon a reserve of strength, and his bellowing was frightening to hear.

What the birth had done to his mother only she knew to the full. She could have no more children. Her sufferings had multiplied with the years, sufferings additional to the never-ending task of coping with this helpless mass of jelly-flesh that seemed to drain and destroy her and her husband, as a parasite drains its foster tree. Nevertheless, the garments in which the child was clad were patiently and tenderly sewn; her ministrations went far beyond an endurance of the task; her care for him went to the limit of her invention.

How the Dancer saw his child she only guessed. In this place no one else knew of the child's existence. Her husband was the kind of man who could sacrifice himself for his children, as she believed, but this was his only issue. Doctors had recently told them to expect the child would die; they could not face this either. The Dancer would sit alone with him hours at a time; and these were the only hours when he was still. The rest of his life he filled with a fierce ardor of work.

On this day he knelt on the floor near the low bed and rolled a rubber ball, the size of his head, toward the child. On good days it might be rolled back to him; but this time there was no response. Patiently he gathered up large wooden blocks—he had cut them himself, and smoothed the corners—and built them into a pile. The boy turned his head. The mouth made unintelligible sounds, and the fat puffy fingers reached for the pile to knock it down.

"That's the boy," said Dancer Martin. He reached for the blocks again. "See, boy."

The son tired soon, but the Dancer remained until his wife called him to his dinner. When he had eaten he went straight to bed. Soon after midnight he awoke, and his wife rose with him. He ate a big meal, slipped down the hill to the boat shed, launched the dinghy and set out. The tide was ebbing; when he released the Julio's lines he sat there, watching, without starting the engine, and the little ship swept down the channel on the tide. It was drizzling rain, and he showed no lights. Nearly an hour later and three miles away he started up, with a fairly comfortable conviction that he had given the slip to several other fishermen lying in wait for the sound of his engine, ready to follow him out.

When the day dawned he was near his fishing spot, and once the light became clear enough for him to see the landmarks that fixed his position—the tree in the notch, two red-roofed houses in line, the angle of a hill lying exactly on a similar angle in the profile of a distant mountain—he steamed up into the tide for four minutes and dropped his anchor. When the Julio settled back exactly into position he made the coir line fast.

Before he began fishing he unbolted the foremast from its tabernacle on deck, unlashed the forestay, and laid the mast in a cradle over the deckhouse. Then he built up fish cases on deck to the height of the house and threw a tarpaulin over them. With these adjustments he had given the Julio a new silhouette. Should others come in sight

(Continued on Page 89)

How to be a souper success with women

Campbell's Soup ranks No. 1 with women. Perhaps this is because women rank No. 1 with Campbell Soup Company.

The Company knows that when a woman shops her first concern is *quality*. So, at each step in the preparation of every one of Campbell's 90 products,* the Company's first concern is giving women quality…top quality.

Campbell's knows that when a woman reads an advertisement, she is looking for information—and inspiration. So, in Campbell's advertising, the ideas for women are "new and different, wonderful and ready."

Campbell Soup Company began advertising in Ladies' Home Journal in 1905…and for 53 years, hardly a month has gone by without the familiar Campbell signature on a Journal page.

Campbell Soup Company likes to advertise its soups in a magazine whose audience is "alert and responsive to new food ideas." Ladies' Home Journal's ability to spark feminine creativity, plus its vast audience of women who do the actual shopping, have made the Journal an ideal medium for Campbell Soup advertising.

*These include Campbell's Soups, the Franco-American family, V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices, Campbell's Pork and Beans and Tomato Juice, and Swanson Convenience Foods.

You're No. 1 in her mind
when you advertise
in her No. 1 magazine . . .

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

JOURNAL
Campbell's brings you
3 NEW SOUPS

NO. 1 IN CIRCULATION . . . NO. 1 IN NEWSSTAND SALES . . . NO. 1 IN ADVERTISING

(*Continued from Page 87*)

they would not have time to recognize her before he pulled the anchor and got away. Even if they found his approximate position it might take them hours and days of dragging before they found his undersea rock, or so he hoped. The rock was a small one in its isolation.

The tide was already on the flood, and the first fish struck before his second line was on the bottom. Thirty-five fathoms below, he felt the strong downward tug of the groper; a bite not to be confused with the bite of any other fish. He felt it, responded, gauged the pull and began to haul in. Before he had brought it a fathom he had the weight estimated within five pounds. He could have been wrong, but this time he was right; the weight went off the line halfway to the top as the air bladder burst under the lessened pressure and the stomach disgorged its contents; but his eyes confirmed the estimate of his arms as the fish broke the surface, chunkily fusiform, silver-brilliant, its strong torpedo head capable of enclosing a gallon jar—thirty-one pounds dressed, forty-two in the round.

It was the first of the many. He pulled a hundred and they were still coming when he saw, far on the southeastern horizon, a dancing splinter top that was the mast of a fishing vessel. He pulled the anchor and steamed into the shore, and when he was close against the land he hoisted the foremast.

The third morning, three boats dogged him down the harbor and he led them to the East Bank. They caught three cases a man on set lines, and he lost a line and his day's profit when some undersea monster went off with a hooked fish and all the gear. But he was back alone on his rock next day and filled his boat.

The others knew they had been fooled. The run of fish was smaller on the East Bank; a different weed grew there; the depth was wrong. So they didn't follow him any more, and Mick the Bull put his ship on the slip and painted her hull green.

On the ninth day, the run of fish had waned. He caught forty. And on that day, Mick the Bull, sneaking along the dark, shrub-green cliffs in his green boat, sighted him on the rock. For a little while he was fooled by the single mast, but he eased out cautiously until he was sure, and then, turning back along the coast, took three compass bearings from identifiable points before the Dancer saw his ship and got away fast.

The Bull was on the rock himself in the morning, his ship Carmarthon bucking to the tide. There was room for Julio alongside, but the Dancer sailed past, and put in a profitless day far to the south. When he came in that night and discovered that Mick had caught no more than twenty fish he looked neither pleased nor sorry.

"How's he been?" he asked his wife when he got home.

"He's been so good. Really he has. So good and quiet all day."

When he went into the back room the baby paid him no heed at all, but just lay on his back and put great puffy fingers to his upthrust toes. The Dancer stayed an hour and came out to his meal.

The next day, most of the boats had fish. The inshore drive of the gropers had begun, and the set lines picked them from every undersea plateau near the deeps. Mick the Bull, still fishing the rock, came in with two cases, no more, and half a case of ling.

Half angrily, half jocularly, he called to the Dancer. "Where's all those fish you caught last week?"

"You going to weep for them?"

"Eh?"

"You going to weep for them? Those fish are caught, Mick. You wasted a coat of green paint. Those fish are caught and sold and eaten. You won't see them any more. How many did you take?"

"Two cases."

"And I got five. They're last week's fish you're thinking of. It doesn't pay, Mick. The fish we're going to get next week—they're different fish."

"You're a cocky son-of-a-gun," said Mick the Bull. "Sometimes I'd like to strike you down."

He more than half meant it, and there could have been some satisfaction for him a week later when Julio, tailing the fleet, came up the harbor at three-quarter speed. Most of the fishermen had gone to their homes; their boats danced to a stiff little breeze against the wharves, secure for the night; but those remaining could see at once there was something wrong. For one thing, Dancer Martin was not standing in his usual place by the tiller. Instead, he was slumped in the cockpit with only his head showing, and the hand that was steering.

In the bay near the wharf this hand swung right over, and Julio began circling monotonously. Puzzled, the fishermen watched. The circle was not precise; the tide was carrying Julio away, but the steersman, his head lower now, was making no allowance for this.

At the beginning of the third orbit, Mick the Bull sprang to his feet and ran to his own ship where she bucked on her lines near the punt. Three of the others joined him. They were away in a moment, and brought Carmarthon up alongside Julio on the inside of the circle. Mick jumped aboard and took the other tiller, saw at a glance that the Dancer was grievously hurt and, without touching him, brought the Julio into the punt.

He said nothing to the Dancer either, for at the moment that he relinquished the tiller, the Dancer also relinquished his feeble hold on consciousness. The leg of his rubber boot was macerated, and full of blood. It had been sliced away from the thigh with a knife, but the foot of it remained in position. The flesh of the leg was macerated and the bone broken, so that it lay at a weird angle. There was a tourniquet at the groin. Below the knee it looked as though the rubber boot, the heavy cloth trousers and the flesh itself had been ground together in a mill.

It wasn't hard to reconstruct what had happened. Inside the cabin was a displaced covering from the shaft coupling, and the evidence of blood disclosed where the Dancer had fallen between the whirling coupling and the solid flooring alongside. There was evidence, too, to show how he had dragged himself around later. From the coupling he could not have stopped the engine except with the gasoline cock; he could not reach the switches. He had shut the cock and, once free, had somehow restarted the engine, and dragged his agonies over the pile of uncleaned fish until he reached the tiller, and by sheer determination brought his boat home.

They brought a doctor down to the punt; a young man, new to his trade, but almost savagely efficient. He made temporary adjustments and had the Dancer away to the hospital within minutes. The fishermen cleaned the caught fish, boxed them, and sent them away in Julio's name. "He's going to need the cash," the Shiner said. They scrubbed down the boat; perfunctorily, but well enough, and then Mick the Bull stepped inside and started the engine.

"I'll take her up to his moorings," he said.

"Will I bring yours, then?" asked Big Jim Edwards. Mick shook his head.

"I'll walk back. I'll have to go ashore there. Someone has to tell his missus."

"I'll come with you then."

"You know her?"

"Nobody does. Far as I know. Even the baker's never seen her. It's a regular order and he leaves the bread at the gate. The house is a long way down the hill."

"I know it. I knew it well enough when Joe Smith had it."

Farther up the channel, Mick spoke again. "Well, I'm sorry for him. But he asked for it. There's nobody should fish deep-sea without a mate. Never know what's going to happen. A place like this, with not enough boats for the men, it's downright hungry too. Mean and hungry. There's a dozen good lads would have fished with him, did he give them the chance."

……

Child on a Streetcar

By Helen Harrington

Among precise people,
Clutching their handbags,
sitting
In the car with feet and
hands properly still,
The child lifts her face like
a flower,
Gazes questingly into eyes,
Looks out, talks and points,
and twitches,
And bangs her heels,
And *feels.*

And the people, tired of
their masks,
Suddenly drop them and
smile
At each other over her head
And give
Sign that they live.

……

When they rowed across to the boat shed they heard the screaming, and Mick rested on his oars.

"That isn't human, surely," said Big Jim.

"What else, though?"

"I never heard the like of it."

"It wants looking to. There's something funny goes on."

But the noises, harsh, vibrating, stopped before they went through the boat shed and began to climb the hill; and the little woman, old and tired, rubbing her hands on her apron as she came out the door, betrayed no evidence of trouble; only the shock of a surprise at seeing the two big strangers.

"I thought it was my husband," she said. "I thought he was bringing someone with him."

Her eyes began to look frantic with worry. "I saw him bringing the boat up."

"No, that was us," Mick said, kindly enough. "That's what we came about. He won't be back tonight."

Her hand went to her mouth, and her look probed him.

"He's hurt," Mick said. "It could be worse. It's his leg. But he'll be a long time getting better."

She felt behind her for the wall, to lean against it; but as though his news had penetrated the bricks, the screaming began again; short, sharp, agonized screams, rising in intensity with a gasping intake of breath between them. For a minute Mick pretended to take no notice. Jim Edwards took three paces back, looking about him, as though he were ready to run, but Mick spoke again.

"He's in the hospital," he said. "He's in good hands." And then: "By heavens, I can't take too much of this," he said. "What's going on here? What is it? What's in this house?"

She moved to intercept him, but he thrust her aside and went in. The screaming lessened momentarily and then began again with new vigor. In a moment Mick came to the door. Inside he'd taken off his black cap, and he stood there at the doorway now, twisting it in his hands.

"I'm sorry, missus," he said. "I'm sorry."

"You've no right ——" she began.

"I know it, and I'm sorry."

"You won't tell?"

He stopped the twisting, stood motionless.

"I don't know. You can't stay by yourself. You can't stay here and visit the hospital too. I'm going to get my wife."

She put her head down in her hands again and mumbled something he couldn't hear. Then she lifted it.

"It's been so long."

"How long?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Good God!" he said, and there was no irreverence.

After a while he asked her, "How will you be for cash?"

"We have to meet the payments."

"Look, missus," he said. "I've got a boy at home eating his head off. He's big enough to take my place in the boat; he'd have been at work a year ago, was there a place for him. I'll work the Dancer's for half shares. There'll be money, never fear. Some, anyway. And better than letting the boat rot at the moorings. I'll be glad of the chance, and another breadwinner in the family."

She said nothing.

"If you hear the Julio pull out in the morning you'll know it's all right," he said. "I'll argue it out with the Dancer later." He walked away a few steps. He seemed bigger than ever, blotting out the bay. Then he came back.

"I'm sending the wife over. She should have been here before. She's a neighbor, kind of. Only she had an idea she wasn't wanted. I'll send her right away. There's a houseful of us over the hill. You know how it is?"

She was still looking at him, as though in pain or in fear. When he turned away she sank down on the kitchen doorstep, put her head in her hands and began to weep, silently. She looked up after a while, knowing that he'd paused, and she said, "Take no notice. It's the loneliness leaving me."

"What the hell's it all about?" asked Big Jim Edwards.

"Never mind, Jim. You run over to my house and tell my wife to get here just as fast as she can. I'll wait for her here, tell her. It'd be a rough old world if the Dancer couldn't depend on his mates."

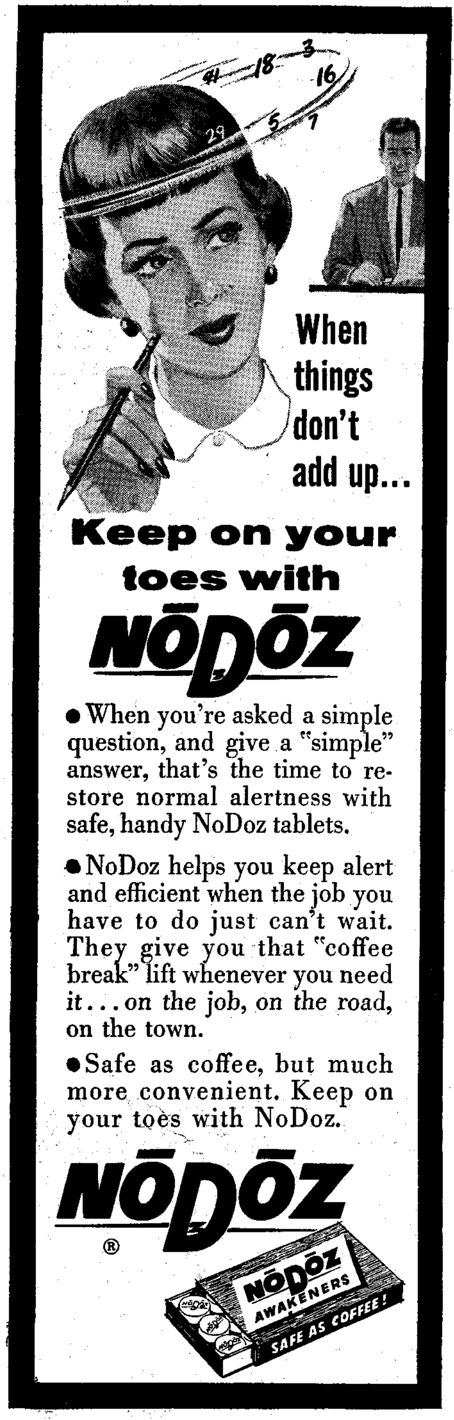
"I never heard anything like you," complained Big Jim, but he went along the path, running, and, as he went, the screaming died away. The woman sat up and listened.

"He misses his dad," she said. "His dad is good with him."

Mick said nothing. He was thinking of the wiry little man, active as a monkey and working without end, and coming home to the baby in the back room for twenty-five long years.

"I wish I had it, whatever makes him go," he thought. "I wish I was half the man the Dancer is."

THE END


41 18 3 16 29 5 7
NoDoz AWAKENERS SAFE AS COFFEE!

When things don't add up...

Keep on your toes with NoDoz

- When you're asked a simple question, and give a "simple" answer, that's the time to restore normal alertness with safe, handy NoDoz tablets.
- NoDoz helps you keep alert and efficient when the job you have to do just can't wait. They give you that "coffee break" lift whenever you need it... on the job, on the road, on the town.
- Safe as coffee, but much more convenient. Keep on your toes with NoDoz.

NoDoz ®

Protect YOUR HEART!

VIOBIN WHEAT GERM OIL

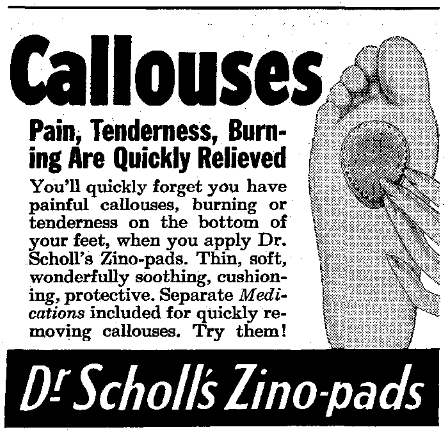
HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
· STAMINA · VIGOR ·

8 Years University Experiments, 400 Persons PROVED VioBin Oil improves heart action — increases endurance.

Liquid—Capsules

Send for FREE book No. 10
VIOBIN Monticello, Illinois

Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.



Callouses

Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Surgeon Who Hated the Knife

(Continued from Page 41)

most inventive minds in medical history. He devised needle forceps to tie deep-lying blood vessels, a wire snare to extract tonsils, a metal tube for insertion in the cranium to drain off the water from hydrocephalic skulls, modified splints for fractures of the thigh bones, elbows, femurs and ankles.

He was also responsible for a new national vogue in beverages when he instructed patients with digestive difficulties to drink carbonated water. The pharmacist who supplied it, one Townsend Speakman, added fruit juices for flavoring. The hale as well as the ailing relished the mixture, and so arose the American soda-pop industry.

The greatest of Physick's contributions to American medicine and surgery, transcending any of his technical improvements, was philosophical. In an age of empiricism when, as one commentator attested, quacks abounded "like locusts in Egypt," and even the best-intentioned practitioners proceeded largely by trial and error, he exemplified the true scientific spirit. Practice, he taught, must be rooted in theory, technique in principles. He thereby reflected the thinking of his own masterly teacher, the Scottish surgeon and anatomist, John Hunter. "Too much attention cannot be paid to facts," Hunter insisted; "yet too many facts crowd the memory without advantage, any further than that they lead us to established principles. By an acquaintance with principles we learn the cause of diseases. Without this knowledge a man cannot be a surgeon. Surgeons have been too much satisfied with considering effects only."

It is not hard to re-create the scenes of Physick's life and work. The two original buildings of the Pennsylvania Hospital, faced with white pillars and fanlight windows in the Colonial style, have been little altered structurally since their erection during the last half of the eighteenth century. Still intact under the domed roof of the second building rises the Circular Room, America's first surgical theater, now used as an interns' lounge. Here Physick performed his iridotomies, cut out bladder and kidney stones, extirpated cancers, ligated diseased arteries, while from the gallery high above students and colleagues looked on in awe. Here he successfully removed from the cheek and neck of one James Hayes a tumor weighing seven pounds that had been twenty years agrowing—a prodigious feat for those days.

The hospital case-record book contains a before-and-after drawing of Hayes. It shows no gross disfigurement. The tumor itself is preserved in a jar of alcohol in the hospital library, near Physick's first set of instruments. Not very many years ago a staff pathologist examined microscopic sections of it. He pronounced it a mixed tumor involving both glandular and connective tissue.

Four blocks from the hospital, at 321 South Fourth Street, stands the house Physick occupied at the peak of his fame, and where he treated his private patients. A majestic Graeco-Georgian structure of three stories and twenty-two rooms, flanked by a walled garden, it retains its original handmade red bricks, its massive oak beams, marble fireplaces and ceiling frescoes. Bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Hospital by a Twentieth-century descendant of Physick, it is leased at present to a retired newspaper-syndicate owner, George Kearney, for whom the "Father of American Surgery" has become almost a living presence.

Few surgeons ever prepared for the profession with less enthusiasm. The idea was entirely his father's. Edmund Physick, an Englishman by birth, had emigrated to Philadelphia before the Revolution, amassed a fortune in real estate, and held the lofty office of Keeper of the Great Seal of the Colony of Pennsylvania. Fiddling with a knife one day, he sliced a finger. Philip, then a schoolboy enrolled in the Academy of Friends, after watching a doctor dress the wound, offered to change the bandage himself whenever necessary. This he did so deftly as to convince his sire that he was destined for surgery. The boy disclaimed any such ambition. He could not bear to see blood flow or to inflict pain. He was, moreover, sickly, a prey to catarrh and nosebleeds, and debilitated by smallpox, which had pitted his pallid face. Toward the end of his laurel-crowned career he complained that he would have been a happier, healthier man if allowed to pursue the same trade as his maternal grandfather, a silversmith. His father obliged him all the same to take premedical courses at the University of Pennsylvania, and to make sure that he got special attention, his father paid his teachers extra.

During the first operation Philip watched, a leg amputation, he became so horribly sick he had to be led out of the amphitheater. "I can never be a surgeon," he told his father. But that inexorable parent would not countenance such weakness, and from a sense of filial duty the wretched son resumed his studies. He applied himself heroically. Instructed to read a mammoth tome of crushing tedium, he committed every word of it to memory.

When he was twenty-one, a skinny, splayfooted, humorless youth, his father accompanied him to London, and there entered him in John Hunter's school of anatomy.

The influence of John, and of his brilliant older brother, William Hunter, upon the whole of early American physic, surgery and obstetrics was enormous, some of the nation's foremost medical pioneers having crossed the Atlantic during their formative years to study under one or both Hunters. Richard Bayley, of New York, helped draft the first state and Federal quarantine laws. His son-in-law, Philip Wright Post, introduced John Hunter's operation for aneurism, at the time the most effective single defense in the arsenal of surgery, where a diseased main artery was tied off and the tributary arteries left to carry on the work of circulation. William Shippen, Jr., of Philadelphia, opened the first lying-in hospital in America, while John Morgan founded, at the University of Pennsylvania, the first medical school. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Harvard University, introduced smallpox vaccine. It was fitting that the American Philosophical Society, at the urging of its president, Benjamin Franklin, should have elected John Hunter an honorary member.

Upon presenting himself to the Scottish genius, the senior Physick remarked: "Well, sir, I presume some books will be required of my son. I will thank you to mention them that I may get them."

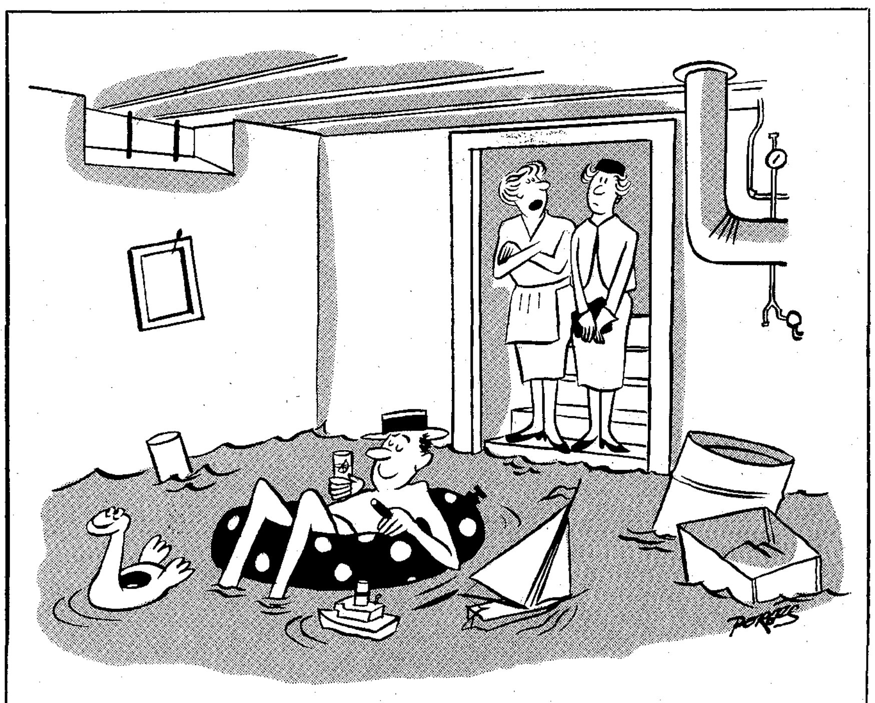
"Here, sir," said the Scot; "follow me. I will show you the books he has to study," and ushering father and son into his dissecting room, he pointed to a row of cadavers. "These are the books. The others are fit for vurra little."

Once he habituated himself to the sight and stench of dissolution, Physick justified his father's fondest expectations. His classmates never warmed to him, considering him "dyspeptic, pessimistic and unsociable," whereas he was only diffident and self-conscious. His surname afforded endless opportunities for chaff to those British who could not abide a native of the upstart nation that had so recently humbled the monarchy in battle. One of them penned a ballad, beginning

Sing Physic, sing Physic; for Philip
Syng Physick
Is dubbed Dr. Phil for his wonderful
skill;
Each sick phiz he'll physic, he'll cure
every phthisic;
Their lips fill will Philip with potion
and pill.

But his fellow students marveled at his dexterity.

London's St. George's Hospital took him on as house surgeon. Among the first cases to try his mettle was a dislocated shoulder. The head of the humerus, the long bone running from shoulder to elbow, had been forced downward and lodged behind the armpit. The standard treatment called for an assistant and mechanical traction. Physick announced that he would dispense with both. Before a large audience, which had assembled in the hope of seeing the American make a fool of himself, he



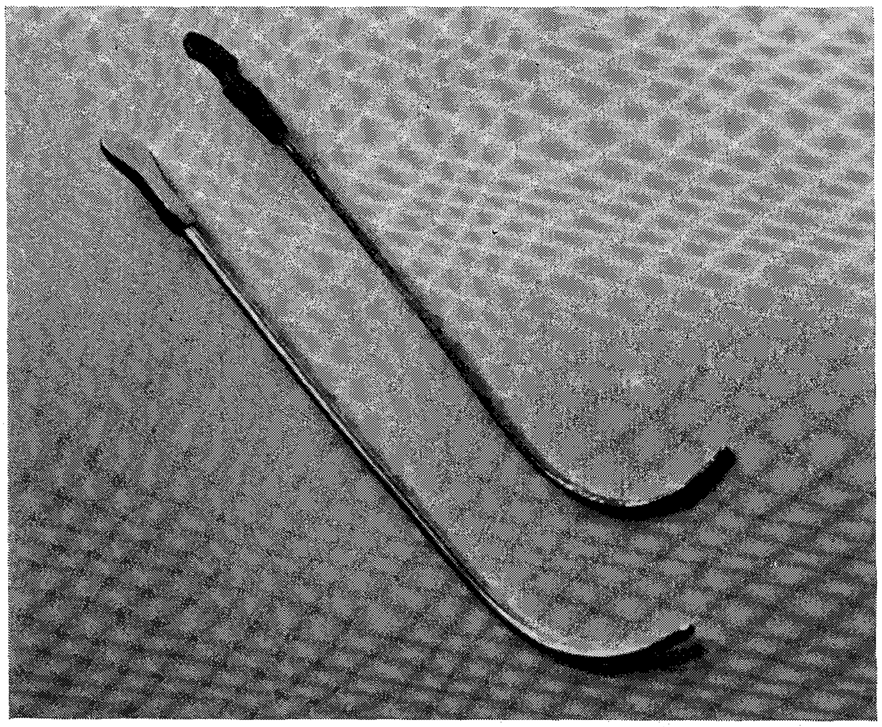
"Howard takes advantage of any crisis!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

seated the patient on a high chair, and while diverting his attention with questions about the accident, placed his left hand under the armpit, and in his right grasped the humerus. So swiftly that the sufferer felt no more than a single flash of pain, he pressed the elbow hard against the ribs. The bone snapped back into its proper cavity.

After the Royal College of Physicians licensed Physick, John Hunter offered to employ him. But the Philadelphian chose to qualify for an M.D. degree at Edinburgh and to practice in his birthplace. When he came home in 1793, his father provided him with an office near the corner of Arch and Third streets. "My son," he admonished him, "you have cost me much money. You have now an outfit. Learn to take care of yourself."

At the outset, Physick's cash assets totaled less than a dollar, and for three years he had a thin time of it. "I walked the pavements," he recollected long after, "without making as much by my practice as put soles on my shoes."



The upper instrument is one Dr. Physick devised for lithotomy—cutting for bladder stones. Below is its modern equivalent, virtually unchanged.

He was not idle, however. The "Great Sickness"—yellow fever—invaded Philadelphia. Before it ran its course probably a sixth of the population, about 5000 people, died in convulsions, vomiting black blood. Physick devoted himself to the stricken with a courage Philadelphians never forgot. He toiled incessantly in an emergency hospital set up at Bush Hill, on the edge of the city. Striving to understand the nature of the disease, he dissected the dead, and concluded, correctly, that yellow fever was infectious rather than contagious, and particularly destructive to the gastric tract.

The fear-maddened inmates of the hospital were continually rioting. But no sheriff would go near the place. So the mayor of Philadelphia, Matthew Clarkson, deputized Physick. At the swearing-in ceremony Clarkson stood as far away from him as possible, fleeing immediately afterward. Physick managed to restore a semblance of order at the hospital. Then he contracted yellow fever himself.

Physick's economic distress was somewhat relieved when a number of families accepted his proposition that they each pay him an annual stipend of twenty dollars in return for full medical care—an early form of group health insurance. He later became Philadelphia's richest practitioner, not by charging a few patients big fees, however, but by charging many patients small ones. When a grateful husband, whose wife was thriving under the doctor's ministrations, handed him $200, Physick demanded, "Have you two ten-dollar notes in your pocket?" The husband had. "Will you let me have them?" The husband complied. "Very well, here are your two hundred dollars; the two tens are quite enough."

His bedside manner was formidable. He would brook no resistance to his orders. To one patient who questioned the wisdom of being bled for pleurisy, he retorted, "Sir, I must have my own way or none at all. I bid you good day." Another, wincing at the prospect of having a boil on his buttocks lanced, was told, "Sir, I'll have none of this. Down with your pantaloons. I know perfectly well what I am about."

With all but the closest friends he remained taciturn and withdrawn. Small talk pained him. He attended few social gatherings and rarely entertained. He almost never laughed. The only recreation he permitted himself were brief sojourns during the summer at the country estate of a brother. He was frugal, incurious about the stirring events in the burgeoning democracy around him, averse to reading. He married at thirty-two, a Miss Elizabeth Emlen, the daughter of an erudite and wealthy Quaker, who bore him seven children, of whom four survived infancy. From what little is known of his family life he appears to have been an austere but fond husband and father.

He seldom deviated from a fixed daily routine—rising at dawn and retiring immediately after supper. He stuck to the same drab clothes, ate the same dull food—and precious little of that. For his health he subsisted on what he called an "antiphlogistic" (counter-inflammation) diet. Abroad he had developed an antipathy to all things French, especially French cuisine, and he used to recount, "Ah, those French cooks! I'll tell you how one of them served me some years ago. . . . Among his nasty dishes he served me up a turkey with one wing off, and in such a state that it was difficult to tell what it was. . . . Now I take good care not to employ them, and the dishes are dressed in such a way that you know what you eat."

A forbidding man. But one friend, who sensed the kindliness behind the frosty exterior, addressed these lines to Physick:

They say thou'rt cold—unlike to
other men;
A snow-crowned peak of silence,
towering high
Above the heart's warm, soft,
sequestered glen,
As flashing sunset glories on the sky.

Who say so, know thee not; nor can
discern
Beneath thy sage, professional dis-
guise,
How deep the feelings he whom they
call stern,
Hides from dull heads, hard hearts
or careless eyes.

Religious doubts sorely troubled the surgeon. He found it difficult to reconcile the fearful agonies he constantly witnessed with the existence of a benign Creator. "Death," he mused, "what can it be? With all our inquiry, it is at last a fearful step in the dark." But evidently he resolved the conflict in the end, for he assured a relative, worried over his spiritual salvation, who asked him whether he had faith in the Christian religion, "Yes, indeed I have!"

A second attack of yellow fever, in 1797, nearly finished Physick. As he languished, he heard every morning, through his bedroom window, a blacksmith who lived nearby asking the Physicks' Negro butler, "Is your master dead yet?" When he was well again, Physick inquired after his depressing neighbor. The pestilence, he learned, had killed him.

A few years later, typhus infected Physick. This was followed by nephritis, kidney stones, dropsy and arteriosclerosis, gradually reducing him to a skeletal ruin. He nevertheless carried on a huge private practice, lectured and served on the staffs of four hospitals, the most important being the Pennsylvania Hospital, which Benjamin Franklin had helped found in 1751.

For Physick the University of Pennsylvania created, in 1805, the chair of surgery. Paradoxically, for all his virtuosity with a scalpel, he deprecated the art and hated to operate. He considered it a concession of defeat, an evil necessity imposed by inadequate knowledge of the human organism, as did John Hunter, who declared, "(Surgery) is like an armed savage who attempts to get that by force which a civilized man would get by stratagem. No surgeon should approach the victim of his operation without a sacred dread."

The words have a prophetic ring in modern ears, as, increasingly, operations once common give way to chemotherapy and radiotherapy.

It was during his tenure at the university and at the Pennsylvania Hospital that Physick originated surgical procedures in such profusion. A grasp of physiology equaled by few of his contemporaries enabled him to develop an ingenious treatment for fractured humeri that failed to knit naturally. He would draw a seton, or skein of threads, through the gap, leaving it there to stimulate, as he knew a foreign body would, the formation of bony tissue, and so facilitate union. That device has been superseded, but it was a major advance over the then-prevalent agonizing and permanently crippling practice of sawing off the jagged bone ends.

Striking evidence of its success confronted Physick when a colleague summoned him for consultation to the bedside of a sailor dying of a mysterious

Finest of the Fine Pennsylvania Motor Oils
WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL
YOU CAN TELL THE
DIFFERENCE

Change to WOLF'S HEAD. You can tell the difference in lower oil consumption, better engine performance, fewer repair bills, longer engine life. *It's the "finest of the fine" premium motor oils.*

- **100% Pure Pennsylvania—The Oil with *Nature's Miracle Molecule.***
- ***Refined three important steps* beyond ordinary motor oils.**
- ***Scientifically fortified* to clean as it lubricates.**

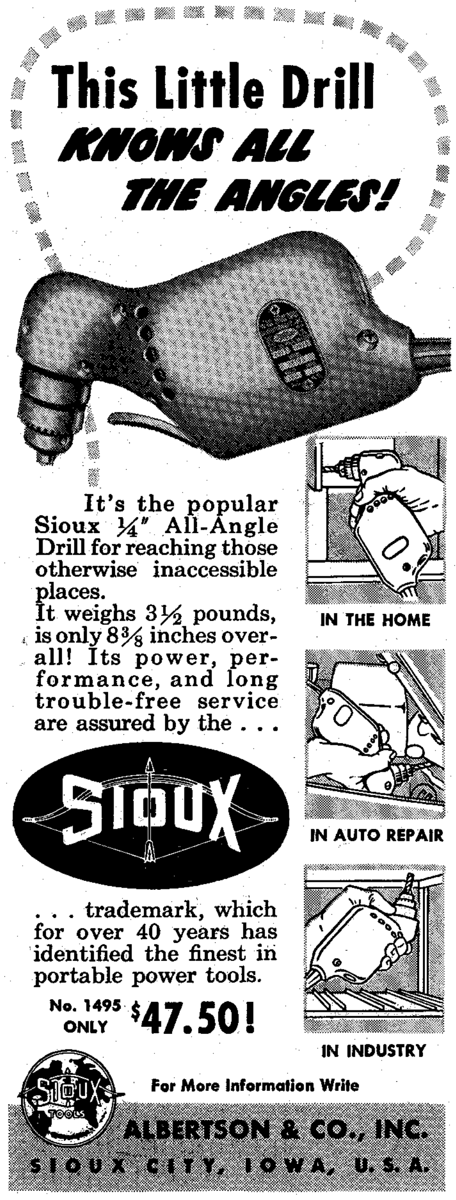
WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

Growing-est member of the BEAR BRAND family
S-T-R-E-T-C-H
to fit growing feet

Comfortable socks that
wear and wear—
Bright colors and patterns in every pair
Choice of cottons,
trim and neat
Or nylons that stretch
for growing feet.

BEAR BRAND Hosiery CO.
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS
® Guaranteed Quality Hosiery Since 1893

UPSET stomach?
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN SECONDS!
FOR ACID INDIGESTION 12 TUMS 10¢ FOR UPSET STOMACH
TUMS ARE ECONOMICAL—3 ROLLS ONLY 25¢


This Little Drill KNOWS ALL THE ANGLES!

It's the popular Sioux ¼" All-Angle Drill for reaching those otherwise inaccessible places.
It weighs 3½ pounds, is only 8⅜ inches overall! Its power, performance, and long trouble-free service are assured by the . . .

SIOUX

. . . trademark, which for over 40 years has identified the finest in portable power tools.

No. 1495 ONLY $47.50!

IN THE HOME
IN AUTO REPAIR
IN INDUSTRY

For More Information Write
ALBERTSON & CO., INC.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, U. S. A.

OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money, and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this kind can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
398 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

BEWARE!

LISTO marking pencil writes on everything!

Makes a clean, bold mark on any surface.
Refills in black, red, blue, green, yellow, white.
At variety and stationery stores everywhere. 27¢ 15¢

LISTO PENCIL CORPORATION, ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

Medically proven way to DISSOLVE CORNS

Amazing GETS-IT is liquid! Dissolves even toughest corns quickly, safely, painlessly. Don't suffer. "Get that corn" with GETS-IT. Try GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover today.

GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

fever. Physick recognized one of his own patients in whose humerus he had implanted a seton twenty-eight years earlier. The arm, the sailor informed him, had not given a moment's trouble since. At this, the scientist in Physick put the humanitarian to rout, and he talked the failing patient into willing him his body so that he might make a post-mortem examination of the site of the fracture. Death soon followed, and upon receiving the remains Physick dissected out the humerus. To his gratification, he found the break to be perfectly consolidated by an osseous band, with a minute hole through the center where the seton had passed.

Physick was unsurpassed at lithotomy, or cutting for bladder stones, a drastic operation which, in the absence of anesthesia, required great speed, lest pain kill the patient. Normally, Physick completed a lithotomy within a few minutes.

Two brawny assistants bore in the patient, who wore a loose nightgown. Under a window, in strong light, stood an oblong wooden table, with a stool at one end.

After administering a stiff dose of brandy or laudanum, the assistants laid the patient face up on the table, his torso kept higher than his head by layers of blankets. They drew back his ankles until they touched his buttocks, and with heavy thongs lashed them to his wrists. They held his knees high and wide apart to expose the perineum—the area between the scrotum and the anus.

With his sensitivity to the sufferings of others, his distaste for mutilating human flesh, Physick had a severe struggle to compose himself. He lowered his spare frame to the stool and gently drew the trussed patient closer to the edge of the table. A third assistant approached, bearing a bowl of warm olive oil, bandages and numerous instruments. The instruments included a catheter, or grooved staff; a straight scalpel, and a curved one called a bistoury; a gorget, or dividing knife; forceps of various sizes, and threaded needle forceps.

As the assistants tightened their grip, the surgeon dipped the catheter in the oil to insure smoother passage, and slipped it up the urethra into the bladder. With the tip he felt for the bladder stones. Finding them, he signaled an assistant to hold the staff in place. He took up the straight scalpel. Wielding it like a pen, he made a long, quick, vertical cut in the perineum. He exchanged the straight scalpel for the bistoury, and with it cut deeper toward the bladder along the groove of the catheter, the two instruments meeting. Next, after withdrawing the bistoury, he inserted the gorget and divided the prostate gland and neck of the bladder, thus providing an opening into the bladder. The catheter, having served its function as a guide and marker, as well as the bistoury was withdrawn. Physick then slid one of the forceps into the bladder. When they made contact with a stone—which in clumsy hands might take an hour—he closed them upon the narrowest portion of the stone and began extracting it.

What sensations the patient underwent, what heightened torture if the stone proved larger than the incision or there were many stones to be cut out, are unimaginable. Nobody submitted to that hellish ordeal, however skilled the surgeon, except in desperation, when his sufferings had passed the bounds of tolerance.

Such was John Marshall's outlook when he journeyed from his Richmond home to Philadelphia, seeking relief from bladder stones. He first consulted Dr. Jacob Randolph, Physick's son-in-law and protégé. By then, illness had forced Physick into semiretirement, but Randolph entreated him to undertake the operation. He finally consented with grave misgivings, for the great jurist was seventy-six years old.

In those days not many men of means went to a hospital for surgery. The need of sterile surroundings was not yet dreamed of. The records do not indicate where Marshall was operated on, but very likely Physick installed him in his own house on Fourth Street. No surgeon ever had a more valorous patient. Early in the morning of the appointed day Randolph preceded Physick to the sickroom. Marshall was seated before a table laden with food.

"Well, doctor," said the patient affably, "you find me taking breakfast, and I assure you it is a good one. I thought it very probable that this might be my last chance, and therefore I was determined to enjoy it and eat heartily."

"I am glad to see you so cheerful," said Randolph. "I hope all will soon be happily over."

Marshall betrayed not the least anxiety. He realized, he said, that the odds against him were heavy, but he would rather die under the knife than go on living in agony.

"What time will the operation be?" he asked, when he had finished breakfast and taken some medicine that Randolph had brought.

"Eleven o'clock."

"Very well. Do you wish me now for any other purpose or may I lie down and go to sleep?"

Astonished and moved by the old man's serenity, Randolph replied that nothing could be more desirable, whereupon Marshall fell at once into a deep sleep, from which Randolph had to rouse him when Physick appeared.

During the operation the Virginian uttered scarcely a sound. It lasted longer than most. Physick excised no fewer than 1000 tiny stones. Yet Marshall survived it and lived four more years. Although his illustrious patient could readily afford to pay him, Physick declined to present a bill. Only after considerable persuasion would he accept the silver tankard.

In the summer of 1837, at the age of sixty-nine, Physick was dying, and he knew it. "Ah, doctor," he greeted a young confrère, William Horner, who hailed him in the street, "how do you do? Do you see I am almost gone?"

"I hope not, sir," said Horner. "I hope you will live to see many days of usefulness."

"Me," Physick scoffed; "me, useful with my frame? No, impossible. I must die soon."

Horner began to move away, when Physick called him back. "Doctor," said he in a rare outburst of emotion, "you are a friend of mine; I always esteemed you as such. I now take my last leave of you. I shall not see you again, I can't help it, I am sorry for it."

But a last delicate eye operation awaited him. A foreigner, his sight dimmed, had made his way to Philadelphia, sustained by his faith in Physick's power to cure him, and Physick was determined not to fail him. Randolph, who assisted the surgeon, recalled later, "I watched him with the most intense anxiety; notwithstanding at the time he was laboring under great mental and physical suffering."

The patient regained his sight, but never got a chance to thank his deliverer. From the operating room Physick dragged himself off to his bed, not to leave it alive. He was buried in Christ Church Cemetery. In a memoir of his remarkable father-in-law, Randolph wrote, by way of an epitaph:

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept
in peace.

THE END

Chief Justice John Marshall was 76 when Dr. Physick operated on his bladder stones in 1831. In gratitude he gave the surgeon this tankard.

The Two Faces of Mikhail Menshikov

(Continued from Page 29)

East Germany, and the renewed ferocity of the verbal attacks on the West by Khrushchev and his henchmen. It became total with the fearful crisis in the Middle East, which Soviet policy did so much to create and which brought the world to the brink of war.

And yet there were times when Operation Amiability, as Menshikov's mission might have been labeled in the secret files of the Kremlin, looked as if it might score a distinct success. And because Operation Amiability was an interesting, significant and wholly unprecedented experiment, undoubtedly undertaken on direct orders from that experimental fellow, Nikita Khrushchev, it is worth telling the rather risible story of how the pictures on these pages came to be taken.

Some weeks ago, before the new crisis in Soviet-American relations erupted, Ambassador Menshikov asked me to lunch. It was the second such invitation—rather surprisingly, as this reporter has been variously described in the pages of Pravda as a "rapist," a "capitalist lackey," and a "running dog of the imperialists." Even so, the luncheon was a genial occasion, and over excellent French brandy I made a suggestion. The Soviet Embassy was a pretty forbidding and mysterious place to most Americans—would the ambassador let The Saturday Evening Post make a candid-camera series on life within the embassy?

The ambassador—who no doubt had no idea of what he was getting in for—placidly agreed "in principle." So, bright and early one morning, I accompanied a team of Post photographers, led by the redoubtable Ollie Atkins, to the Soviet Embassy. We were admitted by a meek-looking Russian in baggy pants and led to the ambassador's study, where Atkins instantly took command. All good professional photographers have a strange hypnotic authority, acquired from years of ordering Very Important Persons about, and Atkins possesses this habit of command in its purest form.

"All right, now, ambassador," he said, "now your secretary—where is your secretary? . . . Hey, lady, come over here. . . . She's showing you some important papers, secret cables, and you're reading them, see? . . . Get closer to him, lady. . . . Lean forward, ambassador, look like you're more interested—that's better."

Ambassador Menshikov, an alternate member of the Soviet Central Committee, and most decidedly a Very Important Person at home, is unaccustomed to receiving such brusque orders from anyone much below the rank of Khrushchev, and at first he looked a trifle fishy-eyed. But he meekly obeyed, summoning up an expression of earnest interest as he inspected the old carbons of news tape in his hands. So, later, did other innocent bystanders whom Atkins discovered lurking here and there in the embassy, and immediately recruited for his purposes—a sad-faced fellow who spoke no English, whom Atkins commanded in sign language to fetch a ladder and clean the chandeliers; a maid who repeatedly wiped nonexistent dust from a display of chinaware; a first secretary who entered the embassy eighteen times hand-running, carrying an important-looking but empty briefcase for the benefit of the photographers; and so on. Thereafter, Atkins and his cohorts invaded the embassy again and again to make the pictures which appear on these pages, and hundreds of others besides.

The successful invasion of the Soviet Embassy by a team of American photographers may not seem an earth-shattering event. And yet it was a highly significant event in its way. For it symbolized an important change in Soviet tactics—the kind of change that is never accidental.

It is easy to pinpoint the moment when the change began. It began on February sixth of this year, when Ambassador Menshikov stepped from an impressive new Soviet jet airliner at Baltimore's Friendship Airport, exuding smiles in every direction. Until that time, the occupants of the Soviet Embassy had lived dour and lonely lives behind the embassy's big iron-grilled doors, like sullen hostages in a hostile land. In those days, the embassy might as well have been, actually as well as legally, in Russian territory. Americans, except on rare official occasions, were definitely not welcome behind the iron grilles, and anyone who had suggested making a free-wheeling candid-camera series on life in the embassy would have been a candidate for the attentions of an alienist.

Yet with the coming of Menshikov all was changed. For Ambassador Menshikov undoubtedly carried in his briefcase orders from his superiors which could be simply paraphrased thus: "Be nice to the Americans, even if it kills you." As the story of Ollie Atkins' invasion suggests, these instructions were carried out to the letter by all concerned, from the maid on up to the ambassador himself. And at least for a time, being nice to Americans worked like a charm.

By this spring, the Soviet Embassy was well on the way to becoming a major tourist attraction. School children visited the place in droves, to munch cookies and see films of life in the Workers' Paradise, while diplomats, officials, newspapermen and such social lionesses as Mrs. Perle Mesta eagerly accepted invitations to the frequent, vodka-rich embassy parties. The high point of Operation Amiability undoubtedly occurred when the embassy was visited by a hundred impeccably Republican ladies from Ohio, who emerged giddy with girlish enthusiasm.

"I'm in love with Mike," one lady confessed. "I told him I was calling him Mike because I couldn't pronounce his name. He's nice. I think he's really sincere and trying for peace." . . . "Mrs. Menshikov is charming, gracious," reported another lady, while another described the ambassador as a "living doll."

Ambassador Menshikov by no means confined his charms to the embassy. In total contrast to his predecessors, he became an assiduous diner-out. At one lavish reception he was observed loading his plate from the groaning board with precisely one pickle—he explained merrily that the Washington social whirl was ruining his waistline. Nor were the ambassador's efforts limited to the social circuit. In his first few weeks in Washington he talked to just about every major figure in the Executive branch and on Capitol Hill.

President Eisenhower himself summed up the general reaction to these chats. "He talks English very well," the President said after the ambassador had paid his respects, "and seemed to me to be individually a very friendly person."

Moreover, the ambassador seized every opportunity to talk directly or at second hand to the American people, addressing all the major press clubs and appearing on numerous television programs. And for a while it seemed possible that he might score almost as smashing a success with the public as he had with the Ohio ladies. For one thing, he was a decided novelty—a genial, accessible, and seemingly free-spoken Russian ambassador was an object of considerably more natural curiosity, after all, than a two-headed calf. For another, the ambassador displayed much skill in answering uncomfortable questions. Typical of the Menshikov technique was the following exchange in the Youth Wants to Know television program:

A Youth Called Sylvia: Mr. Ambassador, the Russians have said that they have one of the most democratic elections in the world. Well, there is only one person for each office. How can this be considered democratic?

Menshikov: Well, we say we have the highest form of democracy for many reasons, because first of all everything in our country belongs to the state and everyone has a right to vote, and as a matter of fact, today there is a general election going on in our country. Each citizen can vote for anything he likes. Of course, you said about one candidate. Anybody can vote for anybody he likes—if he is not satisfied with that candidate, he can propose another one.

• • •

Topsy-Turvy

By May Richstone

If ever the jumbled
Home I survey
Tempts me to flee, then
Today is the day—
But how can I leave it
Looking this way?

• • •

Moderator: Is that clear, Sylvia?

Sylvia: Yes.

Moderator: You don't sound absolutely convinced.

No doubt the television audience was not absolutely convinced either. And yet, for a time, Menshikov managed rather miraculously to sound vaguely and amiably reasonable, while never deviating a hairbreadth from the Kremlin line. But after a while, Operation Amiability began to go a bit sour. There was the time, for example, when Menshikov asserted on a television program that there was no censorship in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately for him, Clifton Daniel, of The New York Times, an able old Moscow hand, was on the panel. Daniel cited chapter and verse to prove that his own dispatches had been repeatedly and extensively censored. And there were other times, as when Menshikov blandly claimed that the Red Army intervened in Hungary only at the insistence of the beleaguered Hungarian people, when the American public, like Queen Victoria, was not amused.

And yet, if it had not been for the sudden, brutal switch in Soviet policy which started with Nagy's execution, Menshikov's mission might still have scored at least a partial success. The Kremlin is nothing if not persistent, and when the times are more propitious, Operation Amiability may get another green light. Moreover, Menshikov is an interesting man, both as a human being and as a political phenomenon. So it is worth describing Menshikov doing his stuff when Operation Amiability was going full steam ahead, only a few weeks ago, when I had those bibulous luncheons with him in his private dining room. Both occasions were agreeable and, in some ways at least, revealing experiences.

The embassy itself is well worth seeing. The ground floor is dark and gloomy and smells of Russian tobacco. But on the second floor, to your surprise, you suddenly find yourself transported back to the pre-First World War era of American capitalism. The house was built in 1910 by Mrs. George Pullman, widow of the sleeping-car magnate. She died before she could occupy it, but she would certainly have approved the way her Communist successors have furnished it—except, perhaps, for the huge colored portraits of Lenin and (yes, still there) Stalin. The second floor, where the big receptions are held, is all gilt and gold, tinkling chandeliers, scarlet brocade and heavy fake-Empire furniture. The ambassador's private apartment on the third floor, in a more subdued way, also boasts a pre-First World War opulence. As for the meals themselves, they are fully up to the hearty standards of Mrs. Pullman's day.

Sherry first. Then vodka and caviar—all the caviar you can eat. A fish course (rather nondescript) with a Russian white wine (sweetish). Chicken (excellent) or meat (overcooked by American standards) with Russian red wine (rather hard, with a faint iron taste). Salad. A sweet dessert. Russian coffee and French brandy.

With this copious midday repast, Menshikov served his many visitors in the days when Operation Amiability was going full blast, with a soothing mixture of small talk, reminiscence, and politics and propaganda. He served the mixture with admirable dexterity. He is, in fact, clearly an able and intelligent man, and if he had happened to be born into our kind of society he would undoubtedly have been a successful man. His face is more rugged, less bland, than it appears in most pictures, and his eyes are very blue. But they are a lot shrewder than most blue eyes, and they watch the visitor carefully to note his reaction. The conversation is quickly adjusted accordingly.

On my first meeting with him, Mr. Menshikov began to talk about "banning war propaganda." "Why can you not do as we have done?" he asked. "Our Supreme Soviet unanimously outlawed war propaganda. Why does not your Congress also?" I laughed, his shrewd eyes noted that this really was a bit too thick for his visitor's consumption, and he quickly changed the subject, even before I had a chance to reply.

He is a great subject changer, and he can leap, as easily as the volatile New Zealander in the child's poem, between small talk and serious matters. He is, for example, a genuine expert on the subject of caviar, of which he has sold immense quantities in his career as a glorified traveling salesman for the Soviets. It is always interesting to listen to an expert on his own subject, and when Mr. Menshikov talks about the conditions which make the difference between good caviar and bad—the age of the sturgeon, the depth and coldness of the water, the time of spawning—his voice takes on an unfeigned animation. Above all, he says, caviar must be fresh. At the mention of canned caviar, his face assumes the expression of faintly amused distaste of a Frenchman sampling American wine.

When Mr. Menshikov talks about himself and his past—which, at least before he was recalled to Moscow, he did far more freely than other Russians—he can also be interesting. To be sure, his life—as far as it is known by those who specialize in such matters—has been rather less bloodily dramatic than in the case of most Soviet big shots. The essential facts of his biography can be compressed into a paragraph. Born in 1902. Joined the Soviet Communist Party as a very young man, after the revolution. Graduated in

1929 from the Plekhanov Institute of People's Economy in Moscow. Went to London in 1930 as a trade representative and lived there six years. Came to this country in 1936, and traded mountains of caviar for machine tools. Chairman of a timber-exporting trust in Moscow from 1937 to 1943. Back to the United States in 1943 as a deputy director of UNRRA. To Moscow in 1946, to become deputy minister of foreign trade under Mikoyan (whose protégé he is) and then minister. Negotiated the first Soviet-Egyptian trade agreement, a major coup. Then to India as ambassador in 1953, where he negotiated a Soviet-Indian trade pact, another major coup, and stage-managed the triumphant Khrushchev-Bulganin junket. From India direct to Washington.

This is the biography of a high-level Soviet bureaucrat, unusual only in that Menshikov has spent so much time abroad. But there are times, when he is talking, when you realize that he is a man as well as a Communist bureaucrat; and when his past takes on a sort of muted reality, like a faded photograph. He describes, in a tone of quiet indignation, how he worked in a canning factory in his teens during the First World War, carrying 180-pound loads on his back, working for sixty kopecks a day. One senses that the canning factory has provided him ever since with a mental image of "capitalism." Or he describes the revolution, as he saw it as a boy, and the counterattack of the white troops; and again one sees the picture dimly, the "workers' and peasants' militia" in cloth caps and leather jackets; the aimless, tragic confusion of the times. Or he tells how, a peasant's son and country boy, he first saw Moscow at seventeen, and stood still, awed by the enormous city—and this, too, sounds real.

Once in a while, as he talks, one also senses, *This is genuine—this matters to him.* He tells, for example, how he married his wife, Evgenia, soon after he graduated. "Before that, I had a bed behind a screen. When we married, we got a room all to ourselves." With obvious pride, Menshikov describes his upward progress, as measured in that most desirable of Soviet commodities, living space. From one room to two, then a three-room apartment. And now—a five-room apartment in Moscow, plus that final mark of the man who has arrived, a country place, or *dacha.*

The *dacha* has "everything—bathroom, running water, gas." His father, still alive at ninety-three, lives there all the time, and Menshikov and his wife, when they are in the Soviet Union, spend as much time there as they possibly can. When he is talking about his *dacha,* Menshikov sounds for all the world like a successful businessman who has acquired, at long last, a little place in the country and cannot stop talking about it.

He also can sound just like an American politician outraged by the scurrilities of the press. Last April a leading columnist quoted a 1945 congressional report which accused Menshikov, in his capacity as an UNRRA deputy, of limiting UNRRA supplies in Poland to Polish Communists or collaborators. This, the columnist charged, was proof of Menshikov's "willingness to let human beings starve in order to further the Communist cause." When Menshikov was asked about the report, his face turned a shade pinker. The story was, he said, "a lie."

The story was at least, according to those who should know, an exaggeration. A distinguished American, who knew UNRRA operations intimately, attests: "I hold no brief for Menshikov. In fairness, however, I must say that he had nothing to do with the actual distribution of supplies." On the other hand, those who best recall the Menshikov of the UNRRA days remember him as dour, unsmiling, unco-operative, concerned only with furthering Soviet interests, and so unusually eager to see all confidential information available to UNRRA that he became known as "Cable Menshikov."

British General Sir Frederick Morgan, who was chief of UNRRA operations in Germany, charged in 1947 that Menshikov was one of four Soviet officials placed in UNRRA to "direct secret-police operations," and for espionage purposes. There is no proof of Sir Frederick's charge, and experts in such matters doubt that Menshikov was in those days other than what he appeared to be—the rather rigid Soviet bureaucrat, careful to mind all his *p*'s and *q*'s, typical of the Stalin era.

HAZEL

"Out!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But it does not really matter a pin whether or not Menshikov used UNRRA supplies for political purposes, or whether or not he was involved in espionage or secret-police operations. He would certainly have done these things if the opportunity had arisen and he had been ordered to do them. For that matter, as chairman of the timber trust he was undoubtedly a major employer of slave labor, since in those days the millions of political prisoners in the Soviet Union supplied most of the labor for such basic industries as mining and forestry. But this certainly does not trouble Menshikov, any more than his chief Khrushchev is troubled by the thought of the thousands of people who died in his Ukrainian purges. Menshikov, like Khrushchev himself, is a convinced, lifelong Communist, and for a Communist to be squeamish in such matters is detestable "bourgeois morality."

Nor does it matter a pin whether Menshikov is "sincere," or whether he is "nice," and a "living doll." In certain respects, Menshikov is undoubtedly sincere. He is sincerely interested in the subject of caviar; sincerely entranced by his *dacha;* sincere in his quite natural dislike of the Washington summer weather; sincerely attached to his wife, who is unusually handsome by Soviet standards, and to his four children, to whom he refers in a careful American colloquialism as "my four kids." Moreover, Menshikov can certainly be an attractive and agreeable man when he wants to be. Russians, including Russian Communists, can be the most charming people in the world. But a Russian Communist will be "sincere" or "charming" only when sincerity or charm serves the party's purposes.

In short, we must shake off the American habit of thinking that personal relationships or human characteristics have any real effect on the course of Soviet policy. It is an old habit—Franklin Roosevelt went to Yalta genuinely convinced that his acknowledged ability to charm birds off trees would suffice to persuade "Uncle Joe" to be nice and reasonable. By the same token, we must stop being so softheaded as to suppose that personal amiability can be taken as any measure of true Soviet intentions.

For an accurate measure of Soviet intentions it is only necessary to recall that Menshikov, like his superiors in the Kremlin, sees the world through Marxist-Leninist eyes. Through such eyes, the conflict between their system and ours is absolute and irreconcilable; and the conflict can end only with the utter destruction of our system and the global triumph of theirs. Moreover, it is the bounden duty of every good Marxist-Leninist to hasten this inevitable day by all means at his disposal, including, if necessary, being nice to Ohio ladies and giving children cookies to munch.

This view of the world is the central controlling factor in Soviet policy, and it will so remain, bar a miracle, through our lifetimes. This in turn explains, of course, why Operation Amiability has gone sour, and why Menshikov's mission has failed. Americans are easygoing, friendly people with short memories. As long as the Kremlin was permitting the world to enjoy one of its intermittent breathing spaces, it was not too difficult to persuade a lot of people that the Russians had really changed, while such episodes as the Korean war or the Hungarian rape dimmed in their memories. But then the old compulsions began again to operate on Soviet policy, and after the killing of Nagy, the seizure of the American airmen and the great crisis in the Middle East, salesman Menshikov's product became wholly unsalable.

But this is not to suggest that Menshikov and the tactical change in Soviet policy which he represents have no meaning at all. Menshikov does have meaning, in two important respects.

Menshikov's predecessors, men like Andrei Gromyko and Nikolai Novikov, were a lot easier to deal with, simply because they were impossible, and therefore unnecessary, to deal with at all. For the regime they represented was also essentially impossible and therefore unnecessary to deal with at all, except in simple terms of naked power. This made the world struggle for power, oddly enough, a simpler and more comfortable contest than it is today.

For Khrushchev's Kremlin is smart enough to realize that vinegar is not the only medicine to use when dealing with the West—on occasion, a modicum of butter, generously laced with opiates, can serve as well or better. And thus Mr. Menshikov represents, at least symbolically, a danger to the West. For at some future time, when Khrushchev or a successor again switches from vinegar to butter, the West may again be tempted to regard mere surface amiability as evidence of that real change in Soviet policy which cannot occur as long as the Soviet Union remains a Communist state.

But Menshikov, in the long run, may also represent symbolically an opportunity—albeit a sharply limited opportunity—as well as a danger. For Menshikov, besides being an able and intelligent man, is also a rational man, within the limits imposed by Marxist-Leninist doctrine. So is his master, Nikita Khrushchev. The Stalinist regime, in Stalin's final, terrible years, was essentially irrational. It was impossible to make limited agreements with Stalin's regime for the same reason that it is impossible to make a valid contract with a madman.

Because the Khrushchev regime is a rational regime, the men who now make Soviet policy are quite as aware as their opposite numbers in the United States that a thermonuclear war would represent final disaster for both sides. For that reason it is conceivable, though not certain, that the kind of limited, empirical, *ad hoc* agreements can be worked out—like the Korean truce—which will permit the world to rock along without the final horror of thermonuclear war.

That is about as much as we can hope for. However much Mr. Menshikov or his successors may smile, pat children on the head, and ply ladies with tea or officials with vodka, the Soviet Union will remain fundamentally and profoundly hostile to the United States. The long, grim struggle for the world will go on. There will be no true and final world settlement, because it is impossible to make a final settlement with an adversary whose ultimate, publicly stated aim is to destroy you. And if, when the next switch from vinegar to butter comes, we are softheaded enough to accept smiles and "sincerity" as evidence of a real change in Soviet intentions, the Soviets will win the struggle, perhaps without firing a single shot or launching a single intercontinental missile. THE END

Portion of final assembly area at our Indianapolis Works.

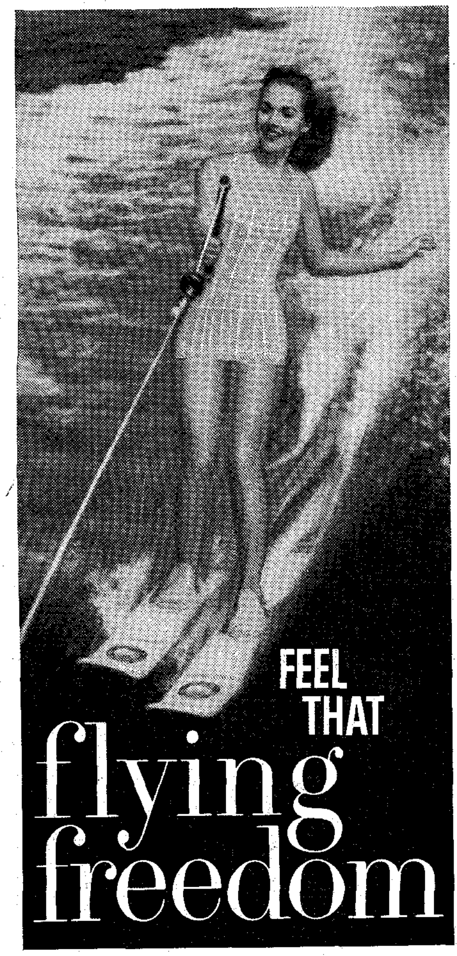
THIS IS OUR LINE

The wall telephone sets you see above are only one of many kinds of telephones we make at Western Electric for the Bell System. These, and other telephone sets are available in a variety of desirable decorator colors. We also make telephones with illuminated dials, with volume controls, and many other types as ordered by the Bell telephone companies to serve their customers.

Producing dependable telephones and the equipment the telephone companies need to give you the kind of service you want...that's our line . . . and our main job as part of the Bell System.

Western Electric

Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System



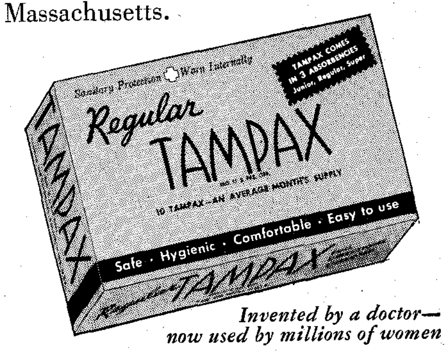
Revel in the fun and the freedom of summer! Water ski—swim—dive—splash in bracing summer waters! *Do* what you like, whenever you *feel* like it! Nothing should hold you back—surely not time-of-the-month—not when *Tampax* is so available.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection spells *freedom* to millions of smart young moderns!

Freedom from bulk and bulges!
Freedom from chafing and odor!
Freedom from disposal problems!
Freedom from carrying problems!

Freedom! Freedom of the beach and of the sea! All summer long! For with Tampax, you can *wear* what you like, *do* what you like—in complete *comfort*, complete *security*. You can all but *forget* there's a difference in days of the month!

Convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. In Regular, Super or Junior absorbencies, to suit individual needs. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
TAMPAX COMES IN 3 ABSORBENCIES Junior, Regular, Super
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe · Hygienic · Comfortable · Easy to use
TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name________________________
(Please print)

Address________________________

City________________State________

Keeping Posted

Saroyan's Nimble Typewriter

William Saroyan: the Pacific Ocean reaches under his living room at high tide.

William Saroyan reveals that last September first, the day after his 49th birthday and the first day of his 50th year, he began writing a book called Fifty Fifty, vowing that he would work on it daily and finish it on the 365th day. "I consider that at 50 it is time for a writer to say whatever about life he thinks needs to be said." This spring Saroyan took off on a round-the-world cruise, and his last bulletin says that the book, possibly on its 365th day, will be 600,000 words long. Meanwhile, he has taken on lots of other writing, such as the story on page 26; this he calls "a diversion from the book madness." On his trip he has also turned out daily articles for newspaper syndication—and to collect for a book.

Since Saroyan wrote, in 1934, his famous story, The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, he has been one of America's distinguished authors of fiction and plays. His novels include The Human Comedy and The Adventures of Wesley Jackson. His renowned play, The Time of Your Life, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1940, but he rejected the prize, asserting that commerce had no right to patronize art. Saroyan lives alone in a house standing on piles partly over the ocean at Malibu Beach, Calif.; his home, by preference, is rather sparsely furnished, but it does have a player piano.

Tales of the Authors

Ed Prell and Mrs. Prell.

Iris and George Wells.

Ed Prell, Chicago Tribune sports expert, reflects that last June was a pretty lively month for him. It included his wife's birthday; his 30th wedding anniversary; the impending marriage of his son George; writing up the daily baseball adventures of the Chicago Cubs; writing a piece on White Sox shortstop Aparicio for page 30; and his first trip to a hospital as a patient (this had no connection with the other activities and fortunately had a happy ending).

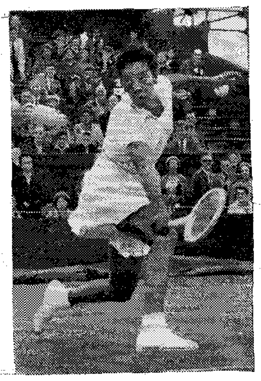
Roul Tunley, who on page 19 describes television's current boom in ghouls, vampires and other hair-raising creatures, reports that he visited the home of Philadelphia's very popular TV creep named Roland, and found him to be a gentle soul whose most macabre interest is flower gardening. So what posies are enchanting to a ghoul? Tunley claims that when Roland led him out into the garden he expected to find "a lush growth of poison ivy, deadly nightshade, locoweed, hemlock and maybe a Venus's flytrap or two." Actually, what the monster was tenderly cultivating was roses, lilies, forget-me-nots, sweet alyssum and similar sentimental items. When Roland (real name: John Zacherle) learned that Tunley was just starting a rock garden, he loaded the writer down with hen-and-chickens plants, which lovingly cover rocks with dainty blooms.

First you should know that **George Wells** and his wife, Iris, are co-authors of the popular books Handbook of Auto Camping, Auto Camper's Guide to Canada and Handbook of Wilderness Travel (Harper's). Well, one day Mrs. W. had a house-cleaning spell, lugged their trusty tent and other camping gear out onto the patio of their Mill Valley, Calif., home, and told her startled husband, "This is for the Boy Scouts. It's time we got equipment that's good-looking and better suited to proper housekeeping. For years I've been feeling trampy." When the lady decided on a lovely red-and-white wing tent, her husband lost the argument against it—but he got the article on page 36. Wells, now a free-lancer, majored in aeronautical engineering in college and promptly became a newspaperman. In World War II he was a combat reporter with his office in a tent.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

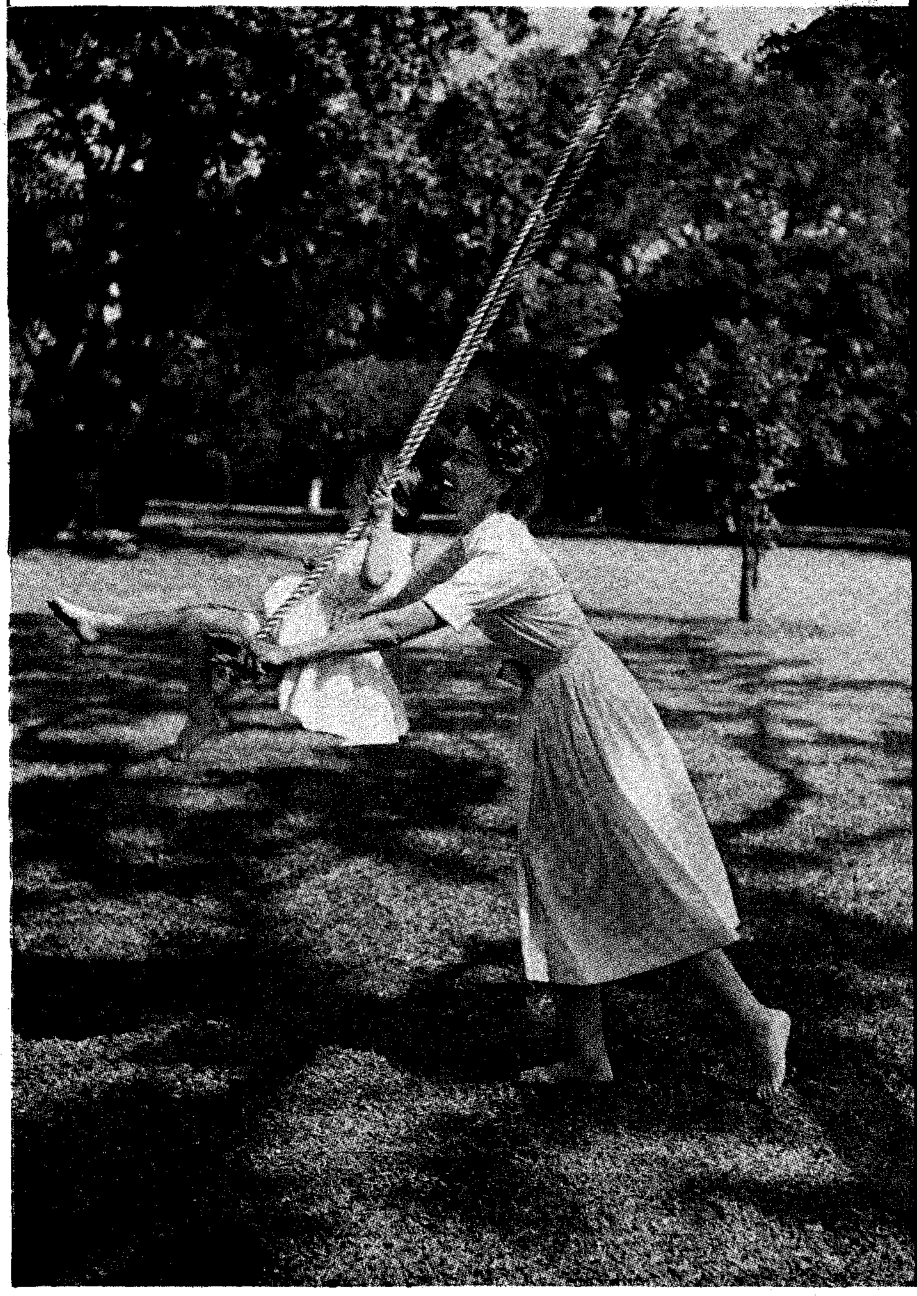
"I Wanted to be Somebody"

Althea Gibson describes her remarkable climb from delinquency in Harlem to world supremacy in women's tennis.

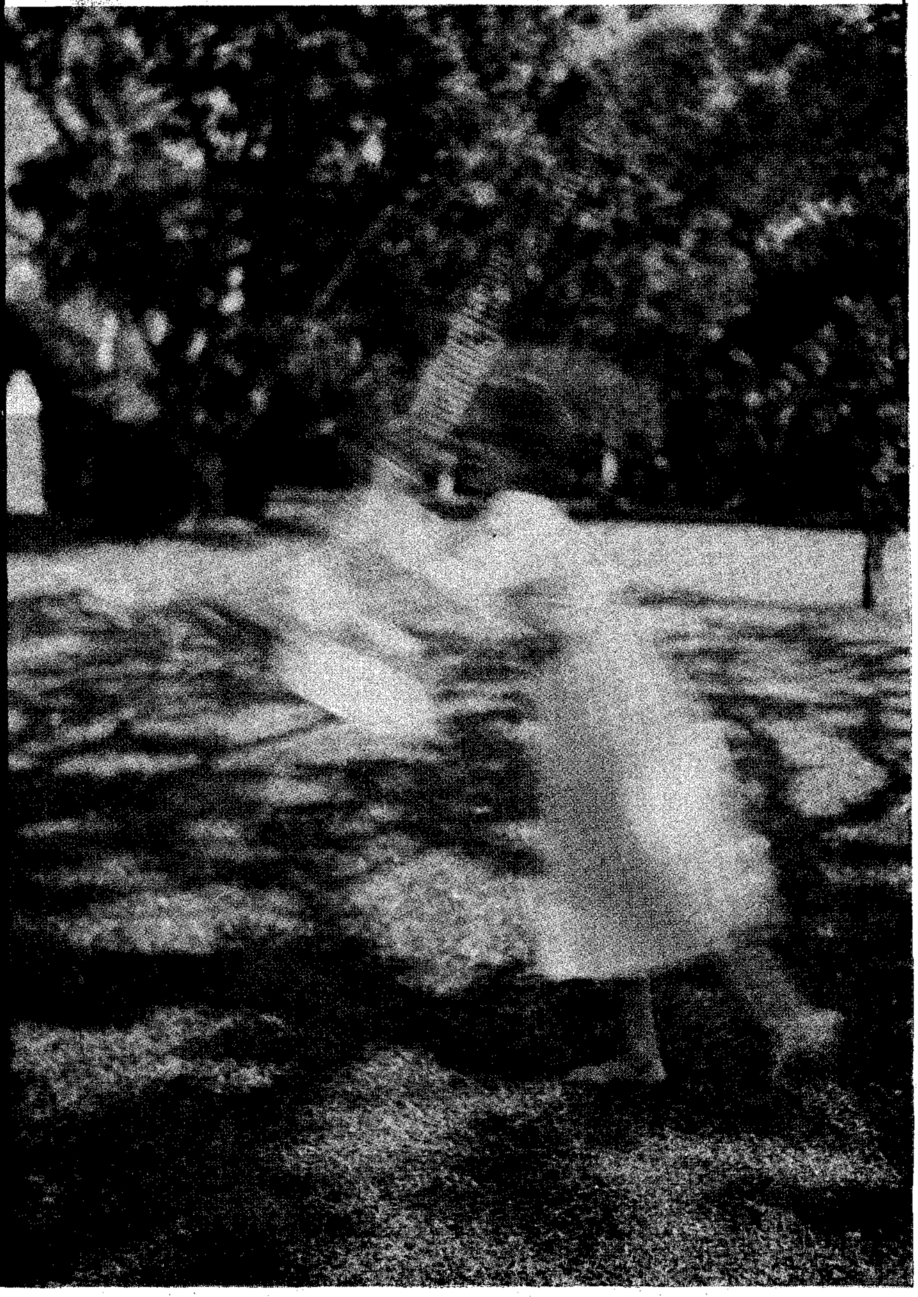


Printed in U.S.A.

Super Anscochrome: sharp and clear



Conventional film: blurred—or dark



'Twin Camera' Test proves you can get action pictures like this only with Super Anscochrome

Super Anscochrome—Film Speed 100—is the fastest, most sensitive color film ever created. Result? Super Anscochrome® lets you shoot pictures no one has ever caught in color before.

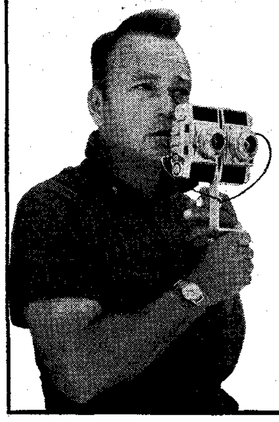
You can now take color pictures just by the available light in a room as well as outdoors in bright sunlight. Or in fog or rain. Or at dawn or dusk. And without time exposure, tripod or extra lighting.

You can freeze fast action, too—with every movement sharp, every color clear.

Color quality? Magnificent! And the depth and detail of the slides will thrill you. No wonder Super Anscochrome, world's fastest color film, is also the world's fastest-*growing* film—with amateurs and pros, alike. Available in 35mm and 120 sizes.

For finest color prints—from *any* color slides—ask for Ansco Printon® prints. They're plastic; no others compare in beauty, durability. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp.

Here's how 'Twin Camera' Test was conducted



Says photo-journalist Carroll Seghers II: "I loaded one camera with conventional color film, an identical camera with Super Anscochrome. Then I mounted the cameras side by side, set them at identical lens openings (*f*/5.6), and snapped their shutters simultaneously.

"**Conventional film** required a slow shutter (1/125 second) to catch the color in the late afternoon shadows. But how blurred the action is, as a result! Had I used a faster shutter, to get the action, the colors would have been dark, underexposed.

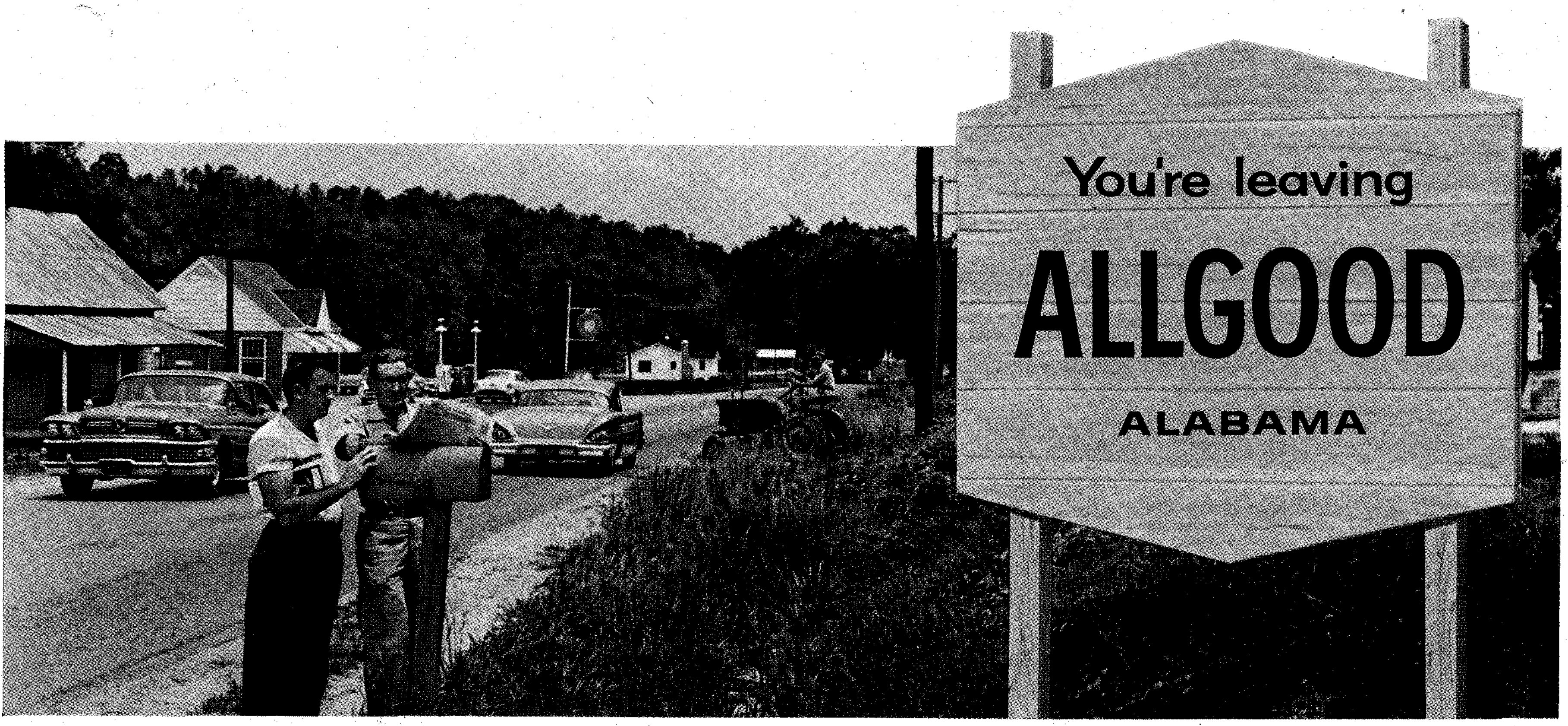
"**With Super Anscochrome,** I was able to use a faster shutter (1/500 second) and catch all the action *and* color."

Ansco
SUPER SPEED COLOR FILM
135
Ansco
SUPER
ANSCOCHROME Color Film

ADVANCED PHOTO PRODUCTS

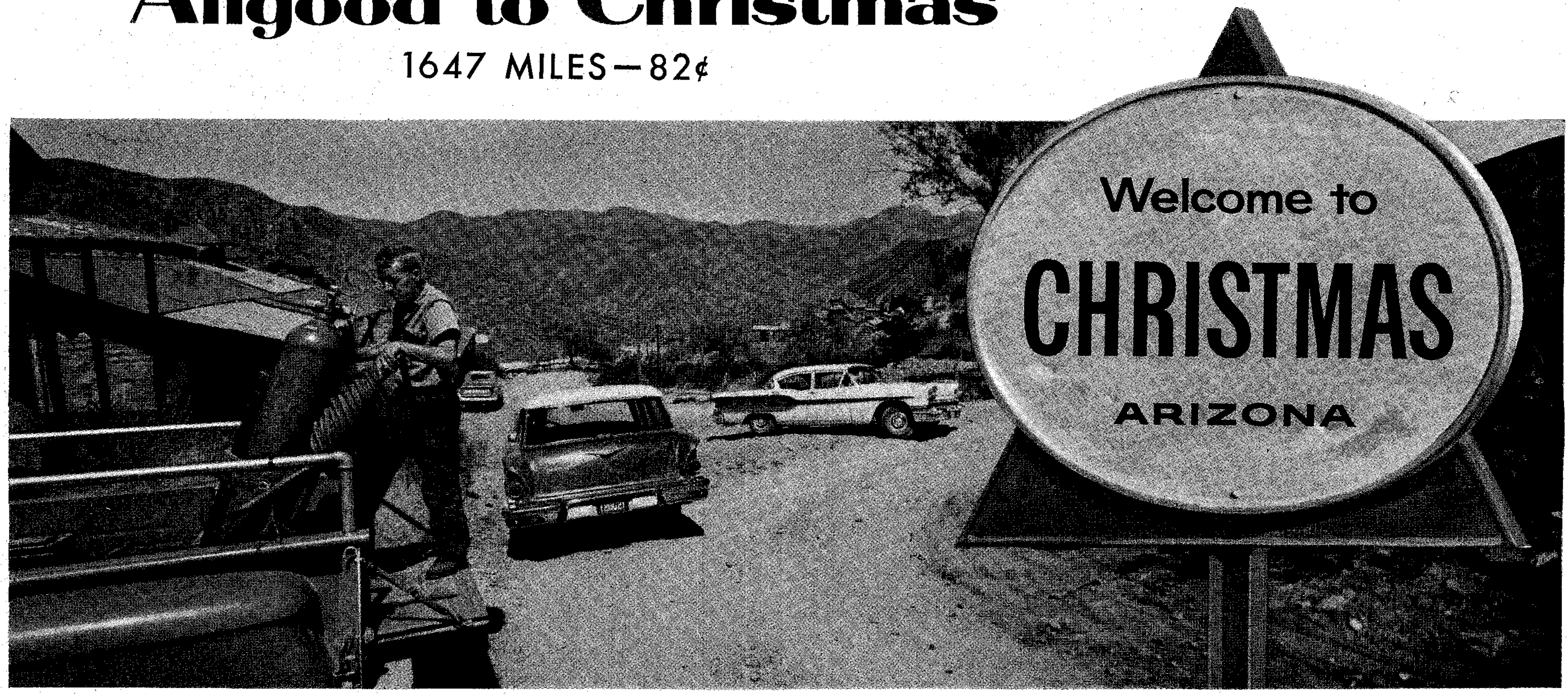
Ansco

FOR EVERYONE WHO TAKES PRIDE IN HIS PICTURES



FROM Allgood to Christmas

1647 MILES—82¢



For less than 1/20th of a cent a mile, a new AC Oil Filter keeps oil clean, protects your engine!

If you're an average driver, you'll travel over six times the distance from Allgood, Alabama, to this little mining town of Christmas, Arizona—a total of 10,000 miles each year! Your car's engine must endure every type of driving, any of which can affect its performance and efficiency.

Engine parts are as precisely machined as a fine watch! That's why it's so important to give them the low-cost added protection of a new AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles. An AC Oil Filter cleans all of the oil in the engine every 30 seconds at normal speeds—protects the precision parts from possible damage by dirt, dust, grit and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000th of an inch.

So, the next time you change the oil in your engine—change to a new AC Oil Filter, too! Your nearby AC Dealer will tell you how little it costs, how much it does for your engine.

AC
OIL FILTER

1908 GM 1958

CHANGE OIL AND FILTER, TOO!

AC SPARK PLUG ✲ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week—ABC-TV